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*The Messenger of  
the Sacred Heart of Jesus*

Apostleship of Prayer (Organization)



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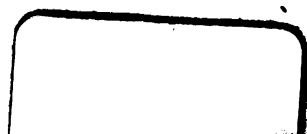
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“AND THIS SHALL BE A SIGN UNTO YOU: YOU SHALL FIND  
THE INFANT WRAPPED IN SWADDLING CLOTHES AND LAID  
IN A MANGER.” LUKE II. 12.

# Messenger of the Sacred Heart.

VOL. XII.

JANUARY, 1908.

No. 1



## THE GOLDEN JUBILEE OF OUR HOLY FATHER'S PRIESTHOOD.



AND thou shalt sanctify the fiftieth year. . . . For it is the year of the Jubilee." If this was so in the Old Law with regard to the people of Israel, how much more ought it to be the case in the New? If the fiftieth year was to be kept holy in the Dispensation of fear, how much more so in the Dispensation of redeeming love? But this year is no ordinary jubilee year in the life of an ordinary man, or in the history even of a nation, but the jubilee year of the Head of the Church of God, of him who is the successor of the Prince of the Apostles and the Vicar of Jesus Christ among men.

We are not to celebrate the termination of half a century in the life of Pius X, for, on June the second next, it will be seventy-three years since our Holy Father first felt the genial warmth of the sun of his native Italian land. Such a celebration, important as it would be, were insignificant when compared with the celebration our loving hearts will be glad to keep. This is the glorious golden anniversary of the holy priesthood of the Great High Priest of Holy Mother Church.

On the 18th of September, the feast of St. Joseph of Cupertino, 1908, fifty years shall have sped away since Pius X knelt as a young seminarian at the feet of his Bishop and was ordained a priest "according to the order of Melchisedeck." Fifty years ago, on that day, the Prelate invoked the Holy Spirit upon Joseph Sarto and anointed

his hands with the holy unction. Then was he clothed with the vestments of the Sacrifice and given the unspeakable, twofold power over the real and mystical Body of Christ. At that moment the young priest was vested with more power over the Man-God, than even His own Blessed Mother could or ever can wield—the power to change the bread and wine into the Sacred Body and Precious Blood of the Incarnate Son of the Father. Before the holy altar the newly ordained was granted an authority over the faithful in the One True Church, fuller and wider than any earthly prince or potentate has ever possessed, an authority unto the loosing and the binding of sin upon the souls of men.

How fruitfully this faithful priest has used these marvellous spiritual gifts during all his years, since he took for his model the Great High Priest, “holy, innocent, undefiled, separated from sinners and made higher than the heavens,” is too well known to our Associates to need recounting. The story of his apostolic work during the years is written in the grateful hearts of the poor, of the laborers, of those in distress who during the round of almost half a century came to him for help, advice and sympathy. If the stones of Venice could speak they would tell a tale of charity, of love for souls and of self-sacrifice which can be true only of the man who models his life on the Man-God, true only of the priest who daily wins strength for deeds of heroism by drinking of the Chalice which renews the soul’s youthful vigor.

The fifty years have dropped away, and the Priest of Treviso, the Bishop of Mantua, the Cardinal of San Bernardo, the Patriarch of Venice has become the Supreme Pontiff of the One True Church of God. He is no longer the devoted pastor of souls in an Italian town, no longer the Bishop who rules his sheep in peaceful Mantua, the home of Virgil, no longer the Patriarch in charge of the important diocese of lovely Venice. Now upon him rests “the solicitude for all the churches” of the whole Christian world. There are no people of any nation, tongue or tribe to whom his affectionate heart does not go out; no sacred edifice, whether it be a majestic cathedral or a humble mountain chapel, is beyond the range and reach of his jurisdiction and pastoral affection. There is no soul, redeemed by Our Blessed Saviour’s blood, that is not by right a subject of the Holy See and an object of the care and love of our Holy Pontiff.

On the lakeshore, after the night of unsuccessful fishing, Our Blessed Lord called Peter aside and gave him the great commission. There as the early daybreak was blushing over the hills of Moab stood Peter and Our Lord and Saviour; they were to look into one another's faces only a few times more; soon on Olivet's height He would say farewell to Peter till He should meet him in His kingdom. On this occasion, then, within earshot of the others, the Master bids him "Feed my sheep, feed my lambs." It was the memory of that dawn on the white beach of Tiberias which years later made Peter brave in Rome when he sealed by his death the office committed to him on that memorable morning.

The same commission has been given to Pius X. The same words have been addressed to him, and the same office entrusted to his keeping. He, too, must see to it, even to the shedding of his blood, that the flock, both sheep and lambs, be fed, not with husks, but from ripe, fresh pastures. In the fulfilment of this duty as the Chief Shepherd of souls, surely the Holy Father looks to the prayers of the Apostleship. He himself has deigned to bless the General Intention for this month—the opening month of the year that rounds out his golden and venerable priesthood. Surely when we look upon the events of the last few years and see how the Church has been persecuted, not only by her open enemies but also by false brethren within, our hearts will go out in sympathy to Our Lord's Vicar, and the Associates of the League will by their prayers strive to obtain for him the strength which in these times he so much needs.

We know of course that the Church is built upon a Rock. We are aware that it has a heavenly stability which no storm can shake. Other kingdoms are born, grow strong, weaken and disappear in death, but the Church of God lives on forever. Other rulers see their crowns fall from their heads, and their sceptres from their hands; not so with Christ's Vicar. He shall ever wear the tiara of his spiritual power. There is ever in the Church a divine element which no human power can change. But just as the bark of the Apostles was tossed about by wind and wave on the sea of Galilee, the night Our Blessed Lord was on the mountain-top in prayer and watched His struggling Twelve; so at the present time the Church has her struggles to endure, and her battles to fight, her obstacles to overcome, her difficulties to solve: the human element is to be

reckoned with. The burden of these attacks falls especially upon the Vicar of Christ Himself. Assuredly then we Associates of the League will strive to help him by our prayers and our good works. Above all we will cheerfully and fervently fulfil this duty and work of love which he asks of us all, uniting our supplications with the prayers of the Master's Sacred Heart. He Himself has said, "I have prayed for thee, that thy faith fail not."—THE EDITOR.

O Jesus, through the Immaculate Heart of Mary, I offer Thee all the prayers, work, and sufferings of this day for the intentions of Thy Divine Heart, in union with the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, in reparation for my sins, and for all the requests presented through the Apostleship of Prayer: in particular for the Venerated Head of Thy Holy Church, that the Jubilee of his priesthood may open an era of peace for the Catholic family of which he is the Father.

#### NEW YEAR'S GIFT



HE glad new year is in Thy hand,  
 The old year dying at Thy feet;  
 Fair, parting graces form a band  
 And haste Thy loving smile to meet.  
 The old year's trials seem so light!  
 Its joys and sorrows leave behind  
 A tender mem'ry dark or bright  
 To paint life's picture in the mind.  
 The daily cross in patience borne  
 Lights up with gold the passing year,  
 And roses bloom where every thorn  
 With crimson dew to Thee is dear.  
 Oh, take our gifts, sweet Infant King!  
 Take life and friends and hearts anew;  
 If sunbeams light or shadows cling  
 Around the future, keep us true  
 To Thee and to the better part,  
 That when the coming year grows old  
 Its deeds may shine within Thy Heart  
 In letters of the purest gold.

SR. MARY CLARISSA.

## CHRISTMAS IN ROME



TIME was when, during the nine days of the Novena which precedes the festival of Christmas, picturesquely clad shepherds from the wild regions of the Abruzzi made their annual appearance in the "Eternal City" in order to herald in the birth of Christ. The "Pifferi," as they were called, played carols on their bagpipes before these shrines of the Madonna, which are to be found in so many of the old Roman streets, and on payment of a few "soldi" their services could be obtained in private oratories for the purpose of family devotion. Nowadays, however, these and other quaint customs have unhappily fallen into disuse, and Christmas, as it is observed in modern Rome, has been shorn of a good deal of its poetry and its picturesqueness. . . .

It is Christmas Eve, and from the blue, unclouded southern sky the sun is pouring down its radiance on the "City of the Saints." There is a sense of stir and pleasing excitement in the crisp, cool atmosphere, and the streets are crowded by people of varied nationalities, speaking various languages, and the shops present an unusually brilliant aspect. Scarlet holly berries gleam redly out from amongst the clusters of purple violets and many-hued chrysanthemums at the flower stalls, and Christmas cards may be had for the asking and a little more money than would be demanded for their purchase elsewhere.

From a Roman point of view, Christmas is not so much of a family "festa" as is the case with regard to other European countries. It is celebrated as one of the greatest feasts of the Church, but the presentation of gifts, useful or ornamental, is, as a rule, reserved for the "Befana," otherwise the Epiphany. Edible presents, however, form an important feature of the season, and a great quantity of "panettoni"—large cakes composed of eggs, flour and yeast, and somewhat insipid as to taste—are despatched by parcel post from one end of Italy to the other. "Pan'giallo"—the Italian substitute for plum pudding without the suet!—and "pan forte"—a dark-brown compound, of which a little goes a long way—are also much in request as tokens of friendship. Sausages and plump capons are sometimes regarded in the light of appropriate edible



gifts at this festive season, and the former are to be seen in profusion in the shop windows, tied up with colored ribbons.

In almost every church and chapel throughout Rome midnight Mass is celebrated, St. Peter's, however, forming one of the exceptions; but in the dawn of Christmas morning the solemn office of Lauds is sung there by the sweet-voiced Sistine Choir. This "festa" is kept with special magnificence in the vast Basilica of Santa Maria Maggiore on the Esquiline hill, and after Vespers the "Holy Cradle"—which is preserved there in a crystal and gold case—is borne in procession round the spacious edifice, followed by canons, priests and acolytes, the Cardinal titular of the Basilica bringing up the rear.

The picturesque old Church of Ara Coeli, Altar of Heaven, the Mother House of the Franciscan Order in Rome, is also thronged with worshippers on Christmas Day. There is little intrinsic beauty, perhaps, in this church of many memories, for time has laid a heavy hand on the once gorgeous frescoes, painted by Pesaro and Pinturicchio; but it is eminently devotional and possessed of historic interest. It can also boast of the most beautiful "Presepio" in the "Eternal City," as is but fitting, seeing that it was the "Poor Man of Assisi" who first conceived the idea of a representation of the Stable at Bethlehem. In the Crib, the famous wonder-working "Bambino" of Ara Coeli lies in Its Mother's arms. The life-size figures of Our Lady and St. Joseph are placed in a grotto, and the ox and the ass are immediately behind them. Shepherds and Kings are kneeling in adoration on one side, and overhead, the Eternal Father is surrounded by smiling cherubs and angels, "harping on their harps."

Other shepherds are to be seen reposing languidly in the cool shade of palm trees, and sheep—made of real wool and cotton wool—are feeding beside a crystal fountain. Women, bearing baskets of oranges and other fruit on their heads, are approaching the grotto from a little distance. Diamond pendants sparkle in the ears of the Virgin of Nazareth, and the "Bambino," swathed in gold and silver tissue, absolutely glitters with precious stones. This image has been described as the "oldest medical practitioner in Rome," and a great number of miraculous cures have been attributed to it. I will conclude this short sketch with one of the prettiest legends

concerning its powers. Long ago, in the days of Catholic Rome, it was frequently carried to the bedsides of the sick and dying, in the hope that its presence would restore them to health. It had had its own state carriage and performed the journey with great pomp.

Nowadays, however, when it is asked for in any very special case of distress it is carried unostentatiously in a closed vehicle, accompanied by a single Friar. In those good old days then, it chanced that a pious woman had cast eyes of longing upon this wonderful image and desired ardently to have it for her own. She, therefore, having given the matter much thought, feigned sickness and implored its immediate presence. When it arrived she begged that she might be left alone with it, and its unsuspecting guardians, attributing this wish to her devotion, did as she had requested them. As soon as she was alone she promptly proceeded to dress another image—with which she had provided herself—in the “Bambino’s” garments, and eventually restored it to Ara Coeli, retaining the precious original in her own possession. That night—so runs the legend—the sleeping Franciscans were roused from their slumbers by bells ringing violently and clamorous knockings on the west door of the church. Fearing they knew not what, they hastened thither, and, to their intense surprise, perceived through one of the crevices a tiny pink foot! They threw open the door, and there, shivering in the wind and the rain of the winter’s night, stood the little naked figure of the true “Bambino”!

Thus it will be seen that to the rule “*ce que femme veut, Dieu veut,*” there may possibly be one or two exceptions.

GRACE V. CHRISTMAS.

## RECENT AGGREGATIONS


The following Local Centres have received Diplomas during November, 1907:

| Diocese.          | Place.               | Local Centre.                 | Date.         |
|-------------------|----------------------|-------------------------------|---------------|
| Alton.....        | Arenzville, Ill..... | St. Fidelis .....Church       | Nov. 19, 1907 |
| Brownsville.....  | Laredo, Texas.....   | St. Peter .....“              | Nov. 19, 1907 |
| Charleston.....   | Aiken, S. C.....     | St. Angela .....Academy       | Nov. 19, 1907 |
| Chicago.....      | Chicago, Ill.....    | Loretto .....“                | Nov. 19, 1907 |
| Cleveland.....    | Deshler, Ohio.....   | Immaculate Conception..Church | Nov. 20, 1907 |
| Indianapolis..... | Linton, Ind.....     | St. Peter .....“              | Nov. 19, 1907 |
| Leavenworth.....  | Axtell, Kans.....    | St. Michael .....“            | Nov. 20, 1907 |
| New York.....     | Poughkeepsie, N. Y.  | St. Ann .....Institution      | Nov. 19, 1907 |
| Pittsburg.....    | Donora, Pa.....      | St. Charles .....Church       | Nov. 19, 1907 |
| St. Louis.....    | Ferguson, Mo.....    | SS. John and James....“       | Nov. 19, 1907 |

Total number of Aggregations, 10; Churches, 7; Academies, 2; Institutions, 1.

## THE DERELICT AND THE LITTLE CHAP

(Continued.)

ERNARD CROSBY, suddenly and unexpectedly provided against want for a week at least, turned down the poor street in which he found lodging, a curious sensation in his breast. He was an old man now; not old in years, but old by reason of privation and irregular living and self-neglect. He was old, because he had no heart left for the struggle of life. He was old, because he had no ambition—and to have ambition one must have a dear object or motive on which to spend it. Bernard Crosby had no one, nothing.

There are many Bernard Crosbys in the world, to whom Christmas comes as a heart-breaking reminder of past happiness; often a reminder that drives to desperation. The Derelict would indeed have been desperate had he not seen that smiling child-face, those brilliant eyes, waiting for him he knew in that window at the hour he chose to pass. He had seen it three times, and the black future had not seemed so black after a sight of it.

He spent part of the precious gift, avoiding the temptation to enter the saloon at the corner, and carried his brown paper parcels into the bare hall-room which the poor widow, struggling to make ends meet, rented to him for the trifling sum of seventy-five cents a week. It would cost him more in the cheapest lodging-house, but low as he had fallen, he shrank from the lodging-house. He spread out his purchases, the thick slices of rye bread, the cheese, and the milk, on his cot, and looked at them. He had not tasted food since early morning, but before touching anything he took an empty bottle from the washstand, filled it with water from the pitcher, and placed the rosebud in it.

He ate then, and as he ate, his thoughts went back to that house and that smiling child-face. He did not blame the father. He could understand that he was not the sort of man another would like to see hanging about, no, not even on Christmas eve.

He shivered. The tiny flame of gas from the jet above his head seemed but to accentuate the misery of his surroundings, and the room was freezing—it seemed to him much colder than outside. He had sunk into an apathy of late, reckless of anything that might happen, heedless of physical comfort or discomfort. But the child

with the sunny hair awoke an old pain. He had lost much—oh, very much—but not all through his own fault.

Again the cold seemed to send an icy shudder through him. He was tired. The very effort of eating tired him. He gathered up the remainder of his food, and stored it in the drawer. Putting the rose on the stand beside him, he threw himself upon the cot, dressed as he was, rolling the meager bedclothes about him.

Ah! The sadness of the thoughts that crowded upon the Derelict! He saw himself leaning against his mother's knee, her hand resting gently on his head. It was Christmas eve. She was telling him and his tiny sister, many years his junior, the story of Christmas night, adapting her words to fit their childish minds. . . . The story of Christmas night, the story of the Babe of Bethlehem.

And then the first wayward step; the grieved eyes turned upon his flushed, defiant face . . . his repentance . . . his second downfall, and her words of pity mingled with reproach. The tempting of boon companions, laughter, song, mirth—and, through it all, her unhappiness.

Then she was taken. He remembered that promise given at her death-bed. The sister soon married. He felt free to do as he pleased. Her husband—younger than he, and different—had nothing in common with him. He drifted with the tide, working now, idling again. He left the city, tired of its sameness, tramped month after month, content with an existence that was merely vagabondage, until he reached the little Southern town where he met—her.

For her sake he threw off evil habits and became a man. He confessed all to her. He went to his religious duties, for she was a devout and ardent Catholic, and when he had proved himself a twelvemonth she married him. They were married three years when diphtheria broke out. Their boy contracted it, and she, nursing him. Both were dead in a week.

Perhaps he had not had enough time to strike the balance evenly—he strove desperately to do what was right, for her sake. But memory was too strong. Only in liquor could he drown his sorrow, find forgetfulness.

That was the beginning of the end. He drifted East again—a derelict indeed, without a hope in life, without religion, without God. His mind never reverted to that sister. He had completely

forgotten her. He did odd jobs when people were courageous enough to trust him, and at other times begged his way.

The habit of his days was strong within him; strongest of all on this night of bitter memories. There was money in his pocket—in his very hand. He knew the meaning of the icy shiver that went through his prostrate frame. Only one thing could take it away, and he had the means within his grasp of procuring that one thing. Nothing to prevent him. No one to care. Ah, that was the pitiful part of it—on Christmas eve, on the eve of the feast of love, no one to care!

He struggled to a sitting posture. No one to care, nothing to prevent him. One drink . . . just one! Why, what a fool he was! Who, or what could keep him from gratifying that craving?

Nothing but a little, half-opened rose.

He caught a glimpse of it as he sat up, and fell back again, covering his face with his hands. If She had been spared—or the little fellow! If there were but one, but one, to *care*. His hungry heart called aloud for kindness—but he had cut himself off from all kindness. He was alone . . . alone . . . with a little red rose.

So the fight began all over again, and he shook like a man with a palsy. He knew what the end was to be. Though he fought against it, and delayed the moment, he knew what the end would be. He knew that he would yield—that once the temptation came full force upon him he would rise and join hands with it and slink away with others of like mind; boon companions for the nonce, though to-morrow he would turn from them in loathing.

The temptation was upon him. He threw aside the coverings, and rose and stretched himself. He picked up the flower, looked at it, put it down.

"You might save me now," he said, hoarsely. "But to-morrow? You'll be dead to-morrow—and what's to save me then—ah! what's to save me then?"

He stood clasping and unclasping his fingers. And suddenly, upon his thoughts, painful, abstracted, came another sound. He started, looking about him in a dazed way, turning his head from side to side.

It was the low, terrified sobbing of a child.

He could not tell whence it came, yet it was so distinct and so

clear that it might have been in the very room. Again he listened—and this time succeeded in locating it. The house adjoining was separated from him by merely a thin wall of plaster. The Derelict knew that it came from there. No other sound broke the silence, though he had often heard brutal voices and coarse laughter at night, and was well aware that the occupants of the room were decidedly unsavory.

What could they be doing with a child? He heard no word of comfort, no word of anger, no sound but that low, heart-broken sobbing. It drove him mad. He put his ear close to the wall. Its distinctness was appalling. A sudden resolution came to him. He opened the window. The fire escape which the law rendered imperative ran the length of the block of houses. He stepped out and crawled across the intervening space.

Nothing was visible inside. There was no light. The Derelict tried the window. It was bolted—people did not leave their windows unbolted in this neighborhood. He was taking his life in his hands, but he had no thought of personal danger. He heard only the sobbing of a child.

He did not know what to do; unable to go further, resolved not to go back. He had no weapon with which to break the window-pane, but it must be broken. He struck at it with his clenched fist, impetuously, savagely. At the third blow it gave, and with the sound of the breaking glass the child within screamed—screamed and kept still, even its sobbing hushed by this new terror. The Derelict slipped his bleeding hand up to the bolt, and it was but the work of a moment to turn it back.

"Little one, little one, where are you?" he asked, very softly. "Why are you crying?"

Trust a child to read the difference between good and evil! A faint whisper reached him:

"I want—my mother! Oh, sir, please, I want my mother."

"Then come to the window," said the Derelict.

"I'm—I'm afraid," said the small, trembling voice again.

"Ah, come! I won't hurt you, and if you'll tell me who your mother is I'll bring you to her right away. That's right, that's right," as he heard the sound of little feet moving toward him. "Come, now, come, come."

A small body brushed against his hands—shrank from him in terror.

“Be brave, now, and I’ll have you out of here in a jiffy. Don’t you know I wouldn’t”—he put his arms about a tiny form—“hurt a hair”—lifted him to the sill—“of your head?” He had him close in his arms, pressed against his shoulder. “Not a hair of your head, dear child, not a hair of your head.”

Another second and he had slammed the window down and was creeping back across the fire escape—was in his own room, where the tiny jet of flame seemed now to dazzle him, and a little boy and he stood staring at each other.

“Merciful powers!” gasped the Derelict. “It’s my little chap!”

“Oh!” cried the child, with a sob of joy and relief. “It’s my poor man.”

He ran into his arms, he flung himself against his breast. The Derelict held him close. Poor Derelict—poor, shabby unfortunate! Great sobs burst from his heaving chest. He prayed. For the first time in years a prayer of thankfulness arose to his lips.

“O thank God, O thanks to the good God! Thank God, thank God, thank God!”

That was all he could say—nothing else, not a word. He had forgotten everything, past and future, temptation, misery, suffering, pain. Forgotten everything and everyone, but that he and the little chap were together; that he had saved him from evil hands. Whatever had happened, or was to happen, he had been enabled to accomplish one good deed. Saved the little chap! How his heart beat to the words.

“Dear little chap!” he murmured. “Dear little chap! Hold tight, my little fellow, hold very tight. I’ll take you back—back to your papa and your mamma right away, and God help”—he shut his teeth together with a click—“God help the man or woman tries to prevent it!”

And rest assured that no hands less loving than the poor Derelict’s could loosen those clinging arms. No need to tell him to hold close, for he held as if he could never let him go. The Derelict, whispering comforting words, went down the dirty, creaking stairs, and out into the night. No one tried to stop him, and—well, he did not know that there was such a thing as drink in existence.

\* \* \* \* \*



The policeman standing at the corner of the very respectable block in which Matthew Vaughn lived eyed with some disfavor the unsteady gait of the man turning up the street. As he passed he looked at him sharply—then walked down behind him. A general alarm had been sent out for a disreputable-looking fellow, the description of whom seemed here to fit pretty well, and also for a child of six years old. But the policeman knew sunny-haired Matthew Vaughn, and as the light from the street lamp fell on the bundle in the man's arms, he rubbed his eyes.

It was not hard to keep up with him, for the Derelict, as we have said, was no longer strong, and the child's weight, precious as it might be, was beginning to tell. He paused at the foot of the brownstone steps, braced himself for the climb (the policeman close behind him), and holding on to the polished rail panted to the top. He rang the door-bell violently. Matthew Vaughn opened it, and the Derelict stumbled in, with the officer of the law, like the shadow of fate, waiting on the threshold.

"I've brought the little chap!" he said, and fell back against the wall, speechless.

"Papa!" cried the boy. "It's my papa! Oh, my good poor man brought me back again, he's brought me back again!"

The Derelict, panting, dazed, numb with cold and fatigue, could utter no sound. The father took his child, unable to speak, and bore him swiftly into the open parlor which had been mute witness of four hours of fearful anguish. There was a cry in a woman's voice, the chatter of excited children, low sobbing, low murmurings. Matthew came out again, the tears in his eyes, and the policeman, standing respectfully at the door, pointed toward the Derelict.

"Want him taken up, sir?" he asked.

Mr. Vaughn shook his head, and quietly slipped something into the officer's hand.

"Not on Christmas eve," he said. "No, not on Christmas eve—so near to Christmas day. I'll call up headquarters on the telephone and let them know the child is found. They'll think—they'll think he wandered away." He watched the policeman go down the stoop, a mystified man, if the truth be told, closed the door, and then turned with a white, cold face upon the Derelict.

"Not even your repentance," he said, "can make us forget what

we have suffered this last four hours. In the name of God, man, have you so utterly forgotten your own mother as to make another mother suffer as she has done? Look!"

He dragged him by the shoulder to the open door. Frances Vaughn, too weak to stand, was lying on the couch, her children close about her, her cheek pressed close to her boy's sunny locks, her arm tightly encircling him. One glance the Derelict gave, as she raised her startled eyes, and looked at him with his mother's face—his mother's face, dead and gone so long ago! He fell in a heap upon the floor, wringing his hands together.

"It's Frances!" he said. "It's Frances!"

He sobbed the words; he cried; he laughed hysterically.

"My little chap—and Frances!"

He stared at them as if the sight was of paradise.

"My God, I thank Thee! Thanks, thanks, thanks, good and great God! Frances—and my little chap!"

And then silence fell, for no one understood and all were puzzled, and on this silence came the child's clear tones:

"There were two of them when I ran down the stoop," he said. "Big, bad men, and one picked me up and put the scarf tight over my mouth. They said they would kill me if I cried, and they carried me far away, and said papa had lots and lots of money and would get me back. And they put me in a cold room without any light, and said they were going to see papa. And then my good poor man came, and broke the window, and took me into the light. I knew he was my poor man, and he knew me. And he held me tight, mother, just like you, and said 'O thank God, it's my little chap! O thank God, it's my little chap! Don't cry and I'll take you to your mother.' And I held on to him all the way, for he's my own good poor man and he brought me. And, mother, please, please, don't ever let them get me any more."

"My baby, my baby!" sobbed Frances Vaughn, brokenly. She extended one hand above that shining head. "Bernard, forgive us. We thought it was you. I recognized you in the beginning, but could not make up my mind what to do. And to-night, when Matthew disappeared, we thought——"

"I see," said the Derelict. He was standing somewhat unsteadily on his feet now. "I've been unfortunate, Frances. I've lost every-

thing . . . everything that makes life worth living. Even God, until to-night. I've spoken His name in reverence this night for the first time in years. It won't be the last, with His help. Maybe"—he turned toward the door—"afterward—if I try to redeem myself—you'll let me see the little chap sometimes? I was fighting the devil in me when I heard him sobbing. . . . I'll have to fight it out again, and I will, I will." He clenched his fists. "Oh, I will—for his sake."

"Then for his sake stay with us, and let him help you fight it out here," said Matthew Vaughn, in a wonderfully gentle voice.

The Derelict looked at him, smiling incredulously. Frances Vaughn whispered in the child's ear.

"Stay with us to be our Uncle Bernard," he said, "and we will all love you because you are my good poor man."

"Do—do you mean it?" faltered the Derelict. "Oh, I'd try—I would try. And I could do odd jobs around, enough for my keep——"

"You are my brother," said Frances Vaughn, simply. "Our dear mother's dearly-loved. Your home is with us now—us and the little chap."

Christmas day dawned on a soul renewed. Bernard Crosby knelt in prayer before the Christ-Child's crib and asked forgiveness for the past, help for the future.

The kidnappers never were discovered, but as the old life faded, and the new life became second nature to him, the Derelict—deserving of that name no longer—often wonders how that most wonderful event occurred, and is half convinced that God ordained it to save his soul. Happy, respected, loved, he will tell you this as if it were indeed true, and end always with the ejaculation:

"Thank God—oh, thank God—and my little chap!"

GRACE KEON.

ON the sands of the desert shone the star  
That led the Kings from the East afar;  
And the desert sands we must cross like them  
Ere our star will rest over Bethlehem.

A. V. O.

## CHRISTMAS EVE



SHADOWS of the Christmas-tide  
That creep o'er mount and moor,  
What secret message do ye hide  
For rich man and for poor?  
Adown yon cloud-lit western sky  
Where the winds weird fancies weave,  
The day is hasting on to die,  
Tho' it be Christmas eve!  
And sorrow sighs its old, sad sigh,  
And patience seems as vain  
To pluck the dart from the bleeding heart  
Of poverty and pain;  
O shadows of the Christmas-tide,  
Why have ye come again?  
O shadows of the Christmas-tide!  
On a midnight once of old  
Your serried ranks were scattered wide  
O'er Juda's storied wold;  
And the tidings ye were bid to bear  
To hovel and to hall,  
To every soul on whomsoe'er  
Your blessed shade should fall,  
Told how, within a manger there  
With no royal diadem,  
But poor and lorn, for us was born  
The Babe of Bethlehem!  
O shadows of the Christmas-tide,  
Your tale of love proclaim!  
O shadows of the Christmas-tide,  
That break on mount and moor,  
Tho' ye may not the morn abide  
Your words shall yet endure!  
The blessed light ye usher in  
Shall fill sad eyes with hope,  
And overthrow the reign of sin,  
And the gates of peace roope:

Till the faltering feet of the world begin  
 To follow, shepherd-wise,  
 To that cave of old by the midnight wold,  
 Where the waiting Christ-child lies!  
 O shadows of the Christmas-tide,  
 When will the day-star rise?

GEORGE F. JOHNSON, S.J.

# UNDER THE SANCTUARY LAMP

THE HILLS THAT JESUS LOVED. VI. MT. BETHLEHEM.

(Continued.)



VHILE all things were in quiet silence and the night was in the midst of her course, Thy Almighty Word, O Lord, came down from heaven from Thy royal throne." At the same time out on the hill slope covered with frost as thin and white as a bridal-veil and under the clear, bright stars "there were in the same country shepherds watching and keeping night watches over their flocks. And behold an angel of the Lord stood by them; and the brightness of God shone round about them." How familiar the picture! The simple shepherds have interwoven themselves with our sweetest memories of Bethlehem, as the thread with the cloth of their homespun garments. All Christian art has placed them near the manger on the frost-nipped hill that Jesus loved, and all Christian devotion has put them near the Babe in every Catholic heart.

It was an angel's voice that announced the glad tidings on the first Christmas night. Just as nine months before it was Gabriel who winged his flight from God's throne, with the message that the Word was to be made flesh. Up amid the hills of Nazareth, at the sound of the angel's voice, Mary receives into the living tabernacle of her bosom the Eternal Son of God. How dear to Him that tabernacle! Far dearer in His eyes than the tabernacle built at Heaven's command by Solomon on Mount Moriah. Far more precious than tabernacles of gems and glittering stones in our richest cathedrals. When Mary received the Eternal Word in her bosom angelic harmonies must have swept the vaults of the new

Jerusalem. Now when that same Mother places her Babe in the manger-tabernacle the hills and valleys about the earthly Jerusalem resound with heavenly songs and minstrelsy.

It is fitting that angels should have chanted over Bethlehem on His birthnight. Such seems to have been the Father's command. For St. Paul in his Epistle to the Hebrews says: "When He bringeth in the first-begotten into the world, He saith, 'and let all the angels of God adore Him.'" Back in the dawn of their creation, we are told, God had shown the angelic world, in vision, the Sacred Humanity of His Son. Perhaps they saw the Babe of Bethlehem shivering on a wisp of straw in the manger, as the cold wind blew over Judea's hills in through the chinks of the stable. In their pride one-third of the angelic hierarchy rose in rebellion and cried "We will not serve." On Christmas night then, when the vision is fulfilled, the multitudes of celestial spirits, "which no man can number," sped forth from their thrones to do reverence in triumphant song and jubilee to the Babe of Bethlehem. In the courts of the temple, when the victim was prepared for the sacrifice and laid on the altar, the sweetest music burst forth from the silver trumpets of the priests; now near David's City, when He who is true Priest and Victim is prepared for the real sacrifice and is laid in the manger, the heavenly music flows forth from angels' voices in notes of joy and triumph.

"Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace to men of good will." Once before in human history had mortal ear heard angels' songs. Once before had celestial harmony sped over earthly hills and valleys. Away back in the day of Isaias, immediately before the saintly prophet told King Achaz "that a virgin should conceive and bear a Son and His name should be called Emmanuel," the holy seer heard the angels' song in the Temple of God: "Holy, holy, holy, the Lord God of hosts, all the earth is full of Thy glory." Then, the music was in Heaven's courts in anticipation of the coming of the King in ages far distant; now it is chanted over the straw-thatched stable-shed in honor of Israel's King who has come. Formerly it was a song in anticipation of His birth, now it is chanted because the King is born. How full our joy should be when the same Babe of Bethlehem is born daily in the chalice on our altars, and with what jubilee our heart should thrill when, in

Holy Communion, Mary's Child comes to our souls for a fuller birth!

In the stable Mary and Joseph are in prayer in an ecstasy of wonder and of love. They have seen the face of God and lived. It is true to say they have enjoyed, in a certain sense, the beatific vision, for they have looked upon the countenance of their Creator. Round about the Child Who is Uncreated Holiness are His two most loved souls in heaven or on earth. The one His Mother, in whose womb for nine months He has dwelt and who in grace and dignity has no parallel; the other, Joseph in sanctity below his spouse, the foster-father of the Babe in the manger and over whom in some mysterious way the Eternal Father has thrown the shadow of His uncommunicable Paternity.

The heavenly choir has ceased, the bright light has faded out of the skies and the dawn is coming timidly over the hills of Moab, as if afraid and in reverence before the light which shines from the face of the Child. Mary raises her eyes and sees the first adorers of her Son.

"After the angels departed from them into heaven, the shepherds said one to another: Let us go over to Bethlehem . . . and they came with haste." There was no need to tell Mary who the visitors were. Their weather-beaten features, their rough clothing, their dark faces told their calling. Then, too, the Mother knew it was proper that the shepherds should be among His first worshippers. Was not the Babe in the manger to be a shepherd, not, it is true, of sheep fattened for the Temple sacrifice on Judea's hills, but a shepherd of souls redeemed later on by the blood now reddening His infant lips and cheeks? The Child now in His Mother's arms would, thirty years later, cry out in the streets of Jerusalem and from the porches of the Holy Temple: "I am the Good Shepherd. The good shepherd giveth his life for his sheep." It was to feed the starving sheep and lead them back into the one true fold that He would grow to manhood and walk through the streets of Sion and on the bosom of the mountain and by the edge of the lake. To feed the sheep, He will die and leave His Body and His Blood that they may eat and live. Can we wonder then that with hastening steps the shepherds came to kneel at his feet? How welcome these poor, simple men were at the



dawn of that first Christmas Day! They were men who led lives of toil. Their garments were coarse, their hands hard, their faces roughened by the biting winds which blew over the hills of Bethlehem. Their nights were long and weary as they watched their flocks and fulfilled their appointed duty. They had little of this world's goods and still less of its pleasures. These were reserved for the revellers in Herod's palace on the slope opposite the stable-cave. But they had what was better and dearer, the Heart of the Babe of Bethlehem. They were simple men and true. Faithful to the light given them and living in fidelity to the traditions of the Law. And now these are called to be the first adorers of the new-born Child.

So too the same Child of Mary is in His Tabernacle, and His love and care go out to all of us. In our fatigue if we go to Him there we shall be refreshed as the shepherds were. In our toil and poverty we shall be, oh! so rich, if we only kneel before the Tabernacle and receive into our hearts the riches of the Father, His only-begotten. Then we shall be rich indeed, and go away so content, yet not content to go away.

Shall we not then join the shepherds? When He comes into our hearts in Holy Communion, we must not hear the sound of the earthly music, which is streaming from the open windows of Herod's palace, but in our hearts will be ringing, as in the shepherds' ears, the anthem of the angels: "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace to men of good will."

It is hard to leave the feet of the Child and His Blessed Mother and her holy Spouse. Would that we could linger with them always. Yet we must go. It is sad to think that on the first Christmas night Our Blessed Saviour came to Bethlehem and asked for lodging, shelter and a place in which to be born. The doors were closed in His Mother's face, and on His birthday He was sent out to the cold hillside. There was no room for Him in the inn. During the rest of His life, though He wandered as a child along the yellow Nile, though He toiled to manhood in obscure Nazareth, and was often in the Temple for the Passover, yet He seemed never again to have come back to David's City, where He was born. Many a time and oft He walked through the streets of Jerusalem and beyond the Jordan; frequently His sacred feet trod the hills

and valleys of Galilee; time and again He was found on the white sands of Genesareth, and He sailed on its bosom in calm and storm; but nowhere do we read in Holy Writ that He ever trod again the streets of Bethlehem. He came there on the first Christmas night and asked for a place to be born; the request which is refused to no other was denied Him. And He went out from the City of David never to enter it again. What a dreary life ours would be if He came this Christmas and asked to be born in our hearts, and we closed the doors of our souls in His face. How sad that Christmas Day for the soul out of whose life the Babe of Bethlehem has gone, never to return. But those who love to linger near the Tabernacle under the light of the sanctuary lamp are not such as will refuse to the Babe of Bethlehem the gift which He prizes most, their heart; and they are not likely to forget that the best Christmas giving is Christian living; this ungiven, all else is little worth.

J. H. O'ROURKE, S.J.

### MY CHRISTMAS GIFT



WHAT shall I give to my mother dear,  
 This Christmas Day?  
 Silver and gold and the earth's good cheer?  
 So the world would say!  
 Some simple gift from a loving heart?  
 A kiss with a child's unconscious art?  
 O bitter pain and the tears that start!  
 And the boy away.

Then poor am I, as poor can be,  
 Sweet mother mine;  
 And nought but love can I give to thee  
 For that love of thine  
 That has lit the way thro' the storm-tossed years,  
 O'er the surging seas of my hopes and fears,  
 Till like a glory it now appears;  
 May it ever shine!

Yet grieve not, mother, that I am far  
 From thy homely board;  
 'Tis Christmas-tide, and no sound should jar  
 Earth's tuneful chord:  
 And well thou knowest thy loss is gain;  
 The joy thou feelest outweighs the pain;  
 Thy prayer is answered, thy lamb is slain  
 Like his martyred Lord.

What had the Christ for His mother's love,  
 That starry night?  
 Tho' angels sang till the heavens above  
 Were filled with light,  
 His baby lips could not speak a word;  
 His tiny bosom scarcely stirred;  
 But soul to soul—and the mother heard,  
 And she held Him tight.

So unto thee shall thine infant speak,  
 Thro' all the morn;  
 Sinful his soul and his poor heart weak  
 And with passion torn;  
 But he knows love's prayer will o'erwing the skies,  
 And reach thine ear with an Infant's cries,  
 From Mary's breast, where the Godhead lies  
 A Babe new-born.

JOSEPH P. GREEN, S.J.

### TREASURY OF GOOD WORKS

Offerings for the Intentions recommended to the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

|                              |         |                                  |         |
|------------------------------|---------|----------------------------------|---------|
| 1. Acts of charity.....      | 518,519 | 11. Masses heard .....           | 345,441 |
| 2. Beads .....               | 414,941 | 12. Mortifications .....         | 382,107 |
| 3. Way of the Cross.....     | 405,838 | 13. Works of Mercy.....          | 572,655 |
| 4. Holy Communion .....      | 608,957 | 14. Works of Zeal.....           | 666,037 |
| 5. Spiritual Communion.....  | 486,348 | 15. Prayers .....                | 499,591 |
| 6. Examen of Conscience..... | 444,376 | 16. Kindly conversation.....     | 463,537 |
| 7. Hours of Labor.....       | 491,427 | 17. Suffering, Afflictions ..... | 518,606 |
| 8. Hours of Silence.....     | 528,811 | 18. Self-conquest .....          | 602,344 |
| 9. Pious Reading .....       | 409,203 | 19. Visit to B. Sacrament....    | 616,279 |
| 10. Masses read .....        | 39,594  | 20. Various good works.....      | 437,663 |

Total Treasury of Good Works, 9,434,134.

## TALES FROM REAL LIFE

### "AND A LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM."



LONG after the child had slipped away into the land of dreams, the man sat in his lonely room thinking with bowed head and weary heart of the days now gone beyond recall. Her words had brought the past before him in a new light. The old year was "dying in the night," and in the man's heart something was dying too; the old rebellion, the old, reckless despair, these were slowly giving way before the faint, dim shadow of a coming hope, but the death struggle was a hard one.

A few hours before, he had stood in that tenement room and looked around. Bare walls of cracked plaster, dingy floor, a bed in one corner, and a broken chair by the window; these were all that met his glance, and he shuddered. So he had actually come to this, and this was all he would know henceforth, unless—— Slowly his hand sought his pocket and drew forth a small phial on which his eyes rested with fascinated gaze. He walked to the window and sat down, holding the little bottle up to the light.

"It looks harmless enough," he muttered; "yet death lies in those few drops of dark-colored liquid, and death means release. What is life to me that I should hesitate—life, did I say?" and he laughed, a hard, bitter laugh as he looked again around the dilapidated room. "Who could call *this* life, this mere struggle for existence?"

The child in the next room, a little cripple with the face of a saint and a precocious wisdom far beyond her years, heard the laugh, and something in it made her shiver.

"I wonder," she mused, as she reached for her crutches, "if anything is wrong with my poor man."

They were close friends, the man and the child. In fact, for many a day past, she had been the only human being with whom he had held friendly intercourse. Sitting there in the window, the death-giving poison in his hand, he heard the tap of her crutches outside his door. The bottle was dropped into his pocket, but the man did not turn even when a small hand slipped into his and a small head rested against his arm. Without a word, he lifted her to his k-

and leaned the crutches against the wall. She nestled contentedly in his arms and for some time watched the moody face that gazed through the window in the sullen silence of despair. Presently a hand reached up and patted his cheek, and a plaintive voice murmured:

"I don't like my man when he looks like that. He isn't a nice man at all. Please be good and tell me a story."

He took the little hand in his and held it gently, but his face was still turned away as he answered bitterly:

"A story, child? The only story I could tell would not interest a little girl like you."

"Oh, you don't know," returned the child. "It might. What is it about?"

"It is about a young man," he answered; "a foolish, headstrong young man, who had a good home, kind parents, everything he could wish for, and yet was not satisfied. He wanted to see the world, he wanted to see life and taste the joys of living, and he fretted at the restraints paternal authority imposed upon him. He left his home, this foolish young man, and plunged into the gay life of the gayest city in this country. My story is about an older man who has tasted life and found it very bitter; who has drained the cup to its very dregs and for whom there is nothing left but misery and despair. It is about a man who, by his own deeds, has become an outcast from his kind and a wanderer on the face of the earth."

"Poor man," said the child softly. "Why doesn't he go home again?"

"Home?" and once more he laughed that hard, bitter laugh. "They would be very glad to see him at home, wouldn't they?"

"Well, why not?" persisted the child. "You said he had a kind father."

"Yes."

"And a mother?"

"Yes, once, but she died long ago. That is his one comfort now, that she did not live to see his disgrace."

"And he was a good little boy himself once and said his prayers and went to Sunday-school and made his First Communion like I did last month?"

"Yes," answered the man; "he did all that, but it was years and years ago, little one."

For a time the child mused quietly, and the man still looked with unseeing eyes on the tenement houses across the way. Then her voice again broke the silence.

"When we were preparing for our First Communion, the Father told us a story that was very much like yours about the foolish young man. Would you like to hear about it?"

"Yes, tell it to me," said the man.

"Well," said the child, "it was like this:

"Once upon a time, in a country ever so far from here, there lived an old man who had two sons. One day the youngest son said to him: 'Father, I am tired of staying here quietly at home. I want to see the world and have a good time. If you will give me what money is to be mine, I will go away into distant countries and see something of life.'

"His father did not want him to go and begged him to stay at home, where they were all so safe and happy, but the young man would not listen to him; so the father gave him money and let him go. The son traveled for days and days through all kinds of beautiful countries and made many friends, and had a splendid time with them all, feasting and dancing and enjoying himself. He forgot all about his father and brother at home and could think only of his new friends and of how happy he was with them.

"Well, this went on for quite a long time, but at last he woke up one day to find that all his money was gone, and that he was all alone, without a cent and without a friend. You know," interposed the child, with a wise nod of her head, "people like that do not care to be your friends unless you have plenty of money and fine clothes and can give them a good time. The poor young man did not know what to do to keep from starving. He went to see some of the people who had helped spend his money, but they shut their doors in his face, and would not speak to him if they saw him on the street. At last, one of them took pity on him and gave him some food, and said if he wanted to he could go out in the fields and tend the swine. I don't know exactly what kind of animals those are, do you?" asked the child.

"Well," answered the man half absently, "I think that is another name for pigs."

"Pigs!" exclaimed the child. "If they were pigs, why didn't he call them pigs? Anyway," she continued, "whatever they were, the young man was sent out to take care of them, and he had to sleep with them and eat with them too. He began to think about the home he had left, about his kind father and his brother, and he saw how foolish he had been. In the evenings he would sit on the hill and watch the sun set and know that somewhere over there was his own home. He would wonder what they were doing and if they ever thought of him. At last, he couldn't stand it any longer, so he just made up his mind to go back to his father and beg to be allowed to work for him as one of his servants. He said to himself: 'I will arise and will go to my father and will say to him: Father, I have sinned against Heaven and before thee; I am not now worthy to be called thy son: make me as one of thy hired servants.'

"So he traveled home again, walking all that long way, and sometimes he was so tired he could hardly move. Still he kept right on, and at last one day he stood on top of a hill and looked down at his old home in the little valley below. Then he grew frightened as he came nearer the house, and he said to himself: 'My father will be angry and will not forgive me; I do not dare go into his house.'

"Now, all that long time his poor father had been thinking of him and loving him and longing for him to come home again. Every morning the poor old man would go down to the gate and look along the road his son had traveled when he went away, and would say to himself: 'Perhaps my son will come home before evening.' All day he would watch the road, and when evening came and the son had not returned, he would say: 'Surely, tomorrow my son will come.'

"Then one day as he watched, a man appeared in the distance, a man who came along the road a little way and then stopped, as if he were afraid to go any farther. The man was yet a great way off, and the poor father's eyes were old and worn out with watching, but he knew it must be his son come home to him at last. He ran out to meet him, and as he drew nearer and saw his son so pale

and tired, his clothes nothing but dirty rags, and his feet all torn and bleeding from the rough stones of the road, the father's eyes filled with tears of pity. He just took the young man in his arms and loved him and forgave him and told him he was glad, oh! so glad to have him home again. I guess," concluded the child, "that the son was pretty glad too, and I don't believe he ever wanted to go away again, do you?"

"I should imagine," replied the man, "that his one taste of wandering was quite enough to last the rest of his life. Still, I do not see how he could make up his mind to go home, a beggar, just because his life was ruined and he had no place else to go. I should think he would have crept away into a corner and died rather than do that."

"Well," asked the child quickly, "wasn't it better for him to go home than to leave his poor father watching at the gate forever? You forgot about his father."

"True, I forgot about the father," and a softer look crossed the man's face.

All this had passed several hours before; the child was gone, night had come, and he still sat thinking, thinking, thinking, and his thoughts were of an old man watching with tear-dimmed eyes for the return of one who came not.

A distant clock chimed the hour of midnight, and a light touch on his arm aroused him. Turning, he saw the child again beside him, leaning on her crutches and regarding him with grave eyes.

"The New Year is here," she whispered solemnly. "Come with me."

A hand was placed over his eyes and he felt himself lifted and borne rapidly through the sharp night air that whispered of strange things to come as it whistled past him.

Presently he was set on his feet and the hand removed from his eyes. He found himself standing in the snow outside a stately dwelling and a chime of New Year's bells rang merrily in his ears.

"Look," whispered the child.

He looked up at the mansion before him and there, in a brightly lighted window, stood a woman and a little boy. He started; for the face of the boy was his own, as it had looked so many, many years ago. In fear and trembling he raised his eyes to the face of



the woman, and beheld once more the lovely eyes and gentle smile of the one being who had been dearest to him of all the world. Her hand rested on the boy's shoulder and together they listened to the bells that proclaimed the passing of the old, the coming of the new.

"Listen," whispered the child.

A loved voice, long since stilled in an eternal silence, came to him through the frosty air, repeating words he had heard so often as a child.

"Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,  
The flying cloud, the frosty light;  
The year is dying in the night;  
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die."

Without waiting to hear more, the man fell on his knees in the snow with a heartrending cry of "Mother!" At the sound of his voice the woman and boy disappeared, and he was alone in the cold and darkness.

Again the child's hand urged him on, and soon he stood on the bank of a rushing river. On the other side shone a bright light, and in the midst of the radiance stood the same woman with the sweet face and silvering hair. Not daring to speak, he stretched out his arms to her in silent supplication. Her face was filled with unutterable sadness as she shook her head and pointed to the black stream that ran between them. The man looked down at the turbid water and beheld hundreds of demon faces that grinned and mocked at him as they floated past and shouted to him in chorus:

"This is the river of years, and we are the evil deeds with which you have filled it."

Overcome with remorse, he bowed himself to the ground, and when next he raised his head, the river, the faces and the bright light had all disappeared and he was alone in his old room in the tenement.

He sat up with a start and looked around. Yes, there were the same cracked walls and bare floor, and here the window through which stole the first faint beams of coming day. He was shivering with the cold, and his limbs were stiff and cramped.

"I must have been dreaming," he said as he arose, threw up the casement and watched the growing brightness in the eastern sky.

"It is the dawn of a new day, of a new year, and please God, of a new life. 'I will arise and will go to my father and will say to him: Father, I have sinned against Heaven and before thee.'"

At that moment the sun rose, flooding the earth with a golden radiance, and the bells of the city pealed out a merry chime. The man's heart echoed that song of joy and triumph as he repeated slowly:

"Ring out the old, ring in the new,  
Ring, happy bells, across the snow;  
The year is going, let him go;  
Ring out the false, ring in the true."

ISABEL WILLIAMS.

#### OUR LADY'S SOLILOQUY



HE wondrous light again doth greet  
Mine eager eyes,  
By whose bright ray that holy dawn  
The shepherds from the hills were drawn  
In wild surmise.

With gaze astrain upon its beam  
Come yonder three:  
Three Kings! Their anxious quest is o'er;  
Their Saviour, God, they now adore  
All reverently.

Ah me, my Lord, full well I knew  
Thy love of yore,  
Full sure Thy guiding star to see,  
With luring brilliance lead to Thee,  
Both rich and poor.

And, oh, the bliss! and, oh, the fear!  
To me is given  
The self-same duty—e'er to be  
The beacon light that leads to Thee  
Who art in Heaven.

W. T., S.J.

## THOUGHTS ON THE EPIPHANY

*In the days of King Herod wise men came from the East to Jerusalem.*—St. Matt. 2; 1-13.



WHEN Christ was born, all mankind was divided into two parts. God recognized only two nations, the Jews and the Gentiles. The Jews were His chosen people, the object of His special love, the guardians of His holy law, the servants of His true worship. The Gentiles were all the other peoples of the earth, Romans, Greeks and barbarians. These Gentiles were our ancestors. They were no friends to God. They knew little of Him, and that little they misused or neglected, to sink deeper and deeper into vice and corruption. They were utter strangers to the restraint of virtue, and obeyed only one law, the instincts of their natural passions. Their iniquity grew with the years, and the face of the earth was red with their crimes. Christ was born for the Jews on Christmas night. Some shepherds on the hills near Bethlehem were told of the event by angels, and these shepherds spread the news all over Judea. But God was by this time highly offended with the wickedness of His chosen people. They were no better than the Gentiles, and God had often threatened to remove from them His favor, and transfer it to the nations. No Jew took the trouble to go down from Jerusalem to Bethlehem to welcome the new-born Saviour. He was left alone with His Mother and St. Joseph to shiver in the cold of a cheerless stable and feel the pangs of extreme poverty. And this Infant was their Messiah, the King for whom they had been waiting four thousand years, the great Prophet of whom their sacred writings so often and so clearly spoke.

God in Heaven knew that in spite of all the efforts of His love and mercy the Jews were well nigh lost beyond redemption, and determined to give their place in His heart and His affections to the Gentiles. And so He took means to let these Gentiles know of the Messiah's coming. He sent them no angels, such as He sent the Jews. Instead, He caused to appear in the Eastern heavens a star of remarkable brilliancy. This strange visitor excited wonder

among the learned, and on consulting their books they found that some such miracle was to precede the birth of God on earth. Three of their kings made preparations to follow the guidance of the star and discover, if possible, the birthplace of this Child of mystery. They loaded their camels with gifts, bade adieu to their friends and people, and set out on their long journey. The star never failed them. By day and by night it led them across mountains and deserts and seas, till finally it disappeared on their entrance into Jerusalem. At a loss how to proceed, they made inquiries in the Holy City, and were told that Bethlehem was the favored spot. Then they started off full of joy for Bethlehem, and as they left Jerusalem the miraculous star again appeared to light their way and lead them on till it halted over the entrance to the stable in which the Infant God rested. Full of reverence, they went in, adored the Babe in the manger, offered Him gifts of gold, frankincense and myrrh, and after satisfying their devotion returned to their homes in the East. There they became apostles. They preached the faith to their peoples; and, God favoring their work, spread His name and His love over all those parts of the world. Thirty-three years later, the day of the Crucifixion, the Jews were rejected by God. They were deprived of their privileges, and we the Gentiles succeeded to the title of God's people. The Jews to this day are scattered over the earth, abandoned by God, hated and despised by men, a lasting evidence of how terrible God is in His anger, and of how fearful a thing God's curse is.

This is the story of the Epiphany, our Christmas; and it is full of lessons. To be brief, let us merely glance at the persons who figure prominently in the event: Herod, the Three Kings and our Mother Mary. Herod was the head of the Jewish nation and the type of all that was wicked. He was a monster of iniquity, as near a devil as anything outside of hell. As soon as he heard rumors of a new-born King of the Jews, he determined to kill the child, even though that Child were Israel's Messiah, even though that Child's death were God-murder. To succeed in his design, he reddened his hands with the blood of a thousand and more infants; but the Lord Christ escaped his fury. He thought to fool the Magi by an empty lie; but God defeated his plans. The wicked can fool their fellow men to the very eyes; but it is consoling to know that they cannot

deceive God. He is infinite wisdom, and if we keep Him for friend, we are safe. Nothing in heaven, hell or on earth can harm us. The Three Kings were men of iron courage and sterling faith. They are our ancestors, and we should feel proud of them. We should prove ourselves their descendants by copying their virtues. Like them we should give God's interests first place in our hearts. In defense of God's glory we should stand up against the world. When strangers among a strange people they stood before Herod and his soldiers, they were absolutely without fear, because they were fighting God's battle and trusted in God's strength. And we Catholics are sometimes called on to make sacrifices, if we want to remain true to God. We are in the midst of unbelievers and scoffers, and to live up to our fathers' faith we need courage like the courage displayed by the Three Kings. With regard to our Mother Mary, the characteristic most worthy of note is her closeness to her Divine Son. "They found the Child with Mary His Mother." She always kept close up to Jesus during life, and we Catholics, recognizing this fact, never separate Jesus and Mary in our thoughts. We keep them together. No other people outside of God's true Church pay her this homage. Devotion to Mary is the distinctive badge of Catholicity, and we must let this truth shine in our lives. Honor paid the Mother is honor paid the Son; and God derives unbounded pleasure from every deed of piety and kindness done in His Blessed Mother's memory. Herod can teach us by his example to dread the danger of losing God's faith and His friendship by sin and wrong-doing. The Three Kings can teach us by their heroism to value as we value life the grand old name of Catholic which we received from our fathers, and to spare ourselves no trouble, no pain to preserve that name till death. The Blessed Virgin can teach us by her silent example how to persevere till the end, dreading no evil on earth so much as separation from our Lord Jesus Christ by the commission of mortal sin.

OWEN A. HILL, S.J.

"STAND not regretfully, doubting in fear,  
Manfully, prayerfully face the New Year.  
What though the country be dim and unknown,  
No man is friendless, no man alone.  
God who has guarded and guided thy past  
Still will be near thee unto the last."

## THE OX, THE ASS AND THE SHEPHERDS AT THE CRIB



WELVE months ago a vigorous young priest took charge of the little church I know best. He replaced a good old man—since gone to his reward—whose long and useful life was slowing for its terminus.

With foresight his young successor “turned out” all things needful for the Crib some weeks before the Christmas haste began. On examination he found that our ox had shed a horn. Now, for years we had been used to our poor unicorn, who was otherwise a beautifully modelled beast. Yet we were naturally not displeased when the missing part was found after dusty search in a lumber room, and a good mechanic of the congregation offered veterinary aid.

While the animal thus underwent painless surgery of rivets and cement, His Reverence decided upon a different grouping of the figures from that of our tradition. Also, he chose another part of the church for the erection of the Crib. Then, with a knowledge of boy human nature doing credit alike to head and heart, he determined to let his elder schoolboys see his work while it was toward. They were delighted, but there was one dissentient voice. It came (as it chanced) from a good-humored Church of England boy who attends our schools.

“Yes, it’s nice,” he said dubiously to the schoolmistress. “But *where’s the ox*, teacher?”

The question was asked with such amusing asperity that it has become a joke in our village. I fear that, like Mr. Magnus’s friends in *Pickwick*, we have the gift of being readily amused.

It has had this other result of making the writer wonder how best to give the little fellow who asked it, a reason for believing so firmly what his Bible does not say—namely, that Our Lord in the manger was warmed by the breath of two lowly, patient beasts.

Perhaps the question is more complex than I bargained for, so far as Anglican children in the Fifth Standard are concerned. Yet it is simple enough and deeply interesting to boot, from the Catholic and adult point of view.

The tradition of the ox and the ass is most ancient. The paintings

of the catacombs are our witness of this. On either side of the figure of Our Infant Lord, subterranean Christian artists at the Church's dawn ever loved to depict an ox and an ass, warming His tiny limbs with their breath.

Strange to say, Our Lady and St. Joseph are sometimes absent from these ancient frescoes, but the ox and the ass—never! We must come down as late as the eleventh century before we notice the absence of the two meek beasts from Noel pictures.

The early Fathers of the Church have also transmitted the beautiful tradition, as might be expected of holy men so tenderly devoted to memories of the Infancy. Pope Benedict XIV., in his work *Concerning Feasts*, gives the names of the most illustrious: St. Jerome, St. Peter Chrysologus, St. Paulinus of Nola, Prudentius (whom many call "the Christian Virgil"), St. Gregory of Nazianzen and Origen.

Thus the Church but perpetuates her earliest teaching when she cries out in the liturgy: "O great mystery and wondrous sacrament, that animals should behold their Lord new-born and lying in a manger!"

Most probably the ox belonged to the Bethlehem inn-keeper. This patient animal is still of universal use for ploughing in the unchanging East, and thus is naturally stabled there like other beasts of draught and burden. Two of Mr. Kipling's lines of the *ryot* (husbandman of the poorest class) in India, may recur to many:

"For on the oxen and the plough  
An Empire's strength is laid."

The ass was almost certainly the one on which Our Lady rode from Nazareth to Bethlehem.

A learned Consultor of the Biblical Commission now sitting in Rome—the Abbé Constantin Chauvin—considers that we are not to see in the presence of the ox and the ass at Bethlehem a realization of the beautiful text which all but opens the prophecy of Isaias.

"The ox knoweth his owner, and the ass his master's crib; but Israel hath not known me, and my people hath not understood." "The prophet," says the Abbé Chauvin, "is simply establishing a

contrast between the instinct of the two animals, and the dispositions of Israel towards the Lord."

"In things doubtful, liberty" has been the joyous privilege of the Church's children from long before the days when St. Augustine crystallized it into a maxim. *Prophecy* in the technical sense or no (and on that point the erudite French priest may speak with ripe authority), may we not marvel at the Providence which, in bidding a Saint of the Old Law tell the Jews how thankless they were, so helped his memory and fancy that in three salient words—*ox, ass, crib*—he has conjured—nay, compelled—for readers of all time a vivid picture of Bethlehem?

Before leaving the ox and the ass, one word about a most interesting slip in translation which occurs in the Septuagint (Habacuc, iii, 2). The Septuagint (as readers are doubtless aware) was the Greek version of Holy Writ, almost always used by Our Lord Himself and the Apostles. The Vulgate, and consequently our Douay Bibles, give the passage from the Hebrews as follows:

O Lord I have heard Thy hearing,  
and was afraid.

O Lord, Thy work, in the midst  
of the years bring it to life.

In the midst of the years Thou shalt make it known:  
when Thou art angry, Thou wilt remember mercy.

Now, in the third section of this fragment from Habacuc's prayer, the Septuagint translator mistook a Hebrew word on the scroll before him, and wrote as follows in Greek on his own parchment:

*In the midst of two animals  
Thou shalt be made known, etc.*

And so it stands in the Septuagint to this day!

Little did the scribe know, two hundred and fifty years before Our Blessed Lord's birth, what truth was flowing from his errant pen! But, then, little did the persecuted Pius VII. know of the frost-bitten, murderous retreat from Moscow that was to come within a year of his words to his captor, Napoleon, as he vaunted of his armies: "Who can assure you, my son, that within a twelvemonth *the muskets will not fall from your soldiers' hands?*"



The poor ox and ass find no place in the prophet's great prayer. Yet the text brings us near to Bethlehem and its Babe. "In the midst of the years Thou shalt make it known; when Thou art angry, Thou wilt remember mercy."

## II.

"And there were in the same country shepherds," says St. Luke, "watching and keeping the night-watches over their flock." At the angels' bidding they climbed the steep ascent to Bethlehem, and found "Mary and Joseph, and the Infant lying in a manger."

How many shepherds were there, and what were their names? The Fathers tell us. According to many of them, the shepherds were four in number, and bore the names of Misael, Achael, Cyriacus and Stephanus.

The first two names are evidently of Hebrew origin; the latter two are Greek.

We need not be surprised to find Jews in Our Lord's time with Greek names. These abound in the Acts of the Apostles; while the Greek name, meaning a crown, given by tradition to one of the shepherds, is also that of the holy young Hebrew, St. Stephen, the first to give his life for the Faith.

Some few of the Fathers speak of three shepherds only.

They were in "the same country," St. Luke tells us—i. e., country-side or region. In St. Jerome's day there was still pointed out, about a mile from Bethlehem, a tower called *Migdal Eder*—the "Flock Tower"(1) of the patriarch Jacob's days of encampment after Rachel's death and burial in "the highway that leadeth to Ephrata; this is Bethlehem."

By this "Flock Tower" the shepherds would have been keeping their sheep on Christmas Eve. The village from which, according to tradition, they hailed, is close at hand, within fifteen minutes' walk, east south-east of Bethlehem. Modern Arabs call it Beit-Sahour.

In these lush valleys the boy David led his father Jesse's flocks. Nights can be spent there in the open, even at midwinter, for the temperature is mild. The shepherds took turns at their night-work, which was divided into "shifts," as workmen of to-day would call

\* Genesis, XXXV., 21.

them. This explains the plural of St. Luke—"the night *watches* over their flock."

At the end of the second and beginning of the third watch, the heavens opened to give their happy message to the earth. There appeared the angel of the Lord—probably St. Gabriel, the Angel of the Incarnation. A halo of heavenly light—"the brightness of God" in our version—shone round about him and them. The simple shepherds were frozen with fear.

Doubtless they deemed St. Gabriel to be God, Whom none could see, and live. Remember that they were descended from the race which said to Moses: "Let not the Lord speak to us, lest we die."

The Angel reassured them. Then he gave his message simply, telling them also the sign by which they should know their new-born Lord. No more was needed to convince these forthright souls of robust and simple faith.

"Suddenly," we read, "a host of angelic spirits sang the *Gloria*." How wonderfully their anthem gives the twofold end of the Incarnation—the glory of God and the good of man. The Abbé Chauvin says finely that it was sung on two harmonizing notes: "One for Heaven—*Glory in the Highest*—the other for earth—*Peace to men*."

As the strains of the heavenly hymn and the forms of the singers faded away into the firmament, the shepherds clambered swiftly to the tiny city of David, where, the first of all faithful to come "joyfully triumphing," "they understood of the word that had been spoken to them concerning this child."

Did they offer gifts? Tradition has it that they did. To the Lamb come down from God to take away the sins of the world, we are told, they gave of the produce of their flocks, ewes' milk and wool.

What is quite certain is that they became early and ardent apostles of the Word made Flesh. For they went back to the valley "glorifying and praising God, for all the things they had heard and seen, as it was told unto them."

As they so did, the brightest day earth has known began to break, and the sun soon shed his level beams on Bethlehem and its Babe.

JOHN KEVIN MAGNER.

## VENUS ON GOLGOTHA



REPEAT it. The sooner our churches are converted into amusement halls the easier it will prove on our pocket books, and I guess our consciences will not thereby be much the losers."

The speaker was a middle-aged man, dressed in the extreme of fashion. He was standing in the hallway of a Fifth Avenue club, and addressed his remarks to a companion whose step had not yet lost the vigor of youth.

"Why, Ned, what an old pagan you are, to be sure. I suppose you are in full accord with that old reprobate, Hadrian, who outraged the feelings of the Christians by erecting a statue of Venus on Golgotha itself."

"And what of it? You have yourself often styled all this sham of Christianity a mere superstition."

"I know. But then one should have some regard for the susceptibilities of even the most clouded intellects. Gradually enlighten the masses, but meanwhile spare them their churches, and keep your Venus off Golgotha."

"Look here, Phil, I'll do nothing of the kind. My friend on the avenue has about the proper idea. He advertises a sacred vaudeville for Sunday afternoon. It is a good drawing card, and once we have the performance in full blast, we'll curtail his frock coat, and let the evolution of the drama do the rest. Yes, old man, let Venus supplant the cross on Golgotha, or anywhere else you please. Life will begin to be a little more bearable, when our church warden and club steward enter partnership."

Passing out into the night, the man addressed as Ned hailed a passing cab, while his companion, declining the invitation to "come along," turned up the avenue towards the park.

It was Christmas eve. The sharp night air had a crispness about it that invited exercise. Philip Converse, a pampered child of fortune, was ill at ease with himself and all the world. His friend's remark had disgusted him, he knew not why, and as the parting challenge rang from out the darkness: "Bully for Hadrian, say I. Placed Venus on Golgotha! And why not?"—the words kept jingling in his brain—"And why not? Why not?" The whole inner man shrank from such a thought, and yet, if he carried to their

logical conclusions his often reiterated platitudes on the superstitions of religious beliefs, there could be little shocking in the proposed substitution.

"Venus on Golgotha! Why not?" Over and over again he asked the question as he hurried on aimlessly; and the more he pondered, the more his better nature rebelled against the idea.

The midnight hour sounded, and the glad bells pealed out the joyful tidings of the Christmas morn. Philip paused in his walk to listen to the brazen chimes that rung in harmony and measured time, and brought up memories of the distant past, when as a child, in a far-away land, he listened for those Christmas bells. There was no Venus on Golgotha then! No, he had been the victim of credulity in those days, and had accepted unquestionably the old Curé's nonsense about the song of angels and the cave at Bethlehem. Why, he had even sung himself at the Midnight Mass until the ripening years of reason dispelled the foolish fancies of childhood days. Still those were happy days, and for a space Philip lived over again the fleeting, joyful hours of inexperienced youth.

Out of the distant memories of the past was conjured up the little town in the midst of the vineyards of the south of France. Yes, he was a child again, tripping along to church on Christmas morning. He felt the gentle caress of his mother's hand; he saw again the loved face stooping over him, and anxious, troubled eyes looking down into the very depths of his restless, independent soul; he felt the trembling lips touching his forehead ever so lightly, and he heard afresh that once-loved story told in his mother's earnest, pleading words.

His reverie swept on and awakened in his soul the distant echoes of the glad Noel his mother used to sing. A tear glistened for an instant in Philip's eye. Why had not that mother lingered longer to guide his wayward steps? Why had she been carried off by ruthless death even in the midst of that last Christmas joy? Perhaps if she had lived, there might be no Venus on Golgotha to-day! Perhaps those foolish superstitions of the past might still be bright realities! Perhaps, perhaps, ah yes, then perhaps these Christmas joys might be based on more than myth or fable after all.

The rancorous laugh of a belated roisterer, staggering by, brought Philip to earth again. A cold shudder passed over his frame, and

yet there was a stifling sensation in his breast. With a gasp he started forward, mumbling to himself: "Philip, for shame! Show yourself a man, and let no childish fancy thus unnerve you. Yes, Venus on Golgotha, and what of it? This Christmas twaddle was good enough for nursery days, or rather let us emancipate the nursery too from its enervating spell."

But it was useless to try and buoy up his spirits. From every shadow his fevered brain conjured forth the sad and sorrowing face of his mother, and every joyful clamor of the bells aroused reproachful memories of the past.

For an hour or more he wandered on, till weary alike in soul and body, weary of the unrelenting strife that raged within him, weary of self and no less weary of Venus on Golgotha, he reached his apartments, and entered his richly furnished study.

Approaching, with reverential awe, a cabinet that stood in a curtained alcove, Philip opened a little drawer and gazed upon the souvenirs of his mother, treasured there these many years, but treasured ever under lock and key. When the first great sorrow of childish grief, caused by his mother's death, had spent its strength, he, as a boy, had gathered up whatever had been dearest to that mother's heart, and placed them in this little cabinet, and yet, until to-day, he could not nerve himself to look again upon the sacred relics.

Seated by his treasures, tenderly he raised from its resting place the crucifix on which his mother's eyes had rested long, and which, when the shadows of approaching death had obscured the vision, had been pressed with passionate love to the parched and burning lips that still struggled to pronounce the holy name. A little crucifix of ebony, the figure of the Christ exquisitely carved out of ivory, while near the base of the shaft a plate of silver bore the words: "Gaze upon the Christ, nailed to this cross by your sins, and then cast it down before you, and with your heel obliterate, if you can, the image of your Saviour from the Cross of Salvation."

The words burned like fire into Philip's brain. "Gaze upon the Christ," his mother's lips now spoke the words. "Gaze upon the Christ, nailed to this Cross by your sins, and then cast it down before you. Raise Venus in its stead; yes, Venus on Golgotha! Cast it down before you and let Venus reign on Golgotha! And with your

heel obliterate, if you can, the image of your Saviour from the Cross of Salvation. Obliterate Him, yes, and let Venus alone hold sway. And what of it? What of it?"

Hot tears were streaming down Philip's cheeks, as he sat there, head bowed upon breast, and eyes riveted on the crucifix. "Venus on Golgotha! And what of it? My God, if God there is, could my mother have been deceived? Could all her calm and holy resignation precede the extinction of life and hope?"

A feeling of terror mastered the man. A grewsome horror caused every fibre of his frame to shake and tremble, as the lights of the study faded from his vision one by one. An awful darkness enveloped him, a stygian blackness completely enshrouded every object round about. There was a maddening rushing of the wind, and the fiendish laugh and jeering taunt of countless elfish voices mocked him.

From out the darkness at his feet there slowly rose, at first obscurely yet gradually taking form, a skull-shaped hill, upon whose summit stood three crosses, each successive instant more clearly outlined against an angry sky beyond, where first a gleam of light appeared, and then huge rolling clouds of seething flame and tortuous smoke. The central cross was made of ebony, and on it hung the figure of a man dying in an agony of pain; while round about the hill were countless impish fiends held in the leash by chains fast riveted to rocks. Denizens of the infernal pit, they strained and struggled with their bonds and raised aloud the cry for leave to trample on that cross and obliterate therefrom the figure upon whose blood-stained face was stamped the look of death.

Only for an instant did Philip stand an idle spectator of this appalling scene. With frenzied shout, "Venus on Golgotha! Down with the Christ!" he sprang forward, wrenched loose the chains that bound the fiends and led them in the charge for the summit of the hill. But as he reached the goal, with hand outstretched to tear the cross from its socket, he saw for the first time a figure clinging to the feet of the crucified, a woman kneeling there upon the ground, her eyes fastened on the countenance of the Christ, her lips moving in prayer, while the agonized expression of the face bore evidence of the consuming grief and sorrow that racked her whole being.

As Philip's hand, albeit now against his will, ruthlessly seized the

cross and tried to shake from it that crouching form, the woman turned her eyes on him and there he saw again his mother's face. Oh, the heart-rending anguish of that glance! The tender pity! The deep reproach! It froze the very life's blood in his veins, it hushed the pulsings of the heart, that had but a moment since throbbed in passion, hate and uncurbed violence. And while his mother's gaze still held him spellbound, Philip was barely conscious that the imps of hell he had released were doing well their work, and treading on the emblem of salvation were trying to obliterate therefrom the crucified Redeemer, and all the while the mocking cry of fiendish hate re-echoed from every rock and cliff, "Venus on Golgotha! And why not?"

His mother tottered for an instant, and as he caught her in his arms, the lights again sprang up and Philip was standing there clinging to the cabinet. Trembling in every limb, cold beads of perspiration oozing from his brow, a cry burst from his lips: "Thank God, thank God, it was all a dream."

But was it all a dream? Before the echo of his voice had died away, Philip was conscious that he still crunched some object with his foot, and he gazed in horror to see there at his feet his mother's crucifix, with the shattered form of the ivory Christ resting beneath his heel.

Thus it came to pass that in the little oratory curtained off in the alcove of his study, Philip has placed upon the priedieu an ebony crucifix encased in gold and crystal. There at its foot rest the fragments of an ivory Christ, while near the base of the shaft a plate of silver bears the words: "Gaze upon the Christ, nailed to this cross by your sins, and then cast it down before you, and with your heel obliterate, if you can, the image of your Saviour from the cross of salvation."

JOSEPH J. WILLIAMS, S.J.

#### PROMISE

"THERE is a rainbow in the sky,  
Upon the arch where tempests trod;  
God wrote it ere the world was dry—  
It is the autograph of God."

## REST AT LAST

Wraiths of gainless days may taunt me  
With upbraidings rife,  
Still not futile are my strugglings  
In the wearying strife.  
Mine it is to love and praise Thee,  
Thine to pity me and raise me  
To a higher life,—

Where awaits me rest unbroken,  
Which I vain have sought,  
Whither all life's longings tended,  
Each with fond hopes fraught;  
Where no sin may dwell nor sorrow,  
Where to-day knows not to-morrow,  
And Time turns to naught.

When upon the dim bourn standing  
Of this world of sin,  
Sudden soundeth Azrael's summons,  
And I enter in  
Where with Thee for aye united,  
Shall my heart's love be requited——  
My true bliss begin,—

Truly, Jesus, Thou'lt remember  
In the matin glow  
Of that endless Day, my plighted  
Troth of long ago;  
And my soul—forgot her sighing—  
Thenceforth rest in that undying  
Love the angels know.

ALBERT C. FOX, S.J.



## THE THREE KINGS



ODDLES' feelings were hurt; one of her little play-mates had presented her with a wonderful doll which would float in a basin of water and had later on "taken it back." Mother knew. Not because Toddles told; Toddles would not be mean. But mother saw the doll and later missed it. Then when evening came, and Toddles sat in mother's lap in the dusky nursery, Toddles' tears suddenly broke forth.

"What is the trouble, darling?" asked mother, in the voice that took half the trouble away at once.

"I—I can't tell. It would be tattling."

"Oh! Well, perhaps mother can guess. Sometimes little girls make other little girls presents—not from their whole hearts, but just in a sudden vain wish to please. Afterward the fondness for the present grows to be much stronger than the vain desire to please, and at last the gift is wished back again."

"How do you know everything, mother?" asked Toddles, in a whisper.

"I don't. Now listen, Toddles. Yesterday you were happy, weren't you?"

"Yes, mother; of course," surprised at the question.

"And you had not received the doll that would float, had you?"

Toddles' blue eyes studied mother's brown ones. In the twilight Toddles' grew very dark.

"No," seriously. "Why?"

"Because, if Toddles could be happy yesterday without the doll, she must forget she ever had it, and be happy to-day. Won't that be best?" coaxingly.

Toddles considered. After a moment a light shone in her shadowy eyes.

"It would be, mother. But it's hard to forget." Toddles hid her face against mother, wishing she could at once do what mother suggested.

"Yes," agreed mother, "it is hard. But, sometimes, dear, it is very hard for the other person not to want things back. Whenever you give anything, Toddles, be sure to give it entirely."

Toddles sat up straight.

"Mother," said she, eagerly, "the Three Kings did not want their gifts back. And you promised, the other night, to tell me that story very soon."

"Very well, dear. Let me see—I'm afraid you can't remember the Kings' names, can you?"

Toddles sighed.

"I know one—Gaspar the Greek. The others are so awful hard, mother."

"That's a very good beginning. Besides Gaspar the Greek, there were Balthasar the Egyptian and Melchior the Hindoo. They had all seen the star—each in his own country, far away from the others—and each started upon his journey in perfect faith that at the end of it he would find Jesus."

"And they weren't afraid," added Toddles, impressively. "Not of the ride on those high camels, nor the hot, shining sun on the sands, nor the dreadful dark nights."

"Why weren't they afraid, Toddles?"

"'Cause they always saw the star, mother. You say it was brighter and brighter when the sky got darker and darker."

"Like faith, darling, which shines best when we are in trouble and sorrow. So they traveled on, very silently, no doubt, for they had much to think about. Remember, they were Three Kings, and had left a great deal of responsibility behind them at home. But they did not worry and fret over what might happen while they were away. They knew that the God who had commanded them to follow the star would care for their countries and their people."

"That's what you call confidence, mother, isn't it?"

"Yes. Confidence in God. Every one needs it, dear. Toddles, and mother, and the Three Kings and all."

"I think so, too," sadly, remembering how very little "confidence" she had had when Daisy Deans had walked home with the reclaimed doll.

"After a long, long journey, they met—Gaspar, Balthasar and Melchior. They recognized each other at once, although they had never met before. And they thanked God for the meeting and proceeded on the way together, full of joy that soon they would see the Christ and offer to him their gifts."

"Gold, frankincense and myrrh," said Toddles, for the story was

reaching the part where she felt more at home. "But they went to naughty Herod, mother, and almost did not find Jesus at all."

"No," smiling. "They went to Jerusalem to see Herod and to ask him where Christ should be born, because the star had disappeared, and they no longer knew the way."

"And Herod was jealous. He didn't want Jesus to be King, did he?"

"No, darling. The Three Kings' visit disturbed him very much indeed, especially when he had the great scholars get out their famous books and study all they could find about Jesus the Messiah. They told Herod Jesus would be born in Bethlehem. So he bade the Kings go find the Child, and then return to Jerusalem. Herod pretended he wanted to visit Jesus and adore Him, too."

"But he didn't, mother. Herod meant to kill Baby Jesus," sadly.

"Yes. But God the Father did not will that Jesus should die then. He warned the Three Kings in a dream not to have anything more to do with Herod after they had found Jesus. And just as they had obeyed God in following the star, they obeyed him about not seeing Herod again. They did not argue or question."

Toddles sighed. Obeying without a question was so very hard, sometimes. Mother patted her, understanding the cause of the sigh.

"From Jerusalem they had not very far to go," mother continued. "After the difficulties of their journey, and the bitter trial of having the star disappear for a while, and all their weariness and waiting, they were rewarded by finding Jesus at Bethlehem."

"With Mary His Mother. Like the shepherds."

"Like the shepherds. Nobody ever looks for Him and fails to find Him—kings and shepherds, rich and poor, little children like Toddles, big people like father and mother—everybody. And finding Him, the Three Kings knelt down and adored Him, offering their gifts."

"I wish I had gold and frankincense and myrrh for Jesus," whispered Toddles, softly.

"You have your little heart to give Him, and that is the best gift of all—your little heart, and all the hours of the day. Jesus prized the love, not the gold, and the adoration, not the frankincense."

"And the Blessed Mother put the things away for Baby Jesus. But He knew all about them, mother, didn't He?"

"Yes, darling; He knew everything, because He was always God. And after adoring Him, the Kings went back to their own countries, to tell that He had come. They did not belong to the Jews, as the shepherds did. Do you remember what the Jews called people who did not have their faith?"

"No, mother," a little bit embarrassed.

"They called them Gentiles. The Three Kings belonged to the Gentiles. And when they found Jesus, they were the first of those strangers to see the Messiah. So fancy with what joy, Toddles, they returned to their homes!"

"But Jesus was glad to see them, too, mother. And I believe the Blessed Mother was glad, and smiled, don't you?"

"Surely, Toddles. And the Blessed Mother always smiles upon those who love her Son, because she loves Him best of all herself."

And then, with a very tender smile of her own, mother laid the drowsy Toddles in her crib.

HELEN BOSCH.

## PROMOTERS' RECEPTIONS

Diplomas issued during the month of November, 1907, from the 1st to the 30th (inclusive).

| Diocese.           | Place.                       | Local Centre.                       | No. |
|--------------------|------------------------------|-------------------------------------|-----|
| Albany.....        | White Hall, N. Y.....        | Our Lady of Angels..... Church      | 12  |
| Brooklyn.....      | Brooklyn, N. Y.....          | SS. Peter and Paul..... Church      | 6   |
| Chicago.....       | Chicago, Ill.....            | St. Patrick's..... Academy          | 12  |
| Cincinnati.....    | Dayton, O.....               | Notre Dame..... " "                 | 5   |
| Cleveland.....     | Cleveland, O.....            | Notre Dame..... Convent             | 6   |
| Columbus.....      | Columbus, O.....             | Notre Dame..... " "                 | 6   |
| Davenport.....     | Keokuk, Ia.....              | St. Peter's..... Church             | 4   |
| Denver.....        | Denver, Colo.....            | Sacred Heart..... College           | 3   |
| Fargo.....         | Michigan City, N. D.         | St. Lawrence O'Toole's..... Church  | 1   |
| Harrisburg.....    | Gettysburg, Pa.....          | St. Francis Xavier..... " "         | 24  |
| Milwaukee.....     | Racine, Wis.....             | St. Patrick's..... " "              | 16  |
| Newark.....        | Hoboken, N. J.....           | Our Lady of Grace..... " "          | 7   |
| New Orleans.....   | Charenton, La.....           | St. Mary's..... " "                 | 12  |
| New Orleans.....   | Convent P. O., La.....       | Sacred Heart..... School            | 4   |
| New Orleans.....   | New Orleans, La.....         | Immaculate Conception..... Church   | 10  |
| New York.....      | Elmsford, N. Y.....          | Our Lady of Mt. Carmel..... " "     | 4   |
| New York.....      | Nanuet, N. Y.....            | St. Agatha's..... Home              | 4   |
| Oklahoma.....      | Chickasha, Ind. Terr.....    | Holy Name of Jesus..... Church      | 6   |
| Peoria.....        | Tiskilwa, Ill.....           | St. Mary's..... " "                 | 20  |
| Philadelphia.....  | Falls of Schuylkill, Pa..... | St. Bridget's..... " "              | 6   |
| Philadelphia.....  | Holmesburg, Pa.....          | St. Dominic's..... " "              | 6   |
| Pittsburg.....     | Allegheny, Pa.....           | St. Francis Xavier..... " "         | 12  |
| Pittsburg.....     | Pittsburg, Pa.....           | Holy Family..... " "                | 12  |
| Portland.....      | Portland, Maine.....         | St. Dominic's..... " "              | 25  |
| Rochester.....     | Rochester, N. Y.....         | Sacred Heart..... Parochial School  | 2   |
| St. Louis.....     | Jefferson City, Mo.....      | St. Peter's..... Church             | 1   |
| St. Louis.....     | St. Louis, Mo.....           | Girls' Deaf Mute..... Institute     | 11  |
| San Francisco..... | San Francisco, Cal.....      | St. Ignatius..... Church            | 5   |
| Savannah.....      | Macon, Ga.....               | St. Joseph's..... " "               | 12  |
| Trenton.....       | Bernardsville, N. J.....     | Our Lady of Perpetual Help..... " " | 20  |

Total number of Receptions, 29.

Total number of Diplomas issued, 248.

# Our Work and Its Spirit



## LONG LIVE THE LEAGUE!

HERE at the beginning of the new year thanksgivings and resolutions are in order. Without descending to particulars, the League of the Sacred Heart as a body enjoyed during the twelvemonth its own full share of Heaven's benediction; and members of the League must in their own private capacity make due return for the favor. Whatever way we turn, reasons for thankfulness rise to view. Some touch ourselves, others the neighbor. Of course the personal good wrought in each individual by membership in this army of prayer comes closest to his knowledge. The Morning Offering, the Daily Decade and the Communion of Reparation are responsible for strides in holiness, hidden perhaps from our humility, but measured in feet and inches by the observant eye of God. The sermons heard, the various acts of piety put at set and frequent intervals during the year, the courage borrowed from contact with the chosen souls who have the work of the League at heart, the lessons in faith learned from men and women of God, heroes and heroines in the Kingdom gathered into the League as into a city of refuge, a sanctuary of predestination—all these myriad helps to progress in the way of the saints are due under God to the single circumstance that we are fighting in this splendid array of soldiers, proud of our colors, and loyal to tactical methods current in the League.

We cannot know the good wrought in others through our agency. That is a secret sealed to God and the angels. But without suspicion of pride we can feel sure that somewhere in the world to-day virtue is more prevalent than it was a year ago, and the blessed change is in some part, however obscure and lowly, the result of our poor efforts.

Old victories are a sure harbinger of new conquests, and past successes ought to prove an unfailing incentive to even more strenuous and sleepless activity in the future. Soldiers are only reaping half the reward of their pain if they sit down after winning a hard campaign, and waste in ignoble ease time that ought to be spent

walking in the heels of triumph and gathering the trophies of war. There are no long vacations in the service of God, no season in the mountains or at the seashore. We are hired laborers at work in the fields, and we must be busy till sunset, till God sends His angel of death to summon us home, till the herald's bugle blows welcome invitation to sit down to supper at the table of the Lamb.

The years come and go; God's work goes on forever. The army in which we are enlisted knows no change of front, no change of leader. "Thy Kingdom Come" is our everlasting motto; and Christ is the same yesterday, to-day and forever. The Kingdom toward which we sigh is only in process of making, and we are workmen on the walls with a commission from the King. Redemption is not yet accomplished, and without the interval of an idle moment the scene of the struggle is shifted from Calvary to every corner of the inhabited world where a heart beats and passion clamors for a hearing.

The world's conversion is necessarily a colossal task, and tasks of the kind call for protracted ages of mammoth endeavor. But it is a comfort and a joy to know that we are not practising the retrograde mode of progression, that things keep moving in the right direction, and that every step forward brings us to a nearer realization of our hopes. We are not alone in this good work. God is with us, His word is passed, and He can back His pledges strong with bonded pledges of eternal truth. Courage, then, and confidence! Beyond the clouds the sun is shining. Far from surrendering energy to impatience or despondency—the sure forerunners of idleness in the service of God—we must go forth in the good cause of the Kingdom with the set face of determined and exultant courage. To cower and lose heart in the presence of difficulty is to fail. To hesitate is to lose. We must not give the enemy time and leisure to marshal his forces together for an attack. We must be beforehand. It is half the victory to meet clash and conflict with a bold front; and the strain of work is a panacea for the manifold ills of life. We who are engaged in the noble work of the League must be enthusiastic, energetic and executive. Such qualities imply effective labor, and that means success. Energy grows when each soldier in a large army like ours adds a new unit to his accumulated store,

J. H. S., S.J.



"In all things give thanks." 1 *Thess.* v. 18.

## THANKSGIVINGS

Total number of Thanksgivings for last month, 326,256.

### SPECIAL FAVORS.

#### A Sheep Astray for Forty Years.

*Boston, Mass.*—"In thanksgiving for this conversion we wish the following account published: For forty years Mr. B. remained away from the Church. When taken ill, though he was in danger of death, he steadfastly refused to see a priest or do anything to save his soul. Three days before his death a badge of the Sacred Heart was placed upon him. The following day he consented to see a priest, and made his confession. The next day he received Holy Communion and Extreme Unction, and he died on the day following his reception of the last Sacraments."

#### A Double Favor.

*Tacoma, Wash.*—"In accordance with our promise, we wish to make public thanksgiving for the following two great favors. A contagious disease had appeared in our locality, on the Feast of Blessed Margaret Mary. We were in great fear lest it would affect us. We gave a badge of the Sacred Heart to every one on the premises, and saw them put on. We asked

the protection of the Sacred Heart, promising to make thanksgiving in the *MESSANGER*. In the course of a few days, the dread disease had left our locality and all danger had passed away. The *second* thanksgiving is for a little pupil who was stricken with pneumonia. The disease made rapid progress. On the third day two doctors declared that she could not live more than a few hours. She had never been baptized, and as her parents had gone away quite a distance, we could not secure their consent to her baptism. We commended her to the Sacred Heart and placed a badge on her, promising publication in the *MESSANGER*. In a few hours she was pronounced out of danger. Our messages at last found the parents, who came at once. The little girl is well again, and with restoration to health obtained the grace of baptism to which her parents gave their consent."

#### A Reconciliation.

*Cleveland, O.*—"A noted sinner, away from the sacraments for a number of years, fell a prey to a serious

illness for the cure of which all hope was abandoned. For days he had refused to see a priest and make his peace with God. His relatives fearing that the man would die without the last sacraments, implored me to do what I could to bring about his reconciliation with God. On my way to the house I recited my beads for the poor souls in Purgatory. Suddenly the thought occurred to me of promising publication to the Sacred Heart if the sick man would make his confession. The promise was made and an additional Rosary said for the souls in Purgatory. On arriving at the house, to my surprise, and to the surprise of all his relatives, the dying man offered no objection to making his confession. To me and to all his relatives, the assistance of the Sacred Heart was evident beyond the shadow of doubt. Wishing, therefore, to fulfil my promise and to help in increasing devotion to the Sacred Heart, I beg earnestly to have the above favor published in the MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART."

#### A Model of Resignation.

*St. Louis, Mo.*—"For the recovery of an Associate, my own mother, I caused a Mass to be offered, received Holy Communion and promised publication in the MESSENGER. Of course my prayer was conditional upon the request being in keeping with God's Holy Will. Mother's illness was of five days' duration. About the second day of her illness, I had my Promoter's badge pinned to her garment. At 4 o'clock in the afternoon of October 17, the feast day of Blessed Margaret Mary, and the fifth day of her illness, she, being fortified with every rite of Holy Mother Church, breathed forth her soul to God. Her death was indeed a most peaceful and unusually happy one. God's Will

was done. Blessed be His Holy name."

#### A Host of Favors.

*Marquette, Mich.*—"In accordance with my promise, I beg to return thanks to Our Lord in the MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART for the following favors: The happy and peaceful death of a brother, who was in untold agony for five days, and at different times paralyzed and unable to speak.—Unexpected success in hard examinations, and in two years' school life.—The obtaining of a situation, which it seemed an impossibility to secure.—Increase in wages for three friends.—Preservation from death in the army, and safe return home. Words cannot express my thanks for the above and many other favors received during the past year."

#### An Irish Argentinian.

*Buenos Aires, Argentine Republic.*—"Fervent thanks are offered to the Sacred Heart of Our Divine Saviour, and to Our Blessed Mother, for a restoration to health, which, according to all seeming, is nothing less than miraculous.

"Four months ago an Irish Argentine lady, living out in the country, was obliged to come to Buenos Aires to secure here the best available medical assistance. An operation was deemed imperatively necessary. Such, however, was the weakened condition of the lady, that the doctors entertained little or no hope that the patient would survive the operation. To the surprise of all the operation was seemingly successful. But scarcely had five or six weeks gone by, when her case was pronounced hopeless even by her most sanguine medical attendants.

"It was at this juncture that the inspiration came to substitute divine



faith and hope for human. As the sick lady had been devout for a number of years to the Sacred Heart, and we had been receiving for some time previously copies of the **MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART**, in which could be read hope-inspiring lists of remarkable favors obtained through the goodness of the Sacred Heart, by confidently having recourse to It, in cases where human hope had failed and merely human resources proved unavailing, the thought occurred: since Our Lord has been pleased to grant so many remarkable favors to others in affliction, through devotion to His Sacred Heart, why not have recourse to Him in behalf of one who had for so many years habitually practised great devotion in honor of His Divine Heart? It was determined to act on this inspiration. Accordingly, the sick lady commenced a Novena in honor of the Sacred Heart, with the result that by the time she concluded it, she felt a decided improvement in her condition. As the feast of Our Lady's Assumption was approaching, it was resolved to commence another Novena to the Sacred Heart, coupled with one to the Blessed Mother to end on her great festival. It was decided, moreover, that the sick lady would wear during the Novena the Promoter's badge of the Sacred Heart. She promised to have three Masses said in thanksgiving, and her cure published in the **MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART** if granted. The Novena was destined to puzzle the thoughts and even reverse the judgments of the doctors and the assistant 'Practicians' at the hospital. For during the Novena a remarkable change for the better was noticed in the sick lady's condition; and her improvement continued to progress with the Novena, so that by the time it was concluded she looked and felt much

better than had been the case for a long period previously to her entrance in the hospital.

### GENERAL FAVORS.

For many of these favors Mass and publication were promised; for others the Badge or the Promoter's Cross was used; for others the prayers of the Associates were asked.

**CALIFORNIA.**—*Oakland*, return of a husband to his duties; *San Francisco*, employment obtained by a person in great need.

**DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.**—*Washington*, peace of mind and change of residence secured.

**FLORIDA.** — *Tampa*, a successful operation, recovery of a nephew, and of a friend whose life was despaired of by doctors.

**ILLINOIS.**—*Alconquin*, success in examination, cure from intemperance and from illness; *Chicago*, return of a man to the Sacraments after more than thirty years' neglect, a father's cure from an illness pronounced incurable, restoration to health.

**IOWA.**—*Iowa City*, restoration to health and preservation from early frost.

**KANSAS.**—*Ellis*, a mother's recovery.

**KENTUCKY.**—*Covington*, recovery from serious illness, and return to work at specified time.

**LOUISIANA.**—*Mix*, a position obtained, and recovery from severe illness; *New Roads*, recovery of a very sick person; *Wallace P. O.*, success in examination, and restoration to health.

**MARYLAND.**—*Davidsonville*, the removal of a scandal.

**MASSACHUSETTS.** — *Boston*, relief from acute inflammation, and the averting of a scandal; *Pittsfield*, cure from intemperance; *Wallpole*, position obtained, and recovery from a dangerous illness.

MICHIGAN.—*Sault Saint Marie*, relief from acute pain without need of operation.

MINNESOTA.—*Fergus Falls*, settlement of family trouble without unnecessary publicity.

MISSOURI.—*Kirkwood*, relief from sore throat; *St. Louis*, the securing of a large bundle of monthly League blank reports.

NEBRASKA.—*Omaha*, cure of a severe toothache.

NEW JERSEY. — *Englewood*, recovery of a relative from a serious operation; *Jersey City*, position obtained without interference with Sunday observance, the preservation of a young man from a dangerous correspondence, and the obtaining of a better position; *West Hoboken*, a mother's conversion, and restoration to health.

NEW YORK.—*Bridgewater*, recovery from serious operation; *Brooklyn*, a cure, the averting of an accident endangering loss of a position; *Jamaica*, financial relief obtained; *Mount Vernon*, preservation from the publicity of a scandal; *New York*, cure from malaria, two positions obtained, success in examination, preservation from sudden death, recovery from an attack of vertigo, and speedy cure of a severe cold; *Paris*, successful examination of pupils; *Rochester*, cure of catarrh, and relief from hardness of hearing, success in difficult examinations; *Syracuse*, conversion of a friend.

OHIO.—*Canton*, a resigned and most edifying death, a reformation despaired of, improvement in health, and success in business; *Cincinnati*, the return of two men to the Sacraments; *Cleveland*, a brother's return to his home; *Norwood*, recovery of a child, and of a young man from a very serious illness.

PENNSYLVANIA.—*Paoli*, return to

the Sacraments after years of neglect; *Philadelphia*, the securing of employment, gift of the true faith, delivery of letters containing money, permission to return to work, the sale of a property, relief of four persons from various infirmities, the preservation of a brother's life, the almost immediate relief of great pain, complete recovery from fever and serious illness; *Wilkes-Barre*, cure for drinking habit.

PHILIPPINE ISLANDS.—*Vigan*, relief in an eye trouble.

RHODE ISLAND.—*Providence*, the securing of employment.

WEST VIRGINIA.—*Wheeling*, success of an undertaking, peace in families, conversion to the faith, and a happy death.

WISCONSIN.—*Chippewa Falls*, recovery of two daughters from serious operations; *Granville*, cure of a troublesome infirmity; *La Crosse*, relief from ear trouble, and recovery from critical operation; *Manston*, recovery of a lost article, success in examinations, and position obtained; temporal favors received; *Racine*, for a temporal favor; *Shullsburg*, for abundant crops and for other temporal and spiritual favors; *Oconto*, for the retaining of a position.

WEST INDIES.—*South Superior*, for three cures obtained.

Thanks are also expressed by Promoters and Associates for many other spiritual and temporal favors not sufficiently specified for publication, and, by special request, for a favor received through the intercession of the Curé D'Ars.

Thanks, too, for the success of a delicate operation, for the granting of a long-desired request, and for the healing of a very dangerous and painful wound; also for a blessing which has come to two sisters who are devoted to the Sacred Heart.

# OBITUARY

*Quaerens me sedisti lassus  
Redemisti crucem passus  
Tantus labor non sit cassus.*

With bleeding feet, sweet Lord, you've sought  
Through matted briars this wayward sheep,  
Your heart's blood purpled Calvary's steep,  
Let not such labor go to naught.

S. J.

Barber, Margaret, West Hoboken.  
Boyle, Mary, Chicago, Ill.  
Boyle, Mary, Hoboken, N. J.  
Casey, Florence, New York.  
Chevraux, Mary A., Louisville, O.  
Cusack, Mrs. Dorothy, Marion, O.  
Day, Jane, Troy, N. Y.  
Dick, Lydia, Oakland, Mo.  
Duffy, Elizabeth, Hoboken, N. J.  
Eustace, Rev. Fr., O.F.M., Chicago.  
Francis Regis, Sr. M., Toledo, O.  
Gavin, Catharine D., Seattle, Wash.  
Gignoux, Sr. Vincentia, Wheeling.  
Eckelmeier, Gertrude.  
Hughes, Alice, New York.  
Hale, Michael, New York.  
Harrington, James, Phoenixville, Pa.  
Hill, Mrs. E., Alexandria, Va.  
Imhoff, Margaret, Toledo, O.  
Joseph, Sr. M., Toledo O.  
Maher, Mrs. Philip, New York.  
McCarthy, Mrs. R., Milwaukee, Wis.  
McNab, Nicholas, Philadelphia, Pa.  
McWilliams, James, Alexandria, Va.  
Maley, Francis F., Connersville, Ind.

Markling, Mary, Canton, O.  
Moffit, Mr. Strange, Madison, Wis.  
Moffit, Julia, Louisville, O.  
Morris, Anna, Hoboken, N. J.  
Murphy, H. H., Philadelphia, Pa.  
O'Brig, Anne, Brooklyn, N. Y.  
O'Reilly, Wm. P., Walpole.  
Quinlan, Sr. Rosalie, Chicago, Ill.  
Pope, R. J., San Francisco.  
Reynolds, Mary Blanch, Chicago, Ill.  
Reynolds, Kate, Troy, N. Y.  
Rodriquez, Amancio, Brooklyn, N. Y.  
Ryan, John, New York.  
Ryan, James, New York.  
Ryan, Jane, New York.  
Ryan, Ann, Hoboken, N. J.  
Samans, Carl, Philadelphia, Pa.  
Schwertner, Christina, Canton, O.  
Shaffer, Raymond, Oakland, Mo.  
Sinovan, A. J., Roxbury, Mass.  
Sullivan, Hannah, Middletown, O.  
Trudeau, Helen, Walpole.  
Ursula, Sr. M., Toledo, O.  
Wade, Susan A., New Brighton, Pa.  
Welch, Irene Cook, Chicago, Ill.

R. I. P.

Kind reader, pray for their souls and the souls of all the Faithful departed.

"Before the Throne  
Stands the great Angel of the Agony,  
The same who strengthened Him, what time He knelt  
Lone in the garden shade, bedewed with blood.  
That Angel best can plead with Him for all  
Tormented souls, the dying and the dead."

CARDINAL NEWMAN.

## DIRECTIONS FOR THE PROPER ESTABLISHMENT OF SODALITIES OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY

1. **THEIR OBJECT.**—The primary object of the Sodality of the B. V. M. is to rouse and foster in the souls of its members a very particular devotion towards the B. V. M., in order that, fortified by the protection of a mother so powerful, they may live devout Christian lives and die a happy death.

2. **THE PRINCIPAL PRACTICE OF THE SODALISTS IN COMMON.**—At a fixed day and hour, commonly once a week, they assemble to listen to an instruction from the director and by spiritual reading, prayers and hymns, by meditation or other religious exercises, promote in themselves devotion to, and filial love of, the B. V. M. For this end also, especially on Our Lady's feasts, they should approach the Holy Table in a body; they should, too, practise the devotion of the Six Sundays in honor of St. Aloysius and, if possible, devote some days yearly to a retreat.

3. **OTHER GOOD WORKS RECOMMENDED TO SODALISTS.**—They should daily honor their Patron by special prayers;—thus in the Parent Sodality in Rome the members oblige themselves morning and evening to the recital of three Hail Marys. Where convenient the Rosary or Office of the B. V. M., or at least some portion thereof, should be said every day; they should make nightly their examen of conscience and give some time to meditation or spiritual reading. Where possible they should hear Holy Mass every day, and at least monthly approach the Sacraments of Penance and Holy Eucharist. Let them zealously foster everything that can further the defence and growth of the Church and of religion, and labor by precept and example to recall those who have wandered from the path of faith and virtue. Nor should they fail to practise the works of mercy especially towards their own afflicted members. Upon the death of a fellow member they will accompany him to the grave and pray zealously for the repose of his soul. Finally, not content with the practice of such virtues as every Christian should possess, let them endeavor to outstrip one another in piety, purity, humility, modesty, discretion, and zeal in the performance of duty.

4. **SPECIAL (LOCAL) REGULATIONS.**—If it seem well anywhere to add special practices to the general ones just enumerated, let them be in harmony with the above, as far as conditions of time and place will permit.

## BOOK NOTICES

*The Church in English History.* By J. H. Stone. B. Herder, St. Louis, Mo.

The author has crowded into short compass a vast array of facts vitally important to Catholics, and immensely helpful to honest searchers for the truth outside of our Church. Without at all being diffuse he manages to set before his readers every single question in English history able to provoke controversy from a religious standpoint. While his treatment of every such question is not exhaustive, it leaves little to be desired in the way of decisive exactness. Armed with the data put at his disposal in this small volume, a Catholic is well able to upset thoroughly the threadbare theories advanced by Anglicans in support of their Establishment. He shows conclusively that up to the time of the Reformation England was devoted to the Holy See, and loyal to every point of doctrine now and always professed by the Church of Rome. To bring this truth home to his readers, he pauses here and there in his book to summarize, alleging facts and adducing witnesses amply able to show that these two characteristics were distinctive of England's inhabitants during all the varying phases of their history, whether they lived under British, Anglo-Saxon, or Norman supremacy. His treatment of the origin of Catholicity in the island is brief but thorough; and his explanation of early differences among British and Saxon monks, in matters purely disciplinary, never doctrinal, is satisfying. It leaves Anglicans completely without excuse for basing their pretentious claims to Catholicity and Apostolic descent on the branch theory. Incidentally, he in-

troduces into his pages a host of vexed questions, like the date of Easter, and the form of tonsure, translations of the Bible, and their diffusion among the people. But assigning to such questions a lesser importance, he always returns to the supremest issue, the key to the whole situation, the one fact able to disturb honest Anglicans, and that is the everywhere conspicuous truth that from time immemorial down to the days of Henry VIII, England and the English recognized the spiritual supremacy of the Pope along with all the dogmas to-day current in the Church of Rome.

*The Rhymed Life of St. Patrick.* By Katharine Tynan. Burns & Oates, London. Benziger Bros., New York.

We, too, devoutly said our Amen at the end of the book after praying that

Blessed St. Patrick, sweet St. Bride,  
Bless this book and scatter it wide!

Perhaps we who have often been under the spell of the writer's higher flights, addressed ourselves too hopefully to our labor of love in reading every single line of this *Rhymed Life*; or it may be that we should have put on anew a childlike spirit before the attempt. However, there are many very sweet and touching lines in this souvenir of St. Patrick, and we are sure that children, for whom these pages were written, will admire the occasional jointless rhymes, and look upon all instances of halting metre as resting places where they may pat their little bosoms and catch their breath. The work is short and the reader will find on every page a new wonder in the life of "the Great and Glorious Saint Patrick."

*In the Palace of the Polish Prince.* A new musical drama, by a member of the Presentation Convent, 421 W. Thirty-third street, New York.

This is one of a series of musical dramas written by a nun, whose work in this line displays considerable talent. These dramas have been successfully produced in different convents and schools, and, to judge from favorable comment, bid fair to meet with a wide sale, especially during the holidays. They who contemplate honoring in a special way the anniversary of Our Lady's Apparition at Lourdes will find the play called *Heart of France* quite suitable. Perhaps *In the Valley of the Mohawk* is the most striking of these dramas and best adapted for a variety of talent. Father Jogues, of course, is the central figure here, and his character is well brought out in a romantic and fascinating setting. The music is original, and at times spirited.

*The Gothic Quest.* By Ralph Adams Cram, F.A.I.A., F.R.G.S. The Baker & Taylor Co., publishers, New York.

It is good to read a book like this, a book written by an enthusiast, and on a subject worthy of enthusiasm. The volume consists of a number of essays and addresses contributed to different periodicals, and delivered to various audiences during the last fifteen years, and all bearing on the subject of church architecture and allied

arts. The author is a well-known American architect, who not only has a passion for his art, but conceives of that art as finding its loftiest expression when serving as the handmaid of religion. As the title of his book suggests, Mr. Cram holds that it is in and through the art known (absurdly enough) as Gothic that the Christian religion finds its noblest artistic utterance. Here, he lays down, is a form of art which is essentially Christian, born as it were in the sanctuary, consecrated from its very beginning to be the expression of Catholic faith, and serving throughout the ages of faith as a most powerful though silent teacher of spiritual verities—what can better serve now, or at any time, for use by the Church in raising and adorning temples that shall be worthy of the worship of God? Such is Mr. Cram's main idea, and whether or not we agree with him in all his artistic doctrines, we can at least rejoice to see in him one who brings to the service of the noble art of architecture such an eager enthusiasm, but, above all, such a spirit of reverence and religious devotion.

We wish we could add that Mr. Cram is a Catholic. He evidently considers himself such, belonging, apparently, to the party of High Anglicans with a theory of "branch" Catholic Churches. May he soon see his way through and out of that wood is our best wish for him.

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#### Notice.

(1) We beg our readers and Associates kindly to send us in future all thanksgivings for publication in the MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART before the eighteenth of each month. (2) Owing to our limited space we shall have, much to our regret, to restrict ourselves in future to the publication of thanksgivings for

only such favors as are clearly specified, and vouched for by the signature of our readers and Associates.

All thanksgivings for favors expressed under the general terms of "temporal or spiritual favor," or bearing no signature, will be included in the total, which will head each month our thanksgiving column.

# CALENDAR OF MONTHLY INTENTIONS.

## JANUARY, 1908.

### THE MORNING OFFERING.

O Jesus, through the Immaculate Heart of Mary, I offer Thee my prayers, works and sufferings of this day for all the intentions of Thy Sacred Heart, in union with the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass throughout the world, for the intentions of all our Associates and in particular for **The Golden Jubilee of Our Holy Father's Priesthood.**

| DAYS.         | FEASTS AND PATRONS.  | VIRTUES.              | PETITIONS.                        |
|---------------|--|-----------------------|-----------------------------------|
| 1 <i>W.</i>   | <b>Circumcision.</b> —(Of precept).                            | Self-denial.          | 326,256 for thanksgivings.        |
| 2 <i>Th.</i>  | St. Macarius, H. H.  | Pray for enemies.     | 383,304 for the afflicted.        |
| 3 <i>F.</i>   | <b>First Friday.</b> —St. Genevieve, V. Pr. 1st D. C. R.       | Humility.             | 326,428 for the sick, infirm.     |
| 4 <i>S.</i>   | Octave Holy Innocents, B. Angela, W.                           | Morning Offering.     | 447,229 for dead Associates.      |
| 5 <i>S.</i>   | <b>Vigil of Epiphany</b> —St. Telesphorus, P. M.               | Confidence in God.    | 308,282 for Local Centres.        |
| 6 <i>M.</i>   | The Epiphany of Our Lord, A. I.                                | Thanksgiving.         | 369,089 for Directors.            |
| 7 <i>T.</i>   | St. Lucian, M.   | Fidelity in trifles.  | 278,003 for Promoters.            |
| 8 <i>W.</i>   | St. Severin, Ab.   | Zeal for Souls.       | 298,121 for the Departed.         |
| 9 <i>Th.</i>  | SS. Julian and Basilissa, M. M. H. H.                          | Forbearance.          | 257,038 for perseverance.         |
| 10 <i>F.</i>  | St. Agatho, P.   | Sorrow for Sins.      | 238,039 for the young.            |
| 11 <i>S.</i>  | St. Hyginus, P. M.   | Crush Human Respect.  | 381,957 for First Communions.     |
| 12 <i>S.</i>  | <b>First After Epiphany</b> —St. Bennet, Bp.                   | Purity of Heart.      | 615,932 for parents.              |
| 13 <i>M.</i>  | St. Kentigern, Bp.   | Kindliness.           | 405,967 for families.             |
| 14 <i>T.</i>  | St. Hilary, Bp. D. St. Felix, M.                               | Read Good Books.      | 421,431 for reconciliations.      |
| 15 <i>W.</i>  | St. Paul, First Hermit. St. Maur, Ab.                          | Retirement.           | 369,245 for work, means.          |
| 16 <i>Th.</i> | St. Marcellus, P. M. H. H.                                     | Generosity with God.  | 596,594 for the clergy.           |
| 17 <i>F.</i>  | St. Anthony, Ab.   | Detachment.           | 319,807 for religious.            |
| 18 <i>S.</i>  | St. Peter's Chair at Rome. St. Prisca, V. M. A. S.             | Devotion to Holy See. | 600,829 for seminarists, novices. |
| 19 <i>S.</i>  | <b>Second After Epiphany</b> —The Holy Name. St. Canute, M. K. | Repair Blasphemy.     | 346,181 for vocations.            |
| 20 <i>M.</i>  | SS. Fabian, P., and Sebastian, M. M.                           | Knowledge of Self.    | 221,442 for parishes.             |
| 21 <i>T.</i>  | St. Agnes, V. M.   | Love Holy Purity.     | 414,669 for schools.              |
| 22 <i>W.</i>  | SS. Vincent & Anastasius, M. M.                                | God's Holy Will.      | 341,123 for superiors.            |
| 23 <i>Th.</i> | St. Emerentiana, V. M. H. H.                                   | Say Daily Decade.     | 402,536 for missions, retreats.   |
| 24 <i>F.</i>  | St. Timothy, Pp. M.  | Respect Authority.    | 344,231 for societies, works.     |
| 25 <i>S.</i>  | Conversion of St. Paul, Ap.                                    | Guard the Eyes.       | 544,344 for conversions.          |
| 26 <i>S.</i>  | <b>Third After Epiphany</b> —St. Polycarp, Bp. M.              | Spirit of Justice.    | 355,195 for sinners.              |
| 27 <i>M.</i>  | St. John Chrysostom, Bp. D.                                    | Fear Mortal Sin.      | 338,887 for the intemperate.      |
| 28 <i>T.</i>  | 2d Feast of St. Agnes. St. Julian, Bp.                         | Guard the Tongue.     | 492,039 for spiritual favors.     |
| 29 <i>W.</i>  | St. Francis de Sales, Bp. D. Pr.                               | Judge Not.            | 314,592 for temporal favors.      |
| 30 <i>Th.</i> | St. Martina, V. M. H. H.                                       | Patience in Trials.   | 218,011 for special, various.     |
| 31 <i>F.</i>  | St. Peter Nolasco, F.  | Be Firm in Hope.      | For MESSENGER readers.            |

PLENARY INDULGENCE. Ap.—Apostleship; D.—Degrees; Pr.—Promoters; C. R.—Communion of Reparation; H. H.—Holy Hour; A. I.—Apostolic Indulgence; A. S.—Apostleship of Study.



# MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART

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**"I AM THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION."**

# Messenger of the Sacred Heart

VOL. XII.

FEBRUARY, 1908.

No. 2



## THE GOLDEN JUBILEE OF OUR LADY OF LOURDES.

**F**EBRUARY of this year marks the fiftieth anniversary of the apparition of Our Blessed Lady to a little peasant girl, Bernadette Soubirous, in a cave by the banks of a small river of the Pyrenees. "He hath chosen the foolish things of the world that He may confound the wise, and the weak things of the world hath God chosen that He may confound the strong,"—what St. Paul writes of God's ways is true of Our Lady's ways. 'Twas a simple little maiden of the secluded village of Lourdes whom Our Lady chose as the herald of the glorious outburst of devotion and of miraculous favors which were to honor her under her title of the Immaculate Conception. "I am the Immaculate Conception;" so this lady of most wondrous beauty had answered Bernadette, when she gave her name after many pleadings. She gloried in her new dignity which at last had been defined by Pius IX, as part of the deposit of Revelation. Well may Our Blessed Lady be pleased at the church's declaration that she is unique among those whom the blood of Jesus Christ, her Son, has cleansed from all sin. "I am the Immaculate Conception," she said; there is only one. I am she in whom God has realized His masterpiece, begun in Eve, but destroyed by her folly, only to be more gloriously completed in me.

"I am the Immaculate Conception, the woman more deeply graced by the gifts of the Most High than Eve was disgraced by His resent-

ment; the woman in whom He found nought to reprehend," though in His sight the angels are not pure, the "sweet benediction in the eternal curse, veiled glory of this lampless universe."

Our Lady appeared to Bernadette without the Divine child in her arms, for the Immaculate Conception gives the last enhancement to her human nature in itself, before it was flooded with the splendor of the Incarnate Son of Justice.

She rejoices in her own glorified humanity, "our tainted nature's solitary boast," in the dignity of masterpiece of the Blessed Trinity. She is the one in whom the Father has exercised the plenitude of his creative power; she is the one in whom the Son has expended the merits of his Redemption; she is the one whom the Holy Ghost has adorned with the fulness of his sanctification; and it is in the proclamation of her Immaculate Conception that the church assigns to her this unique place on the authoritative pronouncement of God himself. Our Lady shows her joy in the divine favor accorded her, the "blessed among women," when she chooses "the Immaculate Conception" for her name in preference to all her other titles, in the apparition at Lourdes.

It was as though heaven itself were not sufficient for Our Lady wherein to manifest her abundant joy, but the earth, too, must know and share her exultation.

In Lourdes her "Magnificat" has not been a hymn of words, but one of deeds. At her behest the child Bernadette scooped with her hands a small hollow in the floor of the cave where the beneficent figure indicated. Thence there flowed forth a stream of pure water, at first extremely small, but growing in size and volume daily.

From its first appearance it served as the vehicle of miraculous favors; and after fifty years these favors continue. So many are they that the whole world knows of them,—nay there are few Catholics of any land who have not been brought into close touch with a miracle of the water of Lourdes. The pilgrimages to the holy grotto were themselves almost preternatural, in that they sprang up like the apparition of Our Lady itself,—as suddenly, as inexplicably, as divinely.

Thousands watched Bernadette, while praying like any little pious peasant girl, pass all at once into ecstasy as the vision, hidden to them, revealed itself to her; they worshipped through her eyes the

unseen one, heard Our Lady's words through her ears, and obeyed the command given through her mouth to build there a great church in Our Lady's honor.

I have heard from an eye witness of one of the last pilgrimages, that it is a sight to shake even deep believers to the very soul.

Four nations, the Belgians, the Spaniards, the Italians and the Germans, had arrived together at the grotto, their numbers close on 30,000. By the *piscine*, outside the lowest church (there are three churches rising one above the other on the hillside)—the sick are placed on stretchers carried oftentimes by nobles or by priests. Thence they are lifted into the stone basins (*piscine*) into which the water of the miraculous stream has been diverted. This eye-witness, himself a physician, witnessed two miracles of healing and heard of a third upon the day of his visit. Twice a day (at 4 P. M. and at 8 A. M.) the vast multitude winds in procession; in the afternoon they honor thus the Blessed Sacrament; at night, 'tis the Way of the Cross. Imagine to yourself the countless little stars of light pricking through the darkness,—for each participant carries a lighted taper,—the thousand-throated hymn of the *Stabat Mater*, and the organ-like roll of prayer, as the human army winds from station to station up the mountain-side to the calvary, high up on the top. It is thus that the overflowing devotion which the Immaculate Conception has inspired in their hearts, voices itself to God.

Lourdes has the unique distinction of having its supernatural manifestations examined and attested by a body of physicians. A regular board of examiners, all doctors, passes upon each case before it enters the water, and again afterwards, if there is a cure performed. Where there is absolutely no explanation except the miraculous, the examiners attest the supernatural reality of the cure, putting aside however all cases where any other explanation is possible.

Until within the last few months the cures had taken place more often than not during the procession of the Blessed Sacrament, in the course of which the sick were blessed separately with the Sacred Host. But some infidel enemies having declared that the water of the *piscine*, on account of the many sick who bathe in it, was acting as a spreader of rather than a check upon disease, the miracles straightway transferred themselves thither, as though Our Lady bid her Son

to mock at the short-sighted malignity of these her traducers, who would subject God to their scientific pronouncements. "He who dwelleth in heaven shall laugh them to scorn, and the Lord shall hold them in derision."

Of the miracles of spiritual healing it is useless to speak at length; only God and Our Lady know them all. The day at Lourdes is a ceaseless overflowing of Masses, of Communions, of thanksgiving—and of prayer. "Thus shall she be honored, whom the king hath deigned to honor." Let us in this jubilee month, though afar from her shrine, add our little meed of praise to the great litany, and beg for our little share of her bounty:

Oh Mother Mary, be not loth  
To hear us, thou whom the Stars clothe,  
Who seest and may not be seen!  
Hear us at last, Oh Mary Queen!  
Into our shadow bend thy face,  
Bowing thee from thy secret place,  
Oh Mary Virgin, "full of grace."

J. M. PRENDERGAST, S.J.

O Jesus, through the Immaculate Heart of Mary I offer Thee all the prayers work and sufferings of this day for the intentions of Thy Divine Heart, in union with the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, in reparation for my sins, and for all the interests presented through the Apostleship of Prayer: in particular that Mary Thy Blessed Mother may be ever more glorified.

AMEN.

#### A MOTHER'S HEART

Queen of Martyrs, in thy heart  
Keep us from all sin apart.  
Sweetest veil that hid our King  
World-rejected, suffering,  
Be our rest, our joy, our own;  
Be our Portal to His Throne.

SISTER M. CLARISSA.

## THE LITTLE RED LAMP



N her little cottage nestling half-way up the side of a steep cliff overlooking the Atlantic, Maureen O'Loughlin sat busily knitting, a thoughtful, anxious expression which threatened latterly to become habitual to it overclouding the sweetness of her still young face. It was a foggy November evening, and up through the mist from the sea below, there came now and again the distant boom of a fog-horn sounded by some passing vessel. Outside the threshold of the cottage two little lads of perhaps six or eight years were happily engaged in playing marbles in the waning light, while a third child, a baby-girl of some few months old, lay in the cradle by Maureen's side, quietly rocked to and fro by its mother's foot.

The droning Irish lullaby which hardly broke the stillness of the autumn evening had died into silence; Maureen's thoughts were sad, and a little choking sob had suddenly come in her throat to stifle the crooning song. Then with a sudden shrug of impatience at her own weakness she brushed away one rebellious tear and stood up to prepare the evening meal.

Out of a saucepan steaming by the side of the turf fire she took as soon as they were cooked a dishful of flowery potatoes, flavored, "to give them a relish," with a sliced-up onion; from a jug on the dresser she poured out three noggins of buttermilk and set them on the table beside the potatoes. It was surely the simplest of repasts, but hunger is good sauce; the dish of potatoes had a most savory smell, and the king on his throne might well have envied the two little lads the evident appetite and "*gout*" with which they ate their homely meal. Maureen had eaten sparingly, giving almost all her time and attention to the wants of the boys. As soon as they had finished she removed and washed up the dishes, stopping half-way in her work to recite with bent head and folded hands the "*Angelus*" in the homely Gaelic tongue, as the evening bell rang out from the little church in the valley below her home.

When she had finished setting the plates and noggins back on the shelves of the snowy dresser, she went into the tiny bedroom and lit the little red lamp that stood on an altar before the statue of the Sacred Heart. Maureen had always felt a great and loving devo-

tion to the Sacred Heart of our Blessed Lord, and even in her girlhood had contrived to save a few pence each week out of the money she earned by her knitting and crochet to buy oil for her beloved little lamp. But now in these days of her trouble and anxiety for her husband's long absence, the bright warm light shining before the kindly face of her Saviour was the greatest comfort she had, cheering her in the long lonely nights, and acting as a beacon to guide her home as she toiled up the hillside, heavily laden after an infrequent marketing expedition to the village below the hill.

Things had gone hardly with Maureen O'Loughlin since the day of her husband's departure to the States. Patrick was the kindest and most loving of husbands, but he had always been of a restless nature; tired and dissatisfied with the hard work and meagre profits of his little holding, he had decided at last on emigrating, despite all the pleading protestations of his anxious wife. Out in the mines or gold-fields of California, he believed, he would speedily earn a decent living; and as soon as he was properly established and could set up a comfortable home for them he would send for Maureen and the children.

Filled with his eager anticipations of wealth and happiness he could hardly guess the bitter pang it caused his wife to part with him. She had her mother and the children he told himself, and she would hardly feel the time passing until he was able to send for them. But the months went over one by one, and still the "passage-money" did not come; nothing but a short and unsatisfying note now and again—written by a fellow-workman at her husband's dictation, since Patrick was, as he said himself, "a bad scholar"—accompanied by a small remittance, which was honestly all he could spare at the time.

Then Maureen's mother had died, leaving her even more desolate; a few weeks afterwards a new little life had come to the house, which, much as she welcomed the birth of the baby-girl, of whose existence its father was still unaware, was yet an added weight on the already heavily burdened shoulders of the lonely little mother. For the past few months Patrick's short letters had ceased altogether, whilst Maureen, harassed with the cares of her young family and the tillage of their little holding, toiled in loneliness and heart-ache at home.

It had been an unusually wet and inclement season; the hay-crop was spoiled and the corn "lodged" by the constant, heavy rain; the potatoes, stricken with the blight, were hardly worth taking from the ground. Maureen did not know how much longer she might be able to keep the roof over their heads, for the landlord was clamoring for arrears of rent, and threatening them almost weekly with eviction. If only Patrick would come home before that happened! With a passionate longing she prayed for his speedy return, thinking with maternal joy and tenderness of the little child he had never seen, of whose existence he might not even yet know, the baby-girl whose coming would be such a joy to him. And as she prayed again that night before her altar of the Sacred Heart, not for money, or riches, but only that Patrick would return to them, she felt somehow comforted and refreshed with a new gladness and hope.

\* \* \* \* \*

Below Maureen O'Loughlin's cottage the cliffs sunk down in almost a sheer descent to the sea. It was an iron, rock-bound coast, that had levied God alone knows how heavy a toll of human life in the long centuries of its existence, and half a mile south of the cliff on which Maureen's cottage nestled lay a long reef of cruel, jagged rocks which because of the many disasters caused by it had well earned its name of "Dead Man's Reef." Many were the sorrowful tales of shipwreck and calamity told of it by the peasantry around their firesides at night; for any poor creature wrecked along that reef with its deadly coast-line, there was no possible chance of salvation, since he, as well as any boat sent out to rescue him, was certain to be dashed to pieces against the rocks.

A little out in the Atlantic on the evening on which my story opens a large Cork-bound vessel heavily laden with American timber was slowly making its way through the dense fog. Such a fog, the captain declared, he had seldom before experienced. All day long it had hung over them like a white pall, blotting out earth and sky, and giving but a glimpse of the waters about them for a few yards ahead.

Since earliest morning they had been going at half-steam, sounding the fog-horn now and again as warning to any other vessels that might be in their vicinity; and as night approached, bringing with



it the darkness of a moonless November sky on top of the thick cloak of mist, the hearts of both captain and sailors were filled with anxious forebodings.

Amongst these latter one man stood quietly alone, peering with keen, blue, Irish eyes through the dense fog for the least faint glimpse of his beloved Irish shore. He was a poor emigrant returning from America with disappointed hopes and a light pocket, and who, failing to amass the fortune he expected to make in that Eldorado of the Irish peasant, "the States," had been very thankful in the end to be allowed to work his passage home in this timber-laden vessel. Despite his disappointment and his almost empty purse, his heart however had lifted with a strange new feeling of gladness as each day brought him a long way nearer Maureen and his motherland. Only for this bothersome, heart-worrying fog, they might now be nearing Queenstown; if he could only see it, in all probability they were passing at this moment along the rock-bound coast of his own dear county.

Now and again the mist lightened somewhat, giving a ghostly presentation—or was it but his fancy?—of dark, kindly, heather-clad hills that seemed strange, yet oddly familiar. And then as the fog cleared a little more, and the vessel began to put on steam, through a quite clear space in the mists above and around him Patrick O'Loughlin suddenly beheld what surely was—yes, surely *must* be a vision.

Outlined against the lesser darkness of the sky lay the dark hill of Knockduff, the hill on which he was born; there, huddled against the breast of it, looking down on the ocean, was the little thatched and whitewashed cottage which he called home—he could almost discern the outline of the straw rick behind it, of the thickset fuchsia-hedge which stretched before its door.

Could he be mistaken? But no, for streaming clearly down through the darkness from the tiny uncurtained window came the thin rays of a little red lamp, Maureen's red lamp of the Sacred Heart! Might it not, after all, be a vision from Heaven—and what did it portend? And then, rubbing his eyes as though waking from a dream, he heard the voices of captain and sailors calling about him in hurried question and answer. What was that light? Where were they? They must have wandered far out of their course!

With a sudden recalling, as though from an entrancement, Patrick awakened to a sense of his whereabouts, of the terrible danger that threatened him and those about him.

"My God!" he cried to the captain beside him, "we are going to certain death if you don't head her out to sea at once. We are within a hundred yards of the most dangerous coast-line in Ireland, right in front of the terrible Dead Man's Reef. I know every inch of the coast here, sir, for in that little house above on the hill I was born and reared."

A few minutes more, and it had been too late. Almost before the last words were spoken, they had altered the course of the vessel, now going at full steam, and following Patrick O'Loughlin's directions were heading her out to sea. There after a little while the fog at last really lifted, showing captain and sailors the terrible danger from which they had so narrowly escaped. The captain knew well the history of that calamitous coast, of that strip of it in particular about Dead Man's Reef; and with him, as with his sailors, Patrick O'Loughlin was the hero of the hour.

Better than that, as it proved afterwards for Patrick, one of the owners of the vessel happened to be travelling on board. This Mr. Lambert was a kind-hearted gentleman who had often spoken to the returning emigrant and liked him for his honest simplicity and intelligent ideas. During the remainder of their journey, he learned Patrick's full history and seemed deeply interested in hearing of his struggles and poverty "out West"; of Maureen and the little lads waiting lonely at home; above all, of how Patrick had identified for certain as his own the cottage nestling half-way up the cliff by the shining of the little red lamp.

"Sure Maureen, poor girsha, would never be happy only when it was lit," Patrick said, with a tender smile. "And many a time myself, too, was I glad to see the light of it shining out when I'd be making my way home from work on a dark winter's night."

"Maureen is a good woman, God bless her," Mr. Lambert said. "And she's not the first good woman that has proved a savior of men."

As the vessel steamed off, its way at last clear for Cork Harbor, every man on board lifted his cap in farewell to the little house and its unconscious occupants, perched high on the cliff, in gratitude and

deep respect to the simple piety enshrined within it; and when Patrick left the ship he carried with him a precious cheque for fifty pounds as a gift from its kindly owner for his "timely intervention" as that gentleman expressed it "in saving them all from what seemed certain death."

"Sure, it wasn't me they should thank at all, but Maureen, poor girl, and her little red lamp," Patrick mused, as he climbed quickly up the pathway leading to his home a few hours later. "Sure it was like as if the Heavens opened that night to show me the shining red light of it. Thanks be to God it was there, for only for it, I could never have been sure."

A moment later he stood within the threshold, holding Maureen to his heart; and as he kissed with fatherly tenderness the two little lads grown so strong and tall, as well as the baby-girl, of whose coming he had only lately grown aware, he felt doubly and trebly glad to be home again, and to hold in his hand as a gift for Maureen that fifty-pounds cheque which was to take them out of their difficulties and at the same time help them to an easier and more comfortable way of living.

And be certain that from that day forward, whatever vicissitudes the family might go through, Maureen's little lamp of the Sacred Heart was never left long unlit.

NORA TYNAN O'MAHONY.

## RECENT AGGREGATIONS

The following Local Centres have received Diplomas during December, 1907:

| Diocese.         | Place.                | Local Centre.                    | Date.         |
|------------------|-----------------------|----------------------------------|---------------|
| Albany.....      | Albany, N. Y.....     | Holy Names .....Academy          | Dec. 8, 1907  |
| Boston.....      | Needham, Mass.....    | St. Joseph .....Church           | Dec. 3, 1907  |
| Denver.....      | Colorado Springs Colo | Glockner Sanitarium..Institution | Dec. 11, 1907 |
| Helena.....      | Dillon, Mont.....     | St. Rose of Lima.....Church      | Dec. 10, 1907 |
| Kansas City..... | Kansas City, Mo.....  | Little Srs. of Poor.....Convent  | Dec. 3, 1907  |
| Marquette.....   | Painsdale, Mich....   | Sacred Heart .....Church         | Dec. 9, 1907  |
| New York.....    | New York, N. Y.....   | St. Anselm ..... "               | Dec. 6, 1907  |
| St. Louis.....   | Williamsbridge, N. Y  | Immaculate Conception.. "        | Dec. 16, 1907 |
| Rochester.....   | Elmira, N. Y.....     | SS. Peter & Paul..... "          | Dec. 24, 1907 |
| St. Louis.....   | Webster Grove, Mo..   | Holy Redeemer ..... "            | Dec. 8, 1907  |

Total number of Aggregations, 10; Churches, 7; Convents, 1; Academies, 1; Institutions, 1.

## UNDER THE SANCTUARY LAMP

### THE HILLS THAT JESUS LOVED. VII. THE MOUNTAINS OF EGYPT.



HE swarthy oriental kings have come to Bethlehem and gone. The sound of the jingling bells on the stately camels has long since died away in the streets of David's city. The stir and excitement caused by the advent and departure of the royal visitors has ceased. Their gifts of gold, frankincense and myrrh had been laid at the feet of the new-born Babe, who, in His Mother's arms, had welcomed the weary travellers after their long journey.

The fortieth day after the angels had chanted their undying hymn of triumph over Bethlehem's hills, found Mary, Joseph and the Child in the temple. Simeon, whose form was bent with the weight of years and whose eyes were dim from watching into the future, holds in his feeble and trembling arms, Him who bears myriad worlds in the hollow of His hand. Anna, whose home was the temple, had looked out eagerly as if from a watch-tower, for the coming of the Child to Mt. Moriah. And she, too, had been rewarded by the vision of the Face of Jesus, and that sight had been a recompense beyond the telling for all the patient longing during the slowly dying years of her watching.

Back now to Bethlehem the Holy Family have once more found their way over the same road which Mary and Joseph trod so wearily the first Christmas Eve. Perhaps they may have had some thought of settling permanently in the little town—the city of their tribe. The quiet peaceful days so full of untold joy and consolation were not to last long and were soon to be disturbed. The soul's strength like that of a strong-built vessel, is better shown in storm than in a calm sea. The soldier's courage is more readily evidenced on the field of battle, than in the time of peace. One night as Joseph lay asleep, like an officer at the door of his Prince's tent on the alert for the first sign of danger: "An angel of the Lord appeared in sleep to Joseph saying: Arise and take the Child and His Mother and fly into Egypt." A "hard saying" this. Why retreat, why have recourse to flight? Was not the Babe the Eternal Son? Ten legions of angels with drawn swords stood by eager for His defence.

Not so did Joseph reason. Of him Holy Writ adds: "Who rising up took the Child and His Mother by night and retired into Egypt." In centuries to come the land of Egypt both in city and desert will teem with religious life, which perhaps had never been lived, if Mary's Child had not sanctified that soil so fruitful later on in saints. Joseph, however, could not peer into the future, nor did he need. For him it was enough that God had spoken and he was sure that He who fed the swallows of the air and clothed the lilies of the field, would watch over His own Beloved Son.

Centuries ago word had come to Abram on the plains of Haran: "Go out of thy country and from thy kindred, and out of thy father's house, and come into the land which I shall show thee." The saintly Patriarch obeyed, and the promise "I will make of thee a great nation" was fulfilled. When Moses was feeding the sheep of Jethro, God called him from Madian and said: "I will send thee to Pharaoh, that thou mayest bring forth my people the children of Israel out of Egypt." Moses followed the call and finally led the people of God into the Land of Promise. Paul breathing fire and vengeance was unhorsed outside the walls of Damascus and bidden by Ananias to cast in his lot with the despised Christian sect. He obeyed and became a vessel of election to carry the name of Christ "before the Gentiles, and Kings and before the children of Israel." Matthew on the lake-shore of Galilee was startled by the Master's invitation: "Follow me." In obedience to that voice he left the glittering gold and silver. As his reward he taught untold numbers to lay up "treasures in heaven: where neither the rust nor the moth doth consume, and where thieves do not break through and steal." So Joseph, at the bidding of the angel, without tarrying or questioning, "took the Child and His Mother by night and retired into Egypt." The Babe of Bethlehem, a fugitive from the wrath of an earthly king, passes over the desert in His Mother's arms and lingers on the shore of the Nile under the shadow of the pyramids, a few short years. By His sojourn in that country He blessed it and made it fruitful. And in after years, as a result of that time of exile, no fairer flowers have bloomed in the Garden of the Church, than in the cities and on the desert sands of Egypt.

Before following the Holy Family down through the hill country of Judea and over Hebron on out into the desert, we can pause

awhile and ponder on the lesson already hinted at in this beautiful mystery. No call of God ever found in holiest seraph such prompt obedience as Joseph gave that night to the angel's voice in Bethlehem. As at times we kneel under the light of the Sanctuary Lamp, do we not hear the voice of Mary's Child calling to us in various ways? Sometimes He bids us fly from some danger, from some occasion of sin. He is in our hearts and He entreats us to take Him away from an enemy more cruel than the wicked Herod who sought His life along Juda's hills. Often with outstretched hands the fugitive Babe of Bethlehem begs us to take Him in our arms by nobler lives of purer motives, higher aims, braver deeds. And we look at the difficulties and perhaps refuse. Joseph did not look out into darkness and weigh the obstacles in his path and tarry till the dawn.

Again how often before the Tabernacle have we heard in our souls the command given to Abram: "Go out of thy country and from thy kindred, and out of thy father's house, and come into the land which I shall show thee." To many hearts these words are spoken, into many lives this blessed invitation comes. But like the young man in the Gospel they turn away sad and walk with the Master no more. He pleads with them oh! so piteously!—He promises them an hundred-fold in this life and eternal joy in the next. He yearns to be taken by their efforts away from persecutors more fierce than Jerusalem's blood-stained king and brought into the Egypt of ten thousand hearts and souls; but those who receive the call, hesitate, find excuses and finally heed not. How many lives, which in the cloister would have blossomed into fairest flower and richest fruit and been productive of untold good, have in the world faded, shrivelled up and died with nothing done for souls or Him who bled His life away for men. How many who, if they had generously asked like Paul, blind outside Damascus' gate: "Lord what wilt Thou have me do" and had been strong of arm and stout of heart to do it, would have lived near the altar and within the shadow of the Sanctuary and their lives, like Paul's would have rung true to every noble motive and have influenced for good ten thousand souls. Such lives outside of their calling, away from the Tabernacle have been cold and dark, barren of merit for themselves and useless for others.

One day during our Lord's public ministry when "He cometh into the coasts of Judea beyond the Jordan and the multitudes flocked to

Him again" . . . a certain young man running up and kneeling before Him, asked Him: "Good Master what shall I do that I may receive eternal life?" When the young man had answered speaking of the commandments: "All these things I have observed from my youth. And Jesus looking on him loved him" and gave him the call to the higher life. "Come, and follow me" were the words that conveyed the invitation. Who that had seen the look in the Master's eyes, had heard the sweet persuasiveness of His voice, had witnessed the pleading of His hands could have refused? Yet St. Mark tells us that the young man who had kept the commandments from his youth did refuse, for he says: "Who being struck sad at this saying went away sorrowful." But who can tell the sorrow that weighted down the Sacred Heart? For "Jesus looking on him loved him." How sad to think how often similar scenes are daily enacted in Catholic homes, and those whom Jesus calls will not heed and they go away sad—How dark and dreary such lives! The command comes to fly with the Babe of Bethlehem, but they loiter and tarry, and the days of their sad lives slip away and the Child has been taken into the Egypt of other hearts by braver and stouter souls, where He will render lives fruitful of holiness as His sojourn along the Nile did centuries ago.

Then, too, out from the Tabernacle comes the same voice of our Blessed Saviour pleading with the parents, the Sacred Heart asking for His own, which He has entrusted not given to them. How often are obstacles set in the way to the higher life by the examples, by the unwillingness of the parents themselves? Frequently the pleading of the Sacred Heart is either unheeded or unheard. Natural affection, hopes of worldly prosperity, imaginary needs dull and blunt the perceptions of the soul and the voice of the Master which was heard above the wild rush of the storm and waves on the Sea of Galilee, is not perceived. What a risk such parents run lest one day God scourge them for their selfish disobedience! When Moses was sent to Pharaoh and bade him let the Hebrews free from slavery, the king refused and God struck Egypt. "And the Lord hardened Pharaoh's heart, neither did he let the children of Israel go. And the Lord said to Moses: Stretch out thy hand toward heaven, and may there be darkness in the land of Egypt, so thick that it may be felt." Not only was there darkness in the land of Egypt because Pharaoh

would not let the people go, but there was blood. "And every first born in the land of the Egyptians shall die, from the firstborn of Pharaoh who sitteth upon his throne, even to the firstborn of the handmaid that is at the mill, and all the firstborn of the beasts." Because the king would not let the people go at the bidding of Moses. It is not unknown that God has called and parents would not let the children go. For this disobedience such homes have been scourged. Firesides have been chilled and darkened, lives broken and shattered, and tears of blood shed. Parents, like Pharaoh have hardened their hearts, and young lives full of promise have been blighted with a blight more wasteful than that which swept over the land of Egypt at the command of Moses. Young hearts once noble in their aims, lofty in their purposes, and eager for things of God, have wilted and shrunk up and sunk to things low and degrading. Parents have lived to see the day and to regret that when God called they hardened their hearts. In bitterness and anguish of spirit they could say with Jeremias: "How is the gold become tarnished, the finest color is changed, the stones of the Sanctuary are scattered in the top of every street." This is our first lesson which we must take deeply to heart as we kneel during our Holy Hour and hear the angel in the night bid Joseph "Arise and take the Child and His Mother and fly into Egypt."

JNO. H. O'ROURKE, S.J.

*(To be Continued.)*

### FIRST COMMUNION.

O happy day! With splendor softly glowing  
The eastern skies announce thy blissful morn;  
The soul with joy and happiness o'erflowing  
On pinions swift aloft to God is borne.  
With ardent love her Jesus she embraces;  
The fervent yearnings for her Spouse are stilled;  
The King of kings bestows on her His graces;  
Her spotless shrine with light divine is filled.

GEORGE A. DEGLMAN, S.J.



## AUNTIE MARY'S LEGACY

### I.

#### ITS PROMISE.



HENEVER is Auntie Mary coming in to her tea?" said Margaret Halloran, glancing up the lane to where glimpses of a scarlet shawl could be fitfully seen amid the hedgerows.

"Not until she has picked up the last twig she can see to add to her bundle," said Margaret's young sister, Nellie. "Oh, that bundle!" she laughed. "Father Power himself has his joke about it. Shall I run up the lane and coax her indoors, Maggie?"

"Yes, do," said the elder girl.

While Nellie Halloran runs lightly between the now almost leafless hedges, let us take a glance at her sister.

Margaret Halloran looks older than her years, which hover on the verge of thirty. The stifling atmosphere of a London factory has left its stamp upon her clear-cut, handsome features. Grinding toil has taken the natural color from cheeks which are only now regaining a certain healthy pallor in a purer air.

From the hour when she realized that Nellie was approaching an age that is wofully dangerous for Irish girls in a London work-room, Margaret had bombarded the Sacred Heart with petitions. The generous response to her prayer had come with nothing in it of the miraculous, or even unusual, but Margaret knew well the Source of her relief.

A branch of Le Voy's, the great corset-making firm where Margaret had toiled from her childhood upwards, was being started at Richmond, within easy range of the City, but also far away from the overcrowding of its slums, and the ruinous rents that are paid there. Barely a dozen workers were needed to begin with, and over a hundred of the girls at Le Voy's were scheming to be chosen. The wages were to be the same as in London, but the cheapness of cottage rents on the outskirts of Richmond made selection mean a

rise of a dollar and three quarters a week. Besides, the hours were rather lighter, and there would naturally be milder discipline and fewer fines in a small and almost independent branch, especially as the manager selected to conduct it, Mr. Summers, though a young man, was one of the most considerate heads of department in the building.

Margaret had never put herself forward in all her fifteen years of service, and was gratefully astonished when told by Mr. Le Voy himself in the first instance, and afterwards by Mr. Summers, that she and her sister were to make themselves ready to take over duties at Richmond within a month.

It was a blazing summer afternoon, the last day of a torrid July, and thus the Feast of St. Ignatius, when Margaret heard the news that meant so much to her and Nellie. The remembrance of the date made her feel mean, somehow, for not *feeling* greater faith that her long-continued prayer would be answered. Here was her favorite Saint choosing his own day, as it were, to transmit her answer from the Sacred Heart.

Two healthier and happier years had followed. Curly-haired Nellie made marvellous strides in her trade under Margaret's personal teaching, instead of being cooped with gangs of "improvers," who had little chance, poor things, to learn good work or good manners.

They took rooms, to begin with, in a poor, but clean and airy quarter within stone's throw of the shop to the one hand, and of an old-fashioned, devotional Church to the other. Then old Auntie Mary, who had been servant to a priest for over forty years, received a pension from his executors when he died, and came to live with them. It was then that they rented and furnished the five-roomed cottage on the other side of the river, at the door of which we have left Margaret Halloran standing too long.

"Come in, Auntie," she said, as a dear old Irishwoman, well into her eighties, came chatting with Nellie down the lane. "Give me those sticks, now. Oh, be sure they'll be useful, Auntie. Now we'll have our tea in comfort. It's only on Saturday afternoon like this we have you all to ourselves, you know."

"And Sundays, *alanna*," said Auntie Mary. She had a slight impediment in her speech which we shall not try to imitate on paper

It arose from the paralysis with which her years now threatened her, and of which she had already had a warning stroke.

"And Sundays, *alanna*. And the quiet evenings when you're home early from your work. Thanks be to God I'm able to be with you still, and to do something for you, if it's only gathering sticks. 'Twas little but the few shillings I could do, Margaret, long years ago, when my brother Mick was taken off so sudden, and your mother followed him within the year. God rest their souls this night. 'Twas yourself had the hard battle for yourself and Nellie when they left you alone in London."

"What *would* we have done but for you, Auntie?" said Nellie impetuously, as she gently removed the old woman's heavy shawl.

"My pennies were little enough, Nellie child. The Monsignor, God rest his soul, was deep in debt with his Church, and 'twas only the small wages he could give me. There were black days, too, when I let them go altogether. It was only after your own struggle was most part over that the reconciliation came between himself and his brother, Lord L'Estrange, when the brother turned Catholic on his death-bed. And so Father L'Estrange could pay his way and die in peace when his own time came, leaving money to the Little Sisters, and a trifle to your Auntie Mary."

"A *trifle*," said Margaret, with mock indignation. "It is riches to us. God bless Monsignor L'Estrange."

"A holy man he was," said Auntie Mary, "and wonderful fond of the Irish, though 'tis English to the backbone he was, and a parson itself in the year of the Famine. Himself told me that, or I'd never have believed it of him. *Augh!* . . . that's the fine strong tea, Margaret *agra*. 'Tis good to sit and drink it here at our own fireside while we're spared, for all the Little Sisters are kind. 'Tis to them the Monsignor was always offering to send me, if I wanted."

Margaret colored a little. She had her own deep-seated reasons for loving the Little Sisters, but it was not yet time to speak to Nellie concerning them.

"Another cup, if you please, *alanna*," continued Auntie Mary. "I doubt me if I'll be here to drink a cup o' tea with ye next year. *Augh!* I'll gather ye firewood to the last, though. And when I'm gone, ye'll find something *here* to remember me by." Auntie Mary

touched her breast as she spoke. "Ye'll find something to remind ye of your father's sister, that kept single to bring him up in the year of the Famine, and to thry to be a comfort to his childher."

Auntie's speech affected her hearers much less than you might think. They had heard it at week-ends for the two years past, the moment Auntie took her second cup of tea. The "firewood" as kindling or brushwood is called in England, was really one of Auntie's little weaknesses. She picked up every twig she could lay hands upon in the lanes, and had amassed by her industry a pyramid of small fagots in the garden behind the cottage. It was the good-natured joke of the village. As for her "legacy," this was also put down as a joke on Auntie Mary's part. She was full of fun in her quiet way, and could assuredly not be suspected of hoarding money.

On one occasion Nellie had found her curiosity too strong when repairing a bodice of Auntie's. Stitched firmly within the breast she found an envelope, in no way concealed, but on the contrary showing plainly the general address: "To Those Whom It May Concern." Opening it, with an inquisitiveness pardonable in a lively girl of seventeen, she had found nothing more mysterious than the following note:—

St. John's Presbytery,  
June, 189—

The bearer of this, my old and valued servant and friend, Mary Halloran, may one day need assistance when it is no longer in my power to afford it. I am writing this to request any person or persons who may find her in this condition to communicate at once with the Reverend Mother for the time being of the Little Sisters of the Poor at their nearest Convent. I am gratefully assured that she and her noble Order will extend kindness to Mary Halloran for the sake of

Their friend in Xt.,

FABIAN JOHN L'ESTRANGE.

Nellie replaced the letter shamefacedly, vexed to have committed a fault of prying, only to discover what she already knew, viz. that Auntie could always find a home with the Little Sisters by using Monsignor L'Estrange's name. Like a good girl, she told Margaret about it afterwards, and expected a scolding. Margaret only smiled

and said: "It serves you right, dear. Auntie's only legacy is her heart—the heart of a holy old soul who has tried to be good to us."

So Auntie's legacy remained a joke, however much she tapped her breast and spoke darkly concerning it while she took her second cup of tea. It was set down with her habit of roaming the lanes far and wide in quest of firewood, concerning which jovial Father Power used to tease his Promoter and her sister, on Thursday evenings, when the Apostleship meeting was over.

JOHN KEVIN MAGNER.

*(To be Continued.)*

### TRUE JOY



DEAREST Lord, how comes it so,  
 That I who search the earth for joys,  
 In all I have and all I know  
 Possess no more than phantom-toys?  
 I find afield some winsome flower  
 And captive make, its grace to share;  
 Alas, it droops in one brief hour,  
 And lo, I see no beauty there!  
 I dream a dream, a sweetest dream,  
 And waking, half-methink it real,  
 But things are real that be, not seem,  
 And cruel is the loss I feel.  
 Again, a rarest thought is mine,  
 I hope to give it life and breath,  
 Ah, little do I then divine,  
 My words' weak worth,—it vanisheth.  
 And yet, O Lord, while this my grief  
 I tell unto Thy Sacred Heart,  
 I in the telling find relief  
 For every pain and every smart.  
 Then life is reft of joy and pain  
 And this, I know, can never be;  
 And lo, sweet joy is mine again  
 But come in Thine own livery!

CHARLES L. KIMBALL, S.J.

# THE WEDDING GUESTS

## A MEDITATION.



THOUGH several days must pass before the marriage takes place, "Mary the Mother of Jesus" has already come to the home of the bridegroom's parents, who are relatives of hers. How much in keeping it is with Our Lady's character to find her here so early. What more natural than that the maiden who years before, had gone "into the hill-country with haste," just to bring comfort to her aged cousin Elizabeth, should now be coming to a kinsman's cottage when a deft hand and wise head were needed most. Nor had Mary waited to be asked. She was not the one to stand aloof when others required her help; she wishes to do all she can to make her nephew's wedding day a little happier and brighter.

As this first guest moves quietly about the house, it is surprising how soon everything is arranged as it should be; a rug or hanging that is all awry is set right, the banquet tables are adorned, and the viands prepared. It is while occupied with such details that Mary observes that the supply of wine is rather scanty, and resolves, should there be need of more, to ask the intervention of her Blessed Son.

It is now the evening of the wedding-day itself. All the villagers have gathered at the home of the bridegroom, where that important person, "gorgeously clad, his forehead wreathed with a golden turban twined with myrtle and roses" and about him marching his ten young friends, "the sons of the groom" is leading the veiled and perfumed bride into her new home; ten "wise virgins" meanwhile with their lamps well-trimmed are singing songs of joy to the music of the flute.

Some late-comers now join the merry throng: Jesus the Carpenter of Nazareth, a cousin of the groom, said to be a rabbi of growing reputation, and six rough fishermen, his followers. Strange stories have already reached Cana about this new Teacher, especially of some wonderful things that happened to him on the banks of the Jordan two months before.

All now enter the large room that occupies the center of the bridegroom's dwelling. On the outer side of the long tables arranged in

the form of a square are placed chairs and couches for the guests. The tables are decked with flowers and all ablaze with lights and laden with the most delicious fare the modest means of the groom's parents can provide. Yet in picturing to ourselves the Cana wedding-feast, we must not conjure up too magnificent a scene. Though generous neighbors lend freely of their best, for the adornment of the supper-room and eagerly offer their services as waiters, and though the bridegroom's parents have hoarded and saved perhaps for months and months to provide a sumptuous marriage supper for their son, still after all it is only a simple merrymaking in an obscure village of Galilee.

All now recline or seat themselves at the tables. The place of honor, at the upper right-hand corner of the square is taken by the bride and groom. Jesus we must look for in the lowest place, for he "began to do" before he taught. Beside Him sits His Mother, and not far off His six disciples.

As the night wears on, the supper-room resounds with gayety and laughter which Jesus' presence sanctifies and sanctions. He whose conversation knows no bitterness and His company no tediousness, far from dampening in any way the harmless merriment, rather increases, by His singular charm of manner, and His unaffected interest in others, the enjoyment of his fellow-guests. He talks entertainingly with those around Him and listens graciously to the humblest or most tiresome villager. For years to come many will remember this wedding-feast as the pleasantest they ever attended; while the more discerning will also recall with profit what remarkable modesty and moderation the bridegroom's Cousin showed as he reclined at table and shared the bounty of His host.

Thus Christ becomes the model for those of every or of any rank or age or state to copy, not only in the more important acts, not only in the serious crises of their lives, but also in the simplest actions and most common duties of their every-day existence. Thus Jesus is our best exemplar when we amuse or recreate ourselves no less than when we work or pray. Indeed our want of schooling in the proper manner of enjoying life's pleasures is greater, perhaps, than the need we have of learning how to bear life's sorrows. For as a rule grief chastens and subdues, and draws us nearer God but his hours of pleasure are the ones that poor frail man generally has

reason to remember with the most regret; for he himself is weakest then, Satan busiest, and the world most alluring.

Then too, while other texts and incidents in Holy Writ, show with more precision and detail, no doubt, Christ's way of dealing with his neighbor, the devout imagination will always find in mysteries like that of Cana where scarcely anything is said of Jesus' actions, a wide and pleasant field to rove around; just as the meek silence of Our Blessed Saviour in His Passion is much more expressive than the most moving words would be.

For who has not experienced in his every-day relations with his fellow men, what serious results attend at times the most trifling slips and oversights? Tact and considerateness are very serviceable lubricants for lessening the friction of social intercourse, and no one realizing this can take up the prayerful study of Our Saviour's conduct at the marriage of Cana without learning many a new lesson in "the art of living with others."

And Mary also, even while she sits at the wedding-feast, teaches lessons of unselfishness, by showing her concern for the happiness of her fellow-guests and for the fair name of her host.

For when the mirth of all is at its height, the watchful Virgin observes the waiters first whispering together, and then serving out the wine more sparingly. What she feared has happened; the wine is failing. Then does this gracious Lady turn unasked to her all-powerful Son and with a Mother's confidence says simply: "They have no wine."

Her words are few, but they mean much, for they are those of a mother pleading for her children. No one has made known the want to her, or asked her intercession, but mothers have no need to be reminded of their children's needs, nor do they wait to be entreated.

Yet the need that Mary notes is after all a trifling one. The failing of the wine may cost the groom a blush perhaps and may lessen for a few minutes, the merriment of the guests, but it is a want that will soon cease to be felt, for the hour is late, the gathering will soon break up, and in the morning the incident will be quite forgotten. Yet it is not a need too trifling for this mindful mother's notice, nor too unimportant for her to try to relieve. "They have no wine"; Mary simply states the fact. No other words are re-



quired. For she who for 30 years has been "pondering in her heart" Jesus' every word and deed, well knows that He will find the means of granting her implied request.

What Mary said that night at Cana gives all her clients firm confidence that she is still as mindful of their needs as then. For if this gracious Lady once showed such concern for the mere temporal wants of a nephew of hers "according to the flesh" what solicitude will she not feel now for the soul-hunger of those unnumbered children whom her dying Son confided to her care that first Good Friday afternoon. And if our Blessed Mother acted so promptly at Cana as an intercessor without being asked, what will she not do now when entreated by incessant, earnest prayer? While if Mary knew so well her neighbors' wants while she dwelt here on earth, how great must be her knowledge of her children's needs, now that she is reigning with her Son in heaven where vision is unclouded and charity is perfect?

WALTER DWIGHT, S.J.

## REAPING THE WHIRLWIND

*"They shall sow a wind and reap a whirlwind."*—Osee viii, 7.



SENSELESSLY the whisper of the breeze  
 Comes thro' the wood. A moment and no more  
 The light leaves sway, then dangle as before,  
 And hushed are drooping millions on the trees.  
 But hurrying on with gathered energies,  
 Mark how that wind o'er distant lands may roar,  
 Lash the white breakers on the rocky shore  
 And strew with scattered wrecks the stormy seas.  
 When the first throbs of feeling subtly glide  
 Thro' drowsy hates or loves and sound their call,  
 Insistent that the lawless brood obey,  
 They are wind-whispers of a whirlwind day  
 When passion may make havoc far and wide  
 And a wild tempest ruin and scatter all.

FRANCIS P. DONNELLY, S.J.

## THE LESSON OF A LEAF



WHILE ago and the year lay dying; to-day, and the year is dead. For many of us, whose lot is cast in high-built cities, this dying and this death held no significance. Our tread was none the softer, for above the city's din we could not hear the death sighs of the wind; our eyes were none the sadder, for along the busy byways we saw little change on Nature's countenance. It was in woodland and on hillside that God taught His first lessons to man, and there, even now, we may still hear the echo of His teaching.

This little leaf here in my hand, I picked from the ground,—just as it had fallen. It was one of the last to drop from “the old forsaken bough.” In brighter days, the sweet, fair days of Spring and Summer, it held its place unnoticed, played only a menial part. Perchance it threw its tiny shade athwart a nest, and helped some light-winged mother rear her little ones to a life of song. Perchance it checked the raindrop's force that would have wrought havoc in a frail tree-home. Together with its fellows, it conspired to paint upon the ground beneath, a shade for some humble tiller of the field. Together with its fellows, it contributed its mite to the gorgeous green that rests the eye of all who have learned to love a great tree's loveliness. Then Autumn was come; Winter was calling from afar. In all its best attire, the little leaf arrayed itself to meet the end. It donned a shroud that is beyond man's genius to devise. The simple beauty of its life shone best in death.

\* \* \* \* \*

—Dear Lord, there are those among us whose life Thou hast appointed unto lowly ways. May we walk them according to Thy will. May our words cast shadows upon hearts that else would wither in the heat of trial; may our deeds somewhere stem a rain of tears. Let our lives by the oneness of our faith, the singleness of our hope, and the sameness of our charity show forth the green fresh beauty of Thy Church. Then at last, when life is done, grant that all that is noblest in us may shine out best, in the surpassing beauty of our Autumn day,—the day of our dying and our death.

RICHARD A. FLEMING, S.J.

## TALES FROM REAL LIFE

"GREATER LOVE NO MAN HATH."



T was the Feast of the Sacred Heart. It was also the Benediction hour in the little church of Our Lady of Sorrows, which stands in the heart of one of the poorest sections of the city. A glance at the congregation assembled there on that evening in June was sufficient to show that the title of the church had not been bestowed at random. These were people in whose lives sorrow and want held the largest share. Many a weary soul and breaking heart came to that little church to seek the comfort they knew could be given only by One who said: "Come to Me, all you that labor and are heavy burdened."

To Him, then, they came, to find healing and strength; healing for the aching hearts and weary spirits that longed to lay the burden down; strength to lift it once more and, going forth, to tread bravely the road they must travel; "the royal road of the cross."

Many such were gathered there to attend the Benediction on that Feast of the Sacred Heart, but among them all, probably the most sorrowing was a girl who knelt in a deserted corner apart from the rest of the congregation. Her daily life was as the lives of the majority of the girls in that neighborhood: up at early dawn and away to a hard day's work in the laundry; home late at night to the little room in the attic where she lived alone now that her sister was gone and her heartbroken mother at rest in God's Acre. It was of that sister she was thinking now, and for her she was praying with bitter, bitter tears. Where was she to-night, the dearly loved little sister who had so often, in days gone by, knelt with her in that very church? Where was she tonight, the girl with the dark eyes and beautiful, discontented face who had wearied of the daily round of toil and sought refuge in a life of gayety and dissipation? Where was she to-night, she who had brought her mother's gray head in sorrow to the grave and for whom her sister prayed so earnestly?

The *O Salutaris* was sung and the *Tantum Ergo*, but the girl kneeling with bowed head scarcely heard the tones of the organ or the voices of the singers. Her soul was in a tumult, almost of

despair. Had she not prayed; had she not fasted and borne her daily trials without murmur or complaint? Had she not pinched and denied herself in order to give of her scanty means to those even poorer than she? All, all, to obtain the one object of her life, that her sister might return to God and to her? For five years, five long, weary years, she had hoped and prayed, but as yet had heard nothing from the wandering one. Would God always turn a deaf ear to her pleadings? What was there she had not done and could do to make Him listen to her prayers?

The voices of organ and singers were still and a hush fell on the little congregation, a hush broken by the silvery tinkle of the bell as the blessing of Christ Himself descended on the worshippers. At that instant, a sudden thought flashed through the girl's mind. Yes, there was one thing more that she could do, one further sacrifice she could make, and surely, *then* God would listen to her. She would offer herself for her sister's salvation.

With eyes fastened on the little golden door behind which the Prisoner of Love was again resting, she cried to Him in her heart:

"Oh! God of Love and pity, take me and do with me what Thou wilt. Send me sickness, pain, suffering, death even, if it be Thy wish, only bring my sister back to Thy love and Thy grace. I offer Thee all that I am, all that I have, even my life, in exchange for my sister's salvation."

Once more, she bowed her head in silent prayer, but now no tears fell and all was peace within. God would grant her prayer in His Own good time, of that she felt certain.

"With echoing steps the worshippers  
 Departed one by one;  
 The organ's pealing voice was stilled,  
 The vespers hymn was done;  
 The shadows fell from roof and arch,  
 Dim was the incensed air,—  
 But peace went with her as she left  
 The sacred Presence there."

\* \* \* \* \*

Again it was the Feast of the Sacred Heart and the sunset hour was approaching. For the second time that day, I mounted the

stairs of the tenement house, four flights of narrow, crooked stairs, to the tiny room beneath the roof where my little friend lay dying. Her long years of toil were over and soon this last year of great suffering would be over too. I had often wondered at her gentle patience and at the smile with which she welcomed each new pain. Then she told me the story of her sister and of that Benediction service on the last Feast of the Sacred Heart, and I wondered no longer. To her, her illness and her sufferings were simply an assurance that God had accepted her offering and would bring her sister back to her and to a life of grace. And Alice, the sister, had come back to her, though still apparently as far from God as ever. I was sitting with her that wild afternoon in the winter when Alice had returned. Her beauty marred, and condemned to walk the remainder of her life with a limping gait as the result of an accident, her heart rose up in hot rebellion against the fate that had so maimed her. Even the sight of her patient sister's suffering did not soften her; on the contrary, it seemed to make her more bitter and rebellious. She would sit for hours staring into space and brooding in sullen silence, then throw on her hat and jacket and leave the house to seek her one unfailing solace—drink.

One day, as the sick girl slept, I told Alice of that loving sister's patient devotion, of the long years of prayer and sacrifice and of that final grand renunciation. I pleaded with her as earnestly as I could to make her dying sister's last days happy by becoming reconciled to the Master Whose every command she had broken and yet Who loved her well enough to die for her. The only answer was to rise quickly from her chair and leave the room, and for some days after, she was worse than ever. Then I noticed that she was gradually drinking less and her manner to her sister was more gentle. At last, my little friend told me that Alice had gone back to the laundry to the place she had left vacant so long ago. The girl smiled as she added: "That is one step in the right direction. God is very good and will bring her back to Him some day. I know He will, oh! I know He will."

I was thinking of all this as I mounted the stairs that June evening and entered the room beneath the sun-baked roof. The air was stifling, and the girl's bed was drawn close to the one narrow window that she might watch the sun set behind the chimneys of factories

and tenement houses. I took her hand silently and watched with her. As we looked, the departing sun sent forth one final shaft of golden light which rested for a moment gently and lovingly on the face on the pillow.

"That is a parting smile from the West," she said softly; "God's smile from Heaven."

The radiance slowly died from the sky and the shadows of night came creeping over the earth.

"The sun has set and night is coming," said the girl. "Soon, for me, there will be no sunset and no night; nothing but day, a bright, glorious, eternal day."

As I looked at her, I knew she spoke truly; a few short hours more and she would surely stand in the presence of her Maker. She had received Holy Communion that morning, also the Sacrament of Extreme Unction. On her face was a look of ineffable happiness as she turned to me, saying:

"This has been such a beautiful day for me, such a happy, blessed day. God is so good to us, so good and kind and loving if we only trust Him."

A few moments later, she fell into a quiet sleep, and Alice and I, watching, saw her smile in her sleep and heard her murmur once more: "God is good."

I wondered then, and I wonder now, if it was given to her to know what really happened a few months afterwards. I wonder if she saw the stately house of God packed to the doors with a vast throng that had gathered to hear the sermon on the last night of a mission. I wonder if she saw the woman who limped aimlessly along the street, going she knew not whither and caring not. I wonder if she saw that woman stop and listen as the sound of music floated out to her from within, hesitate for a few moments, then, as if drawn by some irresistible force, limp slowly up the steps and steal into a corner, half ashamed of being there. I wonder if she could have heard the sermon that night, delivered by one of the most celebrated preachers of the day. The wonderful, thrilling voice pierced to the very souls of that multitude as it spoke to them of the undying love of the Crucified, of His thirst for souls, of His agony, His sufferings and His death for us and for our sins. Many a hardened heart was touched that night and many a repentant tear was shed as the plead-

ing voice urged all who might yet be wandering in the paths of sin to return to God and throw themselves on the mercy of that Sacred Heart, broken by their ingratitude and pierced by their sins, yet loving them still. I wonder if she could have seen, a little later when the service was over, a woman leave one of the confessionals and prostrate herself in the dim church before the altar on which "one lamp alone, with trembling ray, told of the Presence there." I wonder if she could have beheld that woman's face as she raised it to gaze on the tabernacle door. It was the face of her sister Alice, no longer discontented, sullen or rebellious, but filled with a peaceful happiness which God alone can give. I wonder if the dying girl could have seen all this and was that why she smiled in her slumber and murmured: "God is good."

Those were the last words she spoke in this world, for, from that quiet sleep, she passed into the long last sleep from which there is no awaking.

As I stood beside her couch next morning looking on the lifeless face which still wore that happy smile, and then on the figure of Alice kneeling beside the bed, Alice for whom she had given her life, half unconsciously I spoke aloud the words that were in my mind:

"Greater love than this no man hath; that he lay down his life for his friend."

For answer, the kneeling girl crouched still lower and hid her face in the coverlet.

I could almost fancy that I saw the lifeless lips move and heard once more the gentle voice repeating:

"God is good, oh! so good and kind and loving if we only trust Him."

ISABEL WILLIAMS.


## PRIEST AND VICTIM

(Translated from the French of P. Olivaint.)

The priest I am, while dawns the day  
And my one priestly deed is done;  
As for the rest, 'tis Christ holds sway,  
His victim I till sets the sun.

WALTER M. DRUM, S.J.

## HYMN TO THE SACRED HEART

LL love is labor; and the pain,  
It scatters wide on wingéd darts,  
Deals death around; and all love's slain,  
Heaped holocausts of aching hearts.

Grim sacrifice is still the test  
Of soldier true and lover bold;  
When fared he forth on lady's quest,  
'Twas danger made the knight of old.

Spread far and wide the healthful fire,  
You came from Heaven to cast on earth;  
Make every heart a funeral pyre,  
Consuming trifles nothing worth;  
Till virtue's universal shout  
From pole to pole in triumph rings,  
With Christ proclaimed by legions stout  
King of earth's peoples and their kings.

Dispel men's fears, dispel their tears;  
Anoint with might their brawny arms;  
And crown this century of years  
With palm of victory, war's alarms.  
The air with noises strange is rife,  
The war horse champs his bit afild;  
We're greedy for the shock of strife,  
We still can die;—we will not yield!

### REFRAIN.

O Sacred Heart, O saving Host!  
Let all your flaming banners wave;  
The League stands guard at duty's post  
The headlong rage of hell to brave.

OWEN A. HILL, S.J.



## SAVED BY HIS ROSARY



THE following story was told me a few years ago by an honest and devout old man who had spent his early manhood as a teamster on the Western prairies.

"It was during the war of the rebellion," as he always put it, "that we were carrying supplies to the western forts. The Indians were all stirred up, helping the rebels, and so we felt sure that we should not pass the plains without an attack. I was in charge of the first wagon, and rode a short distance ahead of the others. The sun upon the plains is very hot in the summer time, and it poured down its fire upon us with all its strength. The heavy army shirt made the heat unbearable, and I unloosed its front, to expose my neck and breast to a little more air. The night before I had put my beads around my neck, and now I saw that I had not removed them. But I left them there and rode on, thinking of my old father and mother, in far-away Tralee.

"All at once my musing was interrupted by the sudden appearance of a mounted Indian but a few yards ahead of me. As he was directly in front of me, my wagon screened him from the view of my comrades in the rear, so that they were entirely unaware of his presence. I became very much frightened, and forgot the pistol in my belt. He approached quickly, looking at me fiercely, with eyes of fire. His war-paint and feathers, made him look so terrible that I thought my last hour had come. As I reined in my team, he drew up beside me and fixed his glaring eyes upon my breast. When he put out his hand in the same direction, I thought he was about to tear my heart out, and I closed my eyes in terror. Instead however, he did something very different. For he seized the large crucifix attached to my beads, drew it forth, looked at it eagerly for a moment, and then tenderly pressed it to his lips several times. I recovered from my astonishment only when he said: 'White man, you belong to the Great Spirit, and therefore I will not harm you.'

"It seemed to me like a dream to hear a fierce Indian, prepared for war, speak thus, but it is a fact, and I understood every word because he spoke our own tongue. Then he rode away, back to the

ravine, whence he had come, and I never saw him again. But I have always kept that rosary (and here the old man produced a rosary, made of horn beads strung on a brass chain, with a large bronze crucifix attached to it) and, although it is now many years since that time, I use it every day to thank the Blessed Mother, for saving my life with it."

J. A. KRANCE, S.J.

## THE APOSTLE OF THE HOLY NAME

(ST. BERNARDINE OF SIENA.)

### PART I.



HE storm of Guelph and Ghibbeline faction had for more than two centuries been sweeping its victims to the grave, and for two centuries the poison of immorality and unbelief, incidental to the Thirteenth Century revival of Art and Letters, had been corrupting its way through the veins of Europe, when a new figure appeared upon the battle-field of Italy to continue there the opposition to these evil influences of the passion and the pride of that dark hour. It was a tall, gaunt figure with the close-drawn, emaciated features of an ascetic; with eyes that seemed to glance from the deep recesses of the brain, and at the same time to gleam with the most peculiarly supernatural glow of a transported, ecstatic love. In his hands he carried a square board inscribed with the monogram of the sacred letters I. H. S., surrounded by rays of gold; and the habit that he wore was of coarse, grey cloth, bound about him with a rope-girdle,—the favor of his Lady Poverty. By these and similar signs it was evident that this "poor brother, so miserably clad," was a member of the sweet saint of Assisi's enthusiastic band of Friars. In truth it was no other than the renowned St. Bernardine of Siena; and he undertook this work in virtue of a two-fold commission; first, as being the spiritual child of St. Francis, the pioneer in the field, and secondly as being the divinely-appointed successor of St. Catherine, the saint of his own native city.

St. Bernardine of Siena was born in the year 1380, not at Siena, but at Massa in Sieneſe territory; but Siena it was which he always regarded as his "sweet, native town," and its people were "very dear to him all his life long;" dearer than any other of the many towns of Italy to which his apostolic labors extended. Left an orphan at the age of ſix, he was bleſſed with pious aunts and a pious couſin to guide his tender years. Day by day he grew in piety and love of purity; how burning his reſentment when any inſult was offered to that darling virtue of his heart! Save for this and the little love-story of his youth, which firſt ſhocked and afterwards delighted his good couſin Tobia, when the "Lady who dwelt without the Porta Comollia" proved to be none other than the dear Madonna,—ſave for this, the early life of this handsome, attractive boy, ſo ſprightly and gay in bearing, was uneventful. By the very attractiveness of his piety, ſo like in that to St. Francis, he ſeems to have been marked out from the beginning for the amiable company of the Grey Friars. "No one could poſſibly be bored in Bernardine's company." He is a hero of ſelf-ſacrifice at the age of ſeventeen; we ſee him leading his ten companions to the hoſpital of the plague-ſtricken Siena, and nearly preventing by a premature martyrdom of charity the bounteous fruits of his late miniſtry. His education,—philology, literature, canon law, theology and Holy Scripture,—was now completed; his family relying on the promiſe of thoſe days of ſtudy were already picturing him in their minds as a brilliant man of the world. But thoſe days of ſickneſs in the hoſpital had doubtleſs ripened the thought of religious vocation which had long been ſtirring in his mind. He took his reſolution, "joyfully divided his fortune between the Church and the poor, and, ſtripped of all his poſſeſſions, haſtened on the eighth of September, 1402, to receive the humble habit of a Minorite from the hands of John Riſtori."

In the ſhadow of the cloiſter the lowly virtues of St. Bernardine's ſoul found congenial ſoil. How he delighted in the prayer and ſecluſion of his new life; with what ardor he entered upon the career that now opened out before him. So intense was the compaſſion with which the ſufferings of the Saviour inſpired him that "it ſeemed as though he would die of grief." What wonder that, juſt as reſemblances form themſelves in the features of friends, our Saint with his divine Model before his eyes, the ſubject of his daily

contemplation, soon reproduced in himself a perfect copy of the virtues so typical of Christ upon the Cross,—poverty, humility, self-denial. Who could recognize in the pale, emaciated figure, bent with age and hardships that now quitting the cloister traversed Italy in the eager quest of souls, who could recognize in this figure the gay and sprightly form that had knocked for admission at the Convent of San Francesco? "I hold myself," he says, "to be far richer and happier leading the poor and humble life of St. Francis than I could possibly be if raised to the most exalted station in the world." His joy in humility was Christ's own joy. He publicly courted opportunities of self-humiliation. "Let them be: they do but help me to eternal glory," he said, when the children pelted his bare feet with stones. He rejected the bishopric when it was being thrust upon him. As Vicar of the Strict Observance, an office which he submitted to with the greatest reluctance and fretted to be free from, his one word of instruction to the brothers was, "Descend, descend." How edifying, and at the same time amusing, it is to read of his attempts to hide from any public demonstration in his honor. Even in the hour of persecution, when this devotee of the Holy Name of Jesus was misrepresented as a "disseminator of scandal and superstition," when the face of the Holy Father himself was darkening over him and he was pointed out in the streets as a "heretic" and cries of "Foras Jesu!" mocked his approach; even in the midst of all these trials his humility only thrived more vigorously. "Let us leave everything in God's hands," he would calmly say. Humble to the last he died upon the cold floor of his cell, unwilling even in death to be raised so much as an inch above the ground.

Equally intense was Bernardine's love for poverty. Faithful to the strict ideal of poverty set by the example of the seraphic founder, neither as subject nor superior would he receive gold even for religious purposes. Poverty was the test by which he would divide the goats from the sheep. "As the silversmith knows the tests for distinguishing unalloyed metal from alloy, so by the money question you may gather who are mine and who are not." Listen to the fervent words with which he exalts this virtue; how like the flaming love of the Poverello's own heart. "Oh, ye poor, follow my advice and run forward to greet Poverty; open wide your door at her approach, and throw yourself into her arms. For though at first her aspect,

it is true, is stern so that not without cause has she been likened to an armed and sullen traveller of forbidding countenance; yet no sooner is she adopted as a friend than she is transformed into the least troublesome, the most constant and lovable of guests." Poverty was a habit of his soul, as dear to him as wealth to the heart of a rich man; but, more than that, his imagination figured Poverty to him as a living reality, his Lady Poverty, the Bride of his heart.

And yet notwithstanding all the austerity which he practised upon himself, notwithstanding the persecutions which periodically assailed him in the course of his apostolic career, notwithstanding the weariness and fatigue consequent upon such continued energy as his, he never sacrificed that gayety and cheerfulness of disposition, the privilege of his Order, the legacy of the founder who reprobated sadness in a religious as a sacrilege. "Never sad except when sorrowing over some public crime—he always loved a jest, he was always bright, always joyous and gay." He could even jest about the trials through which he had passed,—“Some wanted to see me fried,” he said, “and others roasted;” and poke fun at the poor illiterate friar: “Brother, I have a great piece of news for you,—the Sianese have unanimously elected me bishop.” The good friar cautions him against the fleeting honors of the world. “How then? if my devoted followers, the Milanese, were to appoint me their archbishop, would you likewise want me to refuse?” The brother still persists. “But supposing the pope were to name me patriarch.” Worse and worse. “But were I to be named Cardinal, should I be bound likewise to condemn that dignity?” The simple man loses his wits with the thought: “Loosen your girdle, father,” he says, “and accept;” and then the tables are turned and it is the brother who gets the scolding.

Dark faces, like cloudy weather, smother ambition; bright eyes, and smiling countenances, like God's own sunshine, bring to life and blossom all that is best in man and nature. Three hundred convents were founded by St. Bernardine while directing the Order of the Strict Observance, such was the charm of the life as typified by himself. He was a saint overflowing with human tenderness, not less of a man for the fact that he was a saint; neither was he lacking in prudence, as was shown by the energy with which as Vicar, he combatted the doctrine of “the humility of ignorance.”

But the best commentary upon St. Bernardine is contained in the lucky words of the old chronicle: "Bernardino percorre l'Italia, portando Gesu." His biography is the story of an insatiable zeal for souls, and an insatiable love for the Holy Name of Jesus. For the exercise of this zeal he chose the work of preaching. His view of the importance of this work in itself, and also as the sphere of his particular activity, is startling to our modern ears. The lack of sermons he prognosticates as a sign of the coming of Antichrist. To those, who appealed to him to settle their disputes or even to hear their confession, he declares: "Such is not my mission; my task is to preach." It was to carry on this task, and this alone, that he refused the honor of the episcopate that was twice held out to him; and it was to continue this task that he succeeded at length in obtaining relief from his office of Vicar of his Order. And how admirably that task was performed the title of "Apostle of Italy," which his labors earned for him, abundantly testifies. Italy he chose as the field of his labor; and from the still night when the silent cloister halls were startled by the voice of the novice: "Brother Bernardine, hide no longer the gift which God has given you, but go forth to preach in Lombardy:" from that night until another calm evening in May, twenty years later, when the Friars vespersong: "I have manifested thy name to the men thou hast given me," closed the saint's ears forever, it is no exaggeration to say that his every moment, save the four years of his vicariate, was devoted to the obedient discharge of his God-given work.

WILLIAM T. TALLON, S.J.

## PURITY

Look at yonder mountain height  
 With its peak of purest white  
 Basking proud in golden light:—  
     Still a soul of spotless ways,  
     Decked in chastity's bright rays,  
     Claim to nobler beauty lays.

JOS. H. WELLS, S.J.

## A CHOSEN SOUL

*To the Rev. Editor of the MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART.*

Dear Rev. Father:—P. C. On reading in a recent number of the MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART, under the general heading “Tales from Real Life,” I was reminded of a consoling conversion that came to my notice some thirty years ago, though I had not the honor of in any way contributing to the happy results. The good Father who at the time acquainted me with the facts, and showed me the letters narrating them, labored most zealously from the time of his ordination in 1865 to that of his death in 1881, to propagate in various cities the devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus. So conspicuous was he in this apostleship that, to distinguish him from a namesake of his, he was often spoken of as “the Father Walsh of the Sacred Heart.” It is but right that his name should be recorded in your dear MESSENGER.

How far he had been an agent in this little event he was, I suppose, too humble to inform me; but the main facts were as follows: A non-Catholic lady, living in New York City, had been shown by a Catholic friend a leaflet printed to explain the devotion to the Sacred Heart and the spiritual graces promised to those who should be zealous in its propagation. She was so favorably impressed that she urged her friend to have many such leaflets printed for circulation, and generously handed her a five-dollar bill to defray the expenses.

Of course it was done for the love of Jesus, and the Saviour would not be outdone in generosity. From that time on grace seemed to pursue her, soliciting her in the first place to become a child of Mother Church. For some time she hesitated, and struggled with doubts and misgivings, not at all convinced that such a step would be prudent and pleasing to God. The feast of the Sacred Heart occurred and was celebrated with impressive solemnity. While assisting at the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament in, I think, St. Francis Xavier's Church, she suddenly beheld in the Sacred Host, exposed for adoration, our dear Lord Himself, the vision enkindling in her heart the most ardent love.

All her doubts and fears from that moment were dispelled; she soon sought instruction and was received into the Catholic Church.

She resolved to live henceforth for the love of Jesus alone. Having considerable wealth at her disposal, she considered for some time how she could devote it most fruitfully for the salvation of souls. The plan she was maturing was to found a home for city waifs, intending to lead a life of active charity in taking personal care of such Catholic children.

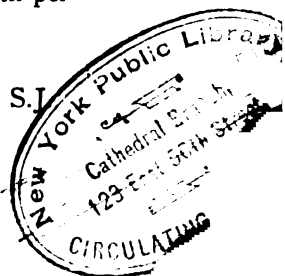
But the loving Saviour took her pious desires for real deeds, and offered her a shorter way to eternal bliss. Just then she received a letter from France, informing her that one of her non-Catholic friends was taken very ill in Paris and was in imminent danger of death. "Go and convert your friend before she dies," was the whisper of grace within her heart. By the next steamer she departed on her zealous enterprise. She found her friend alive but still in danger of death. She nursed her with a mother's love, speaking from time to time of the happiness she found in her Catholic life and of the love of Jesus for mankind. Such charity, such devotion, such generous love of souls touched the sick lady's heart; grace flowed in copiously, and it was not long before a priest came to complete the work of conversion to the true faith.

The sickness meanwhile had taken a favorable turn; the fever was reduced and ultimately arrested. Strength slowly at first, then rapidly returned, and not the soul alone but the body as well obtained vigorous health. But the patient's joy was checked when she noticed the altered looks and the evident exhaustion of her great benefactor. A few days more and the latter was seriously ill. Jesus had accepted her sacrifice, and was ready to receive her to His own embrace. She died in the first fervor of her sincere conversion, and received an early reward of her generous love of the Sacred Heart.

If you think this brief account suitable for the pages of your esteemed MESSENGER, dear Father, you may print it, assuring your readers that, while I may not remember the minor details with perfect clearness, the facts are substantially as here narrated.

Yours in the Sacred Heart,

CHARLES COPPENS, S. J.





## FAITH AND NOT FEAR

(TWO TRUE STORIES.)



NEW YORK and Jersey papers had a thrilling account of the death of a fireman on Decoration Day, 1906. At a few minutes before seven in the morning, big Joe rang the bell, and with unexcelled promptness out from the stalls started the nervous horses. In a moment they were harnessed and Joe was in the seat, and the great engine rumbled out from the fire-house just as the whistles blew seven. They never went hard at this morning practice, it was simply to get up action in the morning air; and the people on their way to work, stopped to look at the huge engine and its horses; and all admired big Joe; there was such a healthy, honest look in his bright, happy face; and his big, arching chest, square shoulders and sinewy arms spoke so much of power and strength and courage.

Half an hour before, Joe had left his dear old mother. They had taken their morning coffee together, and her last words to him as he went to work had been: "Mind the Sacred Heart, Joe, and God bless you, and don't forget to use the belt on the truck."

The fire-house was only a block or two away, and often he used to pass round by his home with the engine on his practice, and his mother used to stand out on the steps, with the full flush of honest pride upon her face, and you could see her lips move with a little prayer as her boy drove by on the terrible engine. Often she had a presentiment of danger, as she noticed the belt swinging loose from the seat of the engine. Joe was careless, or better he was too whole-souled in his brave work, and he often forgot to strap himself into the driver's seat on the engine.

This morning the negligence was fatal. Within a few blocks of his mother's house, the tremendous horses took fright, plunged suddenly and as they were going uphill, the jerk was too great on the truck and suddenly the whiffletree broke. The horses had been a bit ungovernable, Joe had found it necessary to wind the lines around his hands to hold them, he was not strapped in, and so out over the

dash-board he was pulled, and the mighty engine wheeled right across his body.

The ambulance was there in a few moments, the priest was there before it and had performed his holy offices,—and Joe was dead. He died smiling, without the least fear, but full of faith, and blessing the Sacred Heart,—he had gone to Holy Communion on the First Fridays for eleven years. How he blessed his old mother at the instant of his death. She had taught him and led him and encouraged him and reminded him, and had been the occasion of his going to Holy Communion all those First Fridays. Once or twice indeed he had missed it because of a big, all night fire. But then the thought of it had each time made him happy; it had made him braver, and had kept him out of harm in a thousand ways.

Against all precedent the ambulance men went direct to the home, and had the body there while the things were still on the breakfast table where but a half hour before Joe had sat so happily with his mother. Imagine the agony and grief that seized the poor mother. For hours she would not believe that her boy was dead. Yet with a marvellous faith she prayed, she offered him up to the Sacred Heart, she even asked the Sacred Heart to take him. And as the dread reality came home to her, everyone remarked how her wonderful faith grew more wonderful, confident beyond telling that the Sacred Heart had taken her boy to heaven, and never the least sign of fear or lack of trust.

This mother was a saint. Her other children stood round her and learned more than lessons of love,—they learned the deep, deep faith that comes with whole-souled honest surrender to the Sacred Heart.

## II.

There was sorrow in the little home. The poor mother stood beside the coffin of her great big boy,—he had been hurried away in twelve short hours, and the doctors could not find the cause.

Faith and not fear was what prompted the good mother in her continual answer to the thoughtful neighbors who came to condole and offer kindness. She had always been a member of the League. She had watched her child change from a chubby baby to a bright-eyed active boy, and then through the growing days of youth, till

he became a man six feet tall and marked above the rest for great shoulders, a massive frame, and a look of strength. She had other darling children but her giant was her pride. Every day she had put him into her Morning Offering, mentioning specially as a gift to the Sacred Heart her richest treasure.

She had taught all the children the Morning Offering, and as they grew up and began to forget their prayers, every morning she had reminded them of the Offering and they were faithful to that at least. And her big boy was no exception to this, though thoughtless and sometimes even a little negligent in Church matters, he always made the Morning Offering.

This had been a great consolation to her, and now it was a source of great strength and great faith in her moment of trial. For she told the neighbors that as she sent for the priest, she had fallen on her knees, and asked as a favor that, if it was God's holy will her boy should die, our Blessed Mother would take care of him and offer him to the Sacred Heart in death as she herself had done every morning in life. And the priest came, and made her boy happy with the sacraments, and though in great pain, he passed away most peacefully. And with a marvellous confidence she felt certain that our Blessed Lady had taken him and had given him to the Sacred Heart, and though weighed down in sorrow, she had no fear but only faith.

HUGH J. McNULTY, S.J.

GLORY to God! Could we keep on our way

Thorn-strewn and stony, by tears blurred and dim,

Were it not brightened and cheered by the ray

That points to the hope of some glory to Him?

Weary and travel-stained erring and blind

Sadly we grope through life's darkness, but still

Angels are singing the dense clouds behind—

Glory to God! Peace to men of good will.

A. V. O.

# Our Work and Its Spirit

THE VERY REV. DIRECTOR-GENERAL.



WE are sure that all our subscribers as well as all the members of the League will join us in expressing our sincerest and warmest greetings to the Director-General of the League, the Very Rev. Francis Xavier Wernz, Father General of the Society of Jesus, who on Dec. 5th celebrated the Golden Jubilee of his religious life. We wish him every best grace and blessing of the Adorable Heart of Jesus, both for himself and for the dearly-loved Society over which he rules, as well as for the League of the Sacred Heart so honored in having for its Director-General the successor of St. Ignatius. The following is an outline of Father General's life:—

|      |                                 |                       |
|------|---------------------------------|-----------------------|
| 1842 | Rothwell in Wurtemberg          | <i>Born</i>           |
|      | December 5th                    |                       |
| 1857 | Gorheim in Hohenzollern         | <i>Novice, S.J.</i>   |
| 1859 | Gorheim and Friedrichsburg      | <i>Junior</i>         |
| 1862 | Aix la Chapelle and Maria Laach | <i>Philosopher</i>    |
| 1865 | Feldkirch in Austria            | <i>Teacher</i>        |
| 1869 | Maria Laach in Rhenish Prussia  | <i>Theologian</i>     |
| 1873 | Feldkirch in Austria            | <i>Teacher</i>        |
| 1874 | Exaeten in Holland              | <i>Tertian</i>        |
| 1875 | Ditton Hall in England          | <i>Student</i>        |
| 1876 | February 2                      | <i>Last Vows</i>      |
| 1876 | Ditton Hall in England          | <i>Professor</i>      |
| 1882 | St. Beuno's in Wales            | <i>Professor</i>      |
| 1883 | Rome                            | <i>Professor</i>      |
| 1892 | Loyola Castle in Spain          | <i>Elector</i>        |
| 1904 | Gregorian University            | <i>Rector</i>         |
| 1906 | Rome                            | <i>General</i>        |
| 1907 | December 5th                    | <i>Golden Jubilee</i> |

A FRIEND OF THE MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART.

Our readers will be thankful for the following all too brief notice of Madame Elizabeth Cross Alexander, R.S.H., a very devoted friend of the League and of THE MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART:

" Madame Elizabeth Cross Alexander who died at Kenwood, November 23rd, was for some years closely associated with THE MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART. When this magazine was published in Philadelphia she, as a young girl, gladly devoted the efforts of her facile pen to writing for its pages short stories, school dramas, and poems, while she set to music many of its hymns.

" Her interest in THE MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART never waned and her zeal in promoting devotion to the Sacred Heart, through the League, never lessened, even after God inspired her with the ardent desire of forsaking all for Him. In her tireless perseverance she devised means to enlist the sympathy of her friends in the Apostleship of Prayer and, independent of any personal consideration, sought earnest and capable successors in the work so dear to her heart.

" Madame Alexander was born in Philadelphia where both her parents died while she was yet a child. Her father prided himself on his ancestry, being a direct descendant of Benjamin Franklin, her mother was one of the famous musical family of Cross; but no distinction was of any value in the eyes of Madame Alexander save that of holiness, and for thirteen years she generously trod the path of sanctity as a Religious of the Sacred Heart. Her personal traits were full of interest and charm. The childlike simplicity of her character, the honorable rectitude of her mind, the evenness of her disposition and the kindliness of her nature endeared her to all who knew her. Ever diffident of herself, with characteristic humility, she was uninfluenced by the slightest tinge of vanity or self-seeking. She had a singularly gifted mind and her musical ability, an inherited talent, was of a high order. No one who has ever heard her masterful handling of the organ can forget her intelligent and devout rendering of sacred music; the instrument fairly spoke under her skilful touch and interpreted her thoughts as if it were a sentient being.

" Her death after a long and painful illness was but the echo of a holy and saintly life."

#### HE DIED PREPARED.

Eugene Sheahan, the brave young policeman who was murdered a little over two months ago, deserves special mention in THE

MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART. He was at one time our shipping clerk and long before he found employment on our magazine he was a devoted lover of the Sacred Heart and a faithful member of the League. For many years he was an altar boy in St. Francis Xavier's Church, and morning after morning, in good weather and in bad, he went faithfully to the church to serve Mass. One who knew him well tells us that he often served as many as twenty Masses a week. It is not surprising, then, that his sad and bloody death found him not unprepared. He died bravely at his post of duty, and though he was shot down by the hand of a ruffian he went to his God without the stain of human blood upon his own good soul. We are sure that the Associates of the League will remember him in their prayers, and that they will pray also for his heroic mother whose sterling fortitude in the midst of this overwhelming trial and whose marvellous spirit of Christian resignation furnished a shining and most touching lesson to the whole city. It will interest and console our readers to learn that this fine young man was last seen under a lamp-post reading his Leaflet which his sister had given him before he left home on the day he was killed. It is still more consoling to learn on good authority that Our Lord did not forget his faithful altar boy, for as he lay dying a priest chanced along and gave him the last absolution. May he rest in peace.

#### A WORD TO PROMOTERS.

You who have made the Morning Offering with profit for so long a time and witnessed in others its beneficent results, must know that it is a prayer whose power and influence extend over the whole day and over every slightest incident, in the day's progress. Reflecting, therefore, on its simple words and on the whole-souled generosity that they imply, you will readily see that it has been accountable for much of the joy and comfort that you have derived from your interest in the League of the Sacred Heart. The Daily Decade, too, has doubtless accomplished much for your soul's welfare by keeping before your mind the memory of our Blessed Lady's life with all its joys and all its sorrows; and many a time when downcast and disheartened you have discovered in the recollection of her sweet and inspiring example an unfailing source of courage and confidence.

It is needless to add that you have found in the Holy Eucharist your chief support and consolation at all times.

But the day's good features, its courage and endurance in the midst of sharp trials, and its brightness in the midst of many untoward events, began with the fervent, prayerful holocaust of the morning. You have gone forth to your work rejoicing and contented, because you were well aware that it was all for the Sacred Heart,—every thought, word, and act, and every suffering; and because you were resolved that no thought, no word, no act, no suffering of yours should ever wound that Adorable Heart or diminish the rich measure of reparation you had pledged yourself to make to the Best of Friends. The Morning Offering has in a certain sense blessed your days with a kind of immaculate conception, enriching you with such a copious flood of grace that you have been ready for any and every emergency, and at the decline of day you have often been able to look back upon hours and hours that were free from streak or shadow of any deliberate wrong-doing.

You need but cast a glance into your own soul and feel, so to speak, the pulse of your soul's life to realize that the union of your mind with the mind of Our Lord has safeguarded you from the taint of unholy thoughts and the vexation of uncharitable plans and purposes. The thoughts which you have offered up to the Sacred Heart to form part of the League's sacrifice of devotion and reparation, have one and all been taken into His holy and venerable hands and blessed by Him, and by His mercy they do not worry your heart with compunctious visitings. You have not to sit down in sorrow and repentance, and in the bitterness of your heart repine over unkind thoughts and groundless suspicions and hasty judgments; still less are you afflicted with the cutting whip of sadness and the two-edged sword of remorse, because to the misery of mean thoughts you have added the unkindness of inflicting pain upon the feelings of others by your words or by your conduct. Under the magical influence of God's whisper, heard at early dawn, you have been able to avoid such painful misery and to spend the livelong day in a spirit of faith. And what does that imply? It implies that you have had a mind fixed upon divine things; that you have been untiringly faithful to duty, whether obscure or conspicuous, calm and right and self-possessed amid the heat and dust and distractions of

the world; with a heart enticed by the love of the Sacred Heart, and content with the ownership of Its consuming, personal friendship.

It is thus that the first essential of membership in the League has meant the beginning of sanctification for you, if you have set a right value upon it and if you have practised it with sincerity and fervor; and many a blessing that has come to you, and other blessings that are in store for you shall be attributable at the last to this simple exercise of piety. Nay more, similar blessings which have fallen to the lot of the members of your band, as well as to Associates who are within the range of your influence, can be traced directly to the apparently trivial circumstance that the Morning Offering has had a substantial significance in your life.

This being the case and without proceeding at present to a further analysis of the familiar prayer of the First Degree, it will not be unprofitable attentively to study one or two of the pages that accompany the League Leaflets. And first of all there is the Promoter's Report. Have you looked at it? There are some to whom the Promoter's Report is not as interesting as it should be. For months the Local Director or Secretary has waited to receive this special report from you in particular; but the waiting has been in vain. You have made the Morning Offering yourself, and you have reaped out of its overflowing harvest of grace many blessings which you have prized when you came to recognize them and you have thanked God that the daily early consecration of your thoughts to Him has been a balm for so many mental hurts, a solace amid much discouragement and sickness, possibly, or sorrow, a ray of sunshine when friends misunderstood or carpers misinterpreted you. But what have you done for your band? Do its members find in you a Promoter who tells them that it is worth while making the Morning Offering,—that they cannot afford to let it slip out of their memory, not even for a day? Do you talk it over with them when occasion or opportunity suggests, and, in the not unbecoming language of everyday business, bring them down to facts and figures?

A Promoter is one who wishes to advance the glory of God, but whose wish is effective. A Promoter is one who desires to further the salvation of souls, but who does not imagine that this glorious



end can be compassed without taking care of a band of Associates and encouraging them to practise the three degrees and to keep in touch with all the workings of the League and with the most important and the simplest of its prints, the intention blanks and the treasury of good works. Lastly, a Promoter is one who is intent upon spreading devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus by recruiting new members and propagating the Association. How many new Associates have you enlisted during the past month? If a Promoter's cross means anything it must mean that you are apostolic, and for you to be apostolic is to be zealous for the strictest and most exact observance of the details of League work that come within your sphere. That cross also indicates that the holocaust which you made in the Morning Offering is serious, practical, not wholly emotional, and that it is, above all, without rapine.

JOSEPH H. SMITH, S.J.

## PROMOTERS' RECEPTIONS

Diplomas issued during the month of December, 1907, from the 1st to 31st (inclusive).

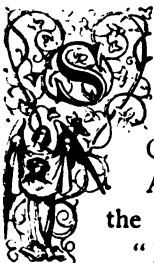
| Diocese.          | Place.                       | Local Centre.                     | No. |
|-------------------|------------------------------|-----------------------------------|-----|
| Brooklyn.....     | Brooklyn, N. Y.....          | Mercy ..... Convent               | 1   |
| Brooklyn.....     | Brooklyn, N. Y.....          | St. Anthony's ..... Church        | 7   |
| Brooklyn.....     | Brooklyn, N. Y.....          | St. Joseph's ..... " "            | 8   |
| Buffalo.....      | Buffalo, N. Y.....           | St. John the Baptist..... " "     | 12  |
| Chicago.....      | Batavia, Ill.....            | Holy Cross ..... " "              | 3   |
| Cincinnati.....   | Cincinnati, Ohio.....        | Holy Family ..... " "             | 5   |
| Cincinnati.....   | Cincinnati, Ohio.....        | St. Ludwig's ..... " "            | 5   |
| Cincinnati.....   | Dayton, Ohio.....            | Notre Dame ..... Academy          | 2   |
| Cleveland.....    | Toledo, Ohio.....            | St. Mary's ..... Church           | 18  |
| Little Rock.....  | Spiegelville, Ark.....       | New Subiaco ..... Abbey           | 4   |
| Newark.....       | Englewood, N. J.....         | St. Cecilia's ..... Church        | 3   |
| Newark.....       | Newark, N. J.....            | Our Lady of Good Counsel..... " " | 13  |
| New Orleans.....  | Convent P. O., La.....       | Sacred Heart ..... Convent        | 2   |
| New Orleans.....  | Convent P. O., La.....       | Sacred Heart ..... School         | 12  |
| New Orleans.....  | New Orleans, La.....         | St. Vincent de Paul..... Church   | 4   |
| New York.....     | New York, N. Y.....          | Holy Trinity ..... " "            | 4   |
| New York.....     | New York, N. Y.....          | St. Francis Xavier ..... " "      | 21  |
| New York.....     | Poughkeepsie, N. Y.....      | Jesuit ..... Novitiate            | 7   |
| New York.....     | Rondout, N. Y.....           | St. Peter's ..... Church          | 3   |
| Peoria.....       | Peoria, Ill.....             | St. Joseph's ..... Home           | 2   |
| Philadelphia..... | Falls of Schuylkill, Pa..... | Sa. Bridget's ..... Church        | 12  |
| Philadelphia..... | Germantown, Pa.....          | St. Vincent de Paul's..... " "    | 36  |
| Pittsburg.....    | Vandergrift, Pa.....         | St. Cecilia's ..... " "           | 1   |
| Richmond.....     | Alexandria, Va.....          | St. Mary's ..... " "              | 14  |
| St. Louis.....    | St. Louis, Mo.....           | St. Francis Xavier ..... " "      | 14  |
| St. Louis.....    | St. Louis, Mo.....           | St. Lawrence O'Toole's..... " "   | 1   |
| St. Louis.....    | St. Louis, Mo.....           | St. Teresa's ..... " "            | 11  |
| St. Louis.....    | St. Louis, Mo.....           | Visitation ..... " "              | 1   |
| Salt Lake.....    | Salt Lake City, Utah.....    | St. Mary Magdalen ..... " "       | 1   |
| Sioux Falls.....  | Aberdeen, S. D.....          | Sacred Heart ..... " "            | 6   |
| Springfield.....  | Pittsfield, Mass.....        | St. Charles' ..... " "            | 13  |
| Springfield.....  | Worcester, Mass.....         | Sacred Heart ..... " "            | 3   |
| Syracuse.....     | Utica, N. Y.....             | St. John's ..... " "              | 2   |

Total number of Receptions, 33.

Total number of Diplomas issued, 247.

# Interests of Heart of Jesus

## RESOLUTIONS OF THE EUCHARISTIC CONGRESS.



SOLEMN and imposing—a memorable public act of faith in the Real Presence of Our Lord in the Sacrament of the Altar—was the great Eucharistic Congress held in Pittsburg on October 15, 16 and 17. Among the resolutions adopted at the Congress were the following:

“Resolved, That we have received with joy and thankful hearts the rescripts and regulations of our Holy Father, Pius X, concerning frequent and daily Communion. This Congress pledges itself to use its best endeavors to carry into effect these instructions. We earnestly recommend the clergy to offer ample, even daily, facilities to the faithful to enable them to comply with the will of the Holy Father in regard to frequent Communion.

“Resolved, That we entreat the priests to use every means in their power to instil into the hearts of the little ones of Christ a love for Holy Mass. To this end we advise that frequent instructions on the Holy Sacrifice, suited to their capacity, be given them.

“Resolved, That we recommend triduums, novenas and other devotions in honor of the Blessed Sacrament, as most serviceable to increase knowledge and love of the Holy Eucharist.

“Resolved, That we deplore the growing tendency, even on the part of Catholics, to convert Sunday into a day merely of amusement, which often entails an inexcusable neglect of Mass. We therefore beg to call attention to the words of the pastoral letter of the Bishops of the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore: ‘To turn the Lord’s Day into a day of toil is a blighting curse to a country; to turn it into a day of dissipation would be worse. We earnestly appeal, therefore, to all Catholics, without distinction, not only to take no part in any movement tending toward a relaxation of the observance of Sunday, but to use their influence and power as citizens to resist in the opposite direction.

“‘Let all our people remember to keep holy the Lord’s Day. Let them make it not only a day of rest, but also a day of prayer. Let

them sanctify it by assisting at the adorable Sacrifice of the Mass. Besides the privilege of morning Mass, let them also give their souls the sweet enjoyment of the Vesper service and the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.' ”

### “ MY LORD AND MY GOD.”

By a decree of May 18, 1907, the Sacred Congregation of Indulgences grants an Indulgence of seven years and seven quarantines for looking with “ faith, devotion and love ” at the Sacred Host at the moment of the elevation, saying at the same time the words: “ My Lord and my God! ” A further Plenary Indulgence may be gained once a week by those who, having heard Mass daily, as above, receive Holy Communion. The first-named Indulgence may also be gained by looking devoutly upon the Sacred Host whenever it is solemnly exposed, saying the aforesaid words.

### THE HOLY CHILDHOOD.

At a meeting held on May 16, 1907, the Central Council of the Holy Childhood distributed the grand total of \$689,460.00 among the 230 missions which are being supported partly by the funds of the Holy Childhood. It may be interesting to know that in those 230 Missions there are 1,180 orphanages, 8,140 schools and 3,679 workshops; that the number of children baptized from 1906 to 1907 was 356,277, and the number of children educated 385,860.

### TREASURY OF GOOD WORKS

Offerings for the Intentions recommended to the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

|                             |           |                                 |           |
|-----------------------------|-----------|---------------------------------|-----------|
| 1. Acts of Charity .....    | 2,099,208 | 11. Masses heard .....          | 543,600   |
| 2. Beads .....              | 1,037,632 | 12. Mortifications .....        | 909,186   |
| 3. Way of the Cross .....   | 652,546   | 13. Works of Mercy .....        | 1,022,670 |
| 4. Holy Communion .....     | 765,551   | 14. Works of Zeal .....         | 923,729   |
| 5. Spiritual Communion .... | 1,039,165 | 15. Prayers .....               | 1,493,090 |
| 6. Examen of Conscience.... | 692,471   | 16. Kindly conversation ....    | 821,842   |
| 7. Hours of Labor .....     | 1,130,713 | 17. Suffering, Afflictions .... | 774,687   |
| 8. Hours of Silence.....    | 874,149   | 18. Self-conquest .....         | 1,043,852 |
| 9. Pious reading .....      | 600,328   | 19. Visit to B. Sacrament....   | 1,009,124 |
| 10. Masses read .....       | 86,580    | 20. Various good works .....    | 1,840,847 |

Total Treasury of Good Works, 19,260,899.



"In all things

give thanks." 1 Thess. v. 18.

## THANKSGIVINGS

"Go and as thou hast believed, so be it done to thee." (Matt. viii, 13.)

Total number of Thanksgivings for last month, 2,002,147.

### SPECIAL FAVORS.

#### Enrolled at Death's Door.

*Escanaba, Mich.* — "About eight months ago I was requested by an Associate to call upon Mr. X, who was at the point of death in order to have him enrolled in the Apostleship of Prayer. I hesitated, for he had been well prepared for death and could hardly speak. The Associate prevailed, however, and I succeeded in making the sick man understand enough to be enrolled. He gladly gave his consent and a Badge was pinned over his heart and an intention entered for him. 'What a miracle it would be,' his wife said to me, 'if he should recover;' and she promised public thanks if such should be the result. All praise to the Sacred Heart! He began to recover that night, and in a wonderfully short time was able to return to his work to the joy of his young family and friends. This cure is the more remarkable because although many Novenas and Masses had been of-

fered for him, he had continued to fail, and his friends were gathered around him expecting every breath would be the last. Rev. Fr. M. and his doctors had no hope of his recovery."

#### Sight Restored.

*Philadelphia, Pa.* — "A young woman employed in an office as a clerk, was much distressed about her failing eyesight. She promised the Sacred Heart, that, if her vision was restored to her, she would have the favor published in the MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART. After placing her request in the Intention Box at her parish church for several consecutive months, her sight improved to such an extent that she was able to resume her work without the usual pain and discomfort. She now wishes to offer publicly her thanksgiving for this great favor, for which she feels indebted to the fervent prayers of the Associates of the League of the Sacred Heart."

**A Wonderful Recovery.**

*Galesburg, Ill.*—"Early in the month of October, our Academy was visited by an epidemic of typhoid fever. Eleven inmates were stricken within a week. The patients wore badges of the Sacred Heart, and all recovered, save two, who went to their eternal reward, dying the death of the just. We wish to express our thanks through the MESSENGER, for this marvellous recovery, knowing that the perusal of the Thanksgiving column often strengthens confidence in the merciful Heart of our Divine Lord."

**Confidence Inspired.**

*New Orleans, La.*—Heartfelt thanks are offered to the Sacred Heart for the following favors obtained through the intercession of Our Lady of Lourdes:

- (a) Great relief from nervousness.
- (b) Prevention from pneumonia and speedy recovery from a cold.
- (c) Return to the Sacraments of one who had neglected her religion for about fourteen years, making it a subject of ridicule.
- (d) Great relief given one suffering from an attack of rheumatism.
- (e) For a good position.
- (f) For means of support.
- (g) For success in many undertakings.
- (h) For the grace given one of daily Communion.
- (i) For the speedy recovery of one suffering from a severe attack of asthma.

For many other spiritual and temporal favors. May devotion to the Sacred Heart and confidence in His mercy be increased by the publication of these favors, as mine has likewise been in reading of Our Lord's numerous mercies towards others.

**GENERAL FAVORS.**

For many of these favors Mass and publication were promised; for others the Badge or the Promoter's Cross was used; for others the prayers of the Associates were asked.

**ARKANSAS.**—*Fort Smith*, a mother's recovery from a grave illness, a brother's success in business, a child's cure from convulsions, reconciliation of a family.

**CALIFORNIA.**—*Los Angeles*, immediate relief from nervous prostration, great improvement in health.

**CONNECTICUT.**—*Hartford*, work obtained for husband; *New Haven*, two persons' recovery from accident, a cure; *South Manchester*, recovery from a severe illness; *Waterbury*, success in college work, two cures.

**DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.**—*Washington*, a reconciliation.

**GEORGIA.**—*Atlanta*, position obtained; *Mason*, conversion of wayward man and reconciliation of family.

**ILLINOIS.**—*Bloomington*, grace of light on vocation; *Chicago*, cessation of a bodily affliction; *Earville*, relief in sickness.

**IOWA.**—*Dubuque*, relief from intense pain and averting of imminent death.

**KANSAS.**—*Kansas City*, the obtaining of a good position.

**KENTUCKY.**—*Lebanon*, the sale of property; *St. Joseph*, a son's safe return from the Philippines.

**LOUISIANA.**—*Ascension*, preservation from accident, reconciliation of two brothers; *Grand Coteau*, preservation from consumption; *Lafayette*, the recovery of a brother from serious illness, a friend's recovery from yellow fever and the preservation of his family from the same sickness; *New Orleans*, the cure of a mother, safe issue from trying ordeal, return

to the Sacraments after years of neglect.

MARYLAND.—*Baltimore*, success in business.

MASSACHUSETTS.—*Holyoke*, relief from pain and protection in time of danger; *North Adams*, the finding of a lost watch; *Pittsfield*, grace of reconciliation; *Sharon*, situation obtained; *South Boston*, a mother's restoration to health; *Waltham*, sale of property; *Worcester*, the complete cure of a person after a dangerous operation.

MICHIGAN.—*Saginaw*, the cure of a tumor.

MINNESOTA.—*Duluth*, the reconciliation before death of a person under excommunication.

MISSISSIPPI.—*Philadelphia*, success in examination.

MISSOURI.—*Florissant*, recovery from long illness; *Moberly*, the giving up of drinking habit; *St. Louis*, the return of a man to his religious duties after nearly sixty years of neglect, a mother's recovery from a dangerous illness, the gift of faith for a husband and his thorough reformation of life.

MONTANA.—*Butte*, the cure of a chronic disease, the success of an operation, relief from troublesome temptations.

NEBRASKA.—*Blair*, the success of a dangerous operation.

NEW JERSEY.—*Bridgton*, the restoration of sight; *Jersey City*, unity and peace in a family, a young man's conversion; *Roselle*, the recovery of a person from serious illness; *Ridgewood*, the averting of illness and success of a business venture for a non-Catholic Associate through prayer and faith in the Sacred Heart; *West Hoboken*, a conversion, recovery from illness, a safe journey and return.

NEW YORK.—*Binghamton*, the

happy death of a much afflicted soul; *Brooklyn*, the regaining of strength after attack of nervous prostration, the almost miraculous recovery of a child from pneumonia, the cure of a child and the wonderful preservation of another from diphtheria, success in examinations; *Buffalo*, means to pay a debt and a mother's restoration to health; *Cold Spring*, houses secured for two families and the obtaining of steady employment; *Mount Vernon*, the recovery of a child from convulsions; *New York*, relief obtained without the need of an operation, a happy and a most edifying death, the grace of final repentance, a wonderful cure, a successful operation, a position obtained, a child's return to the faith; *Oswego*, increase in salary and cure of a sore hand and foot; *Rochester*, relief from pain; *Southampton*, blessings on the work of the new church; *Syracuse*, increase of wages.

OHIO.—*Canton*, a good position obtained, three peaceful deaths, five conversions, recovery of health and employment obtained for a father; *Cincinnati*, instant relief from pain and recovery from grave illness; *Cleveland*, success of law suit, complete cure of injured knee, increase in salary and restoration to health; *Columbus*, reception of Holy Communion in sickness, a child's restoration to health, the grace of baptism obtained shortly before death; *Toledo*, a mother's speedy recovery.

OREGON.—*Mt. Angel*, help for a family in need.

PENNSYLVANIA.—*Charleroi*, a brother's complete recovery from a serious illness; *Clarion*, preservation from an accident; *Lucas*, relief from rheumatism; *Philadelphia*, relief from infirmity baffling the doctors' skill, employment obtained, speedy cure of a brother who is the

main support of the family, a brother's recovery from illness and operation, cure of an obstinate wound, situation obtained; *Wyoming*, recovery from nervous prostration.

TEXAS.—*El Paso*, return of a boy considered lost.

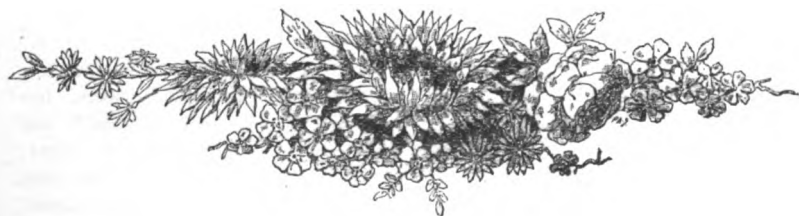
VERMONT.—*Burlington*, speedy recovery from illness.

VIRGINIA.—*Richmond*, a brother's

cure from intemperance and return to his duties.

WASHINGTON.—*South Tacoma*, the securing of a position.

WISCONSIN.—*Hartford*, the favor of a priest to a parish long without one; *La Crosse*, cure of ear trouble; *Milwaukee*, the recovery of a young child from grave illness; *Racine*, relief from pain; *White Water*, recovery from stroke of paralysis.



## OBITUARY

When I am dying how glad I shall be  
That the lamp of my life has been burned out for Thee;  
That sorrow has darkened the path that I trod,  
That thorns and not roses were strewn o'er the sod;  
That anguish of spirit full often was mine,  
Since anguish of spirit so often was Thine;  
My cherished Rabboni, how glad I shall be  
To die with the hope of a welcome from Thee.

FATHER JOSEPH SHEA, S.J.

- |  |                                       |
|--|---------------------------------------|
| Adelgais, Charles, Englewood, N. J.                | Kirley, Julia, Aberdeen, So. Dak.     |
| Alexander, Elizabeth R. S. H., Ken-<br>wood, N. Y. | Loughlin, Anastasia, Brooklyn, N. Y.  |
| Birgin, Francis, Meriden, Conn.                    | McNulty, James, Washingtonville, O.   |
| Conway, Edward A., New York City.                  | McSweeney, Katherine, Kansas City.    |
| Cooke, Dolores, Englewood, N. J.                   | Manning, Margaret, Aberdeen, S. D.    |
| Dalrymple, Margaret R. S. H., Tor-<br>resdale, Pa. | Markwell, Teresa, Trevorton, Pa.      |
| De Clouet, Lizima, Lafayette, La.                  | Maxcy, Thomas, New York City          |
| Devine, M. de Chantal, Wheeling.                   | Murphy, Mrs. D. K., Meriden, Conn.    |
| Dowd, Bridget, Jersey City, N. J.                  | Nettesheim, Gertrude, Pewonkee.       |
| Flanningham, William, Stockton, Cal.               | Noonan, Margaret, Cleveland, O.       |
| Fogarty, Mary, St. Louis, Mo.                      | O'Brien, James, St. Louis, Mo.        |
| Gavin, Katherine, Seattle, Wash.                   | O'Connor, Elizabeth D., New York.     |
| Green, Charles, St. Louis, Mo.                     | O'Connor, J. J., New Orleans, La.     |
| Grady, Josephine, Flushing, N. Y.                  | O'Donnell, Patrick, Aberdeen, S. D.   |
| Glickert, Mr., St. Louis, Mo.                      | Pauline, Sr., Norwich, Conn.          |
| Hall, Martha, Rochester, N. Y.                     | Pullis, Jane, St. Louis, Mo.          |
| Hammill, Mrs. B., Kansas City, Mo.                 | Reilly, Ann, Jersey City, N. J.       |
| Henneberry, Margaret, Kilkenny, Ire.               | Rossi, Mary, St. Louis, Mo.           |
| Hyland, Margaret, West Brookfield.                 | Rotterman, Agatha, St. Louis, Mo.     |
| Jordan, Marie B., Phila., Pa.                      | Scully, John, Englewood, N. J.        |
| Keefe, Ellen, Chicago, Ill.                        | Sheahan, Eugene, New York.            |
| Keeley, Ann, St. Louis, Mo.                        | Sherwood, K., St. Louis, Mo.          |
| Kinsella, Mrs., Bloomington.                       | Sullivan, Catherine, Englewood, N. J. |
|  | Ward, Sr. M. Benigna, Wheeling.       |

R. I. P.

Kind reader, pray for their souls and the souls of all the Faithful departed.

Dear dead! they have become  
Like guardian angels to us;  
And distant heaven like home,  
Through them begins to woo us;  
Love, that was earthly, wings  
Its flight to holier places;  
The dead are sacred things  
That multiply our graces.

FATHER FARR



## REGULATIONS CONCERNING THE ERECTION AND AGGREGATION OF SODALITIES

1. The Holy See has given to the Father General of the Society of Jesus, or his Vicar, the power of erecting or aggregating Sodalities of the B. V. M., whether the houses and churches be of the Society or not; and this power is in no wise limited by the Statutes of the Bull "Quaecumque" of Clement VIII., and the decree of the Sacred Congregation of Indulgences of January 8, 1861. No congregation, however, which has already obtained indulgences from the Holy See, or has been aggregated to another Arch-confraternity, can be aggregated to the "Prima Primaria."

2. These sodalities can be erected in all churches, oratories, colleges, seminaries or other pious places, "for scholars and others of the faithful" and in such churches, oratories, etc., not one only, but many, in proportion to the multitude or class of sodalists.

3. All sodalities or congregations which desire to be aggregated to the "Prima Primaria" at Rome should choose some feast or mystery of Our Lady as their title and select her as their special Patron; yet some other secondary title or patron may be added or retained.

4. A priest duly appointed by the Ordinary of the place shall preside over each of the sodalities, and he is usually aided by assistants chosen by the sodalists. As regards the method of election, the duties, etc., of these officials, the Manuals for the use of sodalists, which are readily obtainable, should be consulted.

5. If any of the sodalities throughout the world have special or local regulations, they are to be shown to the Ordinary of the place, i. e., to the Bishop himself or to a Vicar-General expressly delegated, in order that he may approve them, erect the sodality canonically, recommend its aggregation to the "Primaria" at Rome, and deign to appoint a Moderator for it.

Most Reverend and Illustrious Lord:

I, N. N., moved by the desire of spreading more widely devotion to the B. V. M., humbly petition you (1) to found a Sodality of boys (young men . . .) under the title of The Annun-

ciation (or Immaculate Conception . . .) and St. Aloysius (or St. Stanislas—St. Joseph . . .) in (place), and at the same time request your approval of the enclosed statutes; (2) to appoint the Rev. N. N. (and his successors) director of the Sodality; (3) graciously to recommend to the General of the Society of Jesus the aggregation of our Sodality to the Primaria at Rome.

6. When the canonical erection and the recommendation have been obtained from the Bishop, recourse must be had to the General of the Society of Jesus for aggregation with the Primaria at Rome. This can be done by a letter in the following form:

Very Reverend Father:

Since his Lordship, N. N., Bishop of N., has just canonically erected a Sodality of Students (or men, or . . .), under the title of The Annunciation (or Immaculate Conception or . . .) and St. Aloysius (or St. Joseph . . .) in the Church of St. N. (or chapel or seminary, etc.) of (place and diocese) and has graciously recommended it (as the inclosed documents witness<sup>(1)</sup> for aggregation with the Roman Primaria, the undersigned, its Director, humbly begs Your Paternity to aggregate it to the Primaria of the Roman College, and make it a sharer in all the indulgences and graces which have been granted to that sodality.

To the Very Rev. Father General, S.J., Rome, Via di S. Nicola da Tolentino, 8.

(Signed.)

N. B.—But if the Bishop, having approved the special statutes, should prefer that the Father General erect the Sodality, the letter to him should ask for both its erection and aggregation, the Bishop's recommendation being enclosed. The letter will then run thus:

Most Rev. Father:

Since the undersigned, N. N., desires to establish a Sodality of young men (or young women or . . .) under the title of The Annunciation (or Immaculate Conception or . . .) and St. Aloysius (or St. Joseph . . .) in the Church of St. N. (or the chapel or seminary . . .) of (place and diocese),

(1) The document (or a copy) witnessing to the canonical erection as well as to the bishop's recommendation must be inclosed.

he has already presented the special statutes to the Rt. Rev. N. N., Bishop of N., and obtained his consent and approval for its erection and aggregation (according to the inclosed document) (1) and therefore the writer humbly begs his Paternity to erect the Sodality and to aggregate it to the Primaria of the Roman College, making it partaker of all the indulgences and graces granted to that sodality.

To the Very Rev. Father General, S.J., Rome, Via di S. Nicola da Tolentino, 8.

(Signed.)

#### RECEPTION OF MEMBERS.

1. On receipt of the letters of erection and aggregation from the General, members may be received.

2. The reception of candidates is generally deferred until they have passed a certain time on probation, during which time they may, although ineligible for office, be allowed to take part in the ordinary sodality exercises, provided local sodality statutes permit their so doing.

3. The reception of members should take place, if convenient, on a day consecrated to the Blessed Virgin and should be celebrated with all the ceremonies described in the ordinary sodality manuals. Care should be taken that the formula: To the greater glory of God (or other such words), which constitutes the form of admission, be recited not by the Sodalist who holds the office of prefect, but by the director himself, whom the Ordinary has appointed, or by his lawful deputy.

At Rome, in the Prima-Primaria Sodality, after the faithful have consecrated themselves to the Most Blessed Virgin by the usual formula, the director receives them with the following words: "In virtue of powers vested in me by the Very Reverend Father General of the Society of Jesus I receive you into the Prima-Primaria Sodality of the Annunciation of the Most Blessed Virgin Mary, and admit you to share in all its indulgences. Your names shall now be entered on the roll of the Sodality. May they be written eternally also in heaven!" Afterwards the director takes the candles from the

(1) It suffices to inclose the document in which the Bishop testifies his consent and recommends to the Father General the erection and aggregation of the Sodality.

sodalists who kneel before him, and gives each a diploma of reception, saying: "Receive these letters patent in which you are declared a child of the Blessed Virgin Mary; but let it be rather your goodness of life and devotion that prove you to be her child. May the Virgin Mary with her Holy Child bless you!" He then wishes them well; after which they receive from the secretary the manuals containing the prayers and rules of the sodality.

To remove all doubt, we call attention to the fact that the ceremonies of the solemn reception are not all necessary. The clear manifestation by some external sign of the candidate's wish to be received and the director's wish to receive him is, strictly speaking, all that is required.

4. Members should, as a rule, be received by the director himself, who has his appointment from the Bishop. The late lamented Pope Leo, however, by a rescript of the Sacred Congregation of Indulgences given on the 23d day of June, 1885, kindly allowed directors, for a good reason, to invite another priest to take their place, in order to give greater solemnity to the occasion, and receive the candidates, bless the medals, and perform the other duties of directors.

The reception of candidates in their absence is, as a rule, forbidden by the decrees of the Sacred Congregation of Indulgences, given on the 13th day of April, 1878, and the 26th day of November, 1880. Directors of sodalities and their deputies, however, may in special cases dispense with the statute which requires actual presence and by special or extraordinary exception, validly receive candidates even in their absence. But the enrolment of the new member in the Sodality Book is absolutely necessary.

5. As no fee is asked for the erection and aggregation of sodalities, so no fee should be asked for the enrolment of members; whatever charges are made, in accordance with local statutes, and with the approval of the Bishop, are made to defray the expenses of buying diplomas, decorating the chapel, etc.

6. Directors of the various sodalities are urged: (a) to have diplomas of reception printed, on one side of which are to be added a brief list of indulgences, the statutes of the sodality, and the order of exercises at which members attend every week or every other week; (b) to provide a book, called the "Sodality Book," and to

write in it: (1) the letters of approval and the consent of the Bishop; (2) the diploma of erection and of aggregation, or a brief summary of the same; (3) the statutes of the sodality; (4) the names of all the members and the day on which each was admitted into the sodality; (5) the more important rulings of the officers and the more noteworthy events of the sodality.

#### SOME DECREES OF THE SACRED CONGREGATION OF INDULGENCES.

1. In places where it is more useful to have the sodality meetings on week-days, on which, however, members are prevented by their occupations or by other good reasons from approaching the sacraments of penance and the Eucharist, sodalists may gain the indulgence by receiving Holy Communion any day within the week, having confessed either on the same or the preceding day, and by reciting the prescribed prayers in the sodality chapel. (Leo XIII, Rescript, S. C. Indulg., 27 April, 1887.)

2. As for the aforesaid prescribed prayers, no others are requisite beyond the prayers said in common by the sodality in the weekly meetings, provided they be said for the intention of the Holy Father.

3. It must not be thought that the indulgences granted to weekly meetings are restricted to weekly meetings; they may be gained when the meetings are held only every two weeks or twice a month. (Leo XIII, Rescript, S. C. Indulg., 29 Julii [26 Aug.], 1893.)

#### BOOK NOTICES

*The Diocese of Fort Wayne: A Book of Historical Reference, 1669-1907.* By the Rev. H. J. Alerding.

The many personal records of priests contained in this volume, and the history of churches and of religious communities, must possess a singular interest for any student of the Church's growth in the wide and rugged domain here traversed by the Right. Rev. Author. It should find a place in all libraries, and especially in Catholic ones.

*Consecration to the Sacred Heart: Musical Devotions.* By F. M. de Zulueta, S.J. Benziger Bros. Price, 30 cents.

The name of Father de Zulueta is abundant assurance that the contents of this little book are indeed musical, and that they who shall have occasion to use it will find plenty of inspiration for devotion. The editor has incorporated in the Devotions several popular hymns to the Sacred Heart.

*The Philosophers of the Smoking-Room: Conversations on Some Matters of Moment.* By the Rev. Francis Aveling, D.D. B. Herder, St. Louis, Mo. Price, \$1.00.

The celebrated Madame de Staël considered the familiar chat, the *causerie* as the finest art in which the highly artistic French race excelled. But we may doubt if even the most accomplished *causeur* surpassed the brilliant and agreeable company which Dr. Aveling has brought together in this book. It is no salon of the *ancien régime*, however, that serves as background for the group; in the more congenial atmosphere of a modern ocean greyhound, bound from Liverpool to Montreal, priest, parson, versifier, and physician, after the usual banalities have been worn away in talk, glide naturally under the benign influence of the weed,—to whose strong philosophic properties Dr. Aveling is obviously no stranger—into friendly discussion of the profounder and more pressing problems of all time.

Through the fairest regions of philosophy, from atoms and molecules, and other such wisdom and foolishness, from suicide and deathbeds, the clergy, the perverse ethics of fishing, 'drink, spiritualism, and myths, the animated and animating debate drifts gently but firmly and delightfully up to God, and the soul divine. Even the physician's not too cold, fuseless, and defiant wife, and the parson's charming daughter, when the clouds of smoke can be sufficiently cleared away, contribute to the argument with serene delicacy and taste. The talk of our guests is no logomachy or war of words; it is a true transcript from life. Without the starched and shining stiffness of the literary dialogue,—which except in the hands of the

master, Plato, so readily degenerates into a mere treatise of artificial form—the conversation moves with ease and learned leisure, presenting all the light and shade, the subtle asides and occasional irrelevancies, the grave moods and gay of intellectual sociability at its best. It is a book that has quite captivated us and won our sincere appreciation. Whoever takes it up will soon find himself in the enjoyment of a veritable field-day of reason and soul.

*Stepping-Stones to Heaven: A Daily Memento of the Saints and Thomas 'A Kempis.* Compiled by Evelyn L. Raymond-Barker. Benziger Bros. Price, 60 cents.

Though the market is flooded with gleanings from the *Imitation*, and it is idle to imagine that the output will ever cease, we cannot dismiss without comment this careful and judicious compilation of pious counsels from the classic in question. Possibly, however, others may experience a bit of disappointment which came upon us after reading the preface. "The Thought of a Saint" seems to mean merely the mention of his or her name as the days of the year advance; and what we were looking for was a few data of the Saints' lives with some quotations from their writings in keeping with the accompanying words of the *Imitation*. That would have been more satisfying for those of us who cannot claim more than a bowing acquaintance with Saint Wereburge or St. Felix of Cantalicio, and who must confess that our knowledge of St. Mildred, St. Pambo and St. Chad is singularly incomplete. Still, there are the golden words of 'A Kempis ever fresh and refreshing, no matter what the setting, and there is a wealth of them here quite fit to prove a spiritual tonic for all moods and tenses.

# CALENDAR OF MONTHLY INTENTIONS

## FEBRUARY, 1908

### THE MORNING OFFERING.

O Jesus, through the Immaculate Heart of Mary, I offer Thee my prayers, works and sufferings of this day for all the intentions of Thy Sacred Heart, in union with the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass throughout the world, for the intentions of all our Associates and in particular for **The Golden Jubilee of Our Lady of Lourdes.**

| DAYS.  | FEASTS AND PATRONS.   | VIRTUES.             | PETITIONS.                        |
|--------|---|----------------------|-----------------------------------|
| 1 S.   | St. Ignatius, Bp. M.—St. Bridget, V. Ab. Pr.                        | All for Jesus.       | \$2,002,147 for Thanksgivings.    |
| 2 S.   | <b>Fourth After Epiphany</b> —Candlemas—Presentation B. V. M. A. I. | Spirit of Sacrifice. | 567,113 for the afflicted.        |
| 3 M.   | St. Blaise, Bp. M.  | Faith.               | 485,593 for the sick, infirm.     |
| 4 T.   | St. Andrew Corsini, Bp.   | Patience in Trials.  | 979,668 for dead Associates.      |
| 5 W.   | St. Philip of Jesus, M.   | Respect the poor.    | 319,587 for Local Centres.        |
| 6 Th.  | St. Titus, Bp.—St. Dorothy, V. M. H. H.                             | Unselfishness.       | 149,959 for Directors.            |
| 7 F.   | <b>First Friday</b> —St. Romuald, Ab. 1st D. C. R.                  | Pray for Missions.   | 414,888 for Promoters.            |
| 8 S.   | St. John de Matha, F.   | Pray for Sinners.    | 787,053 for the departed.         |
| 9 S.   | <b>Fifth After Epiphany</b> —St. Apollonia, V. M.                   | Pray for Sufferers.  | 587,194 for perseverance.         |
| 10 M.  | St. Scholastica, V.   | Simplicity.          | 605,367 for the young.            |
| 11 T.  | Seven Servites, FF.   | Love Our Lady.       | 238,305 for First Communions.     |
| 12 W.  | St. Agatha, V. M.—St. Eulalia, V. M.                                | Spirit of Prayer.    | 1,080,762 for parents.            |
| 13 Th. | St. Catherine de Ricci, V. Pr. H. H.                                | Avoid Bad Company.   | 787,960 for families.             |
| 14 F.  | St. Cyril of Alexandria, Bp. D.                                     | Persevering Prayer.  | 907,937 for reconciliations.      |
| 15 S.  | BB. J. B. Machado, S.J., and Comp. MM.                              | Mortification.       | 675,357 for work, means.          |
| 16 S.  | <b>Septuagesima</b> —St. Onesimus, Bp.                              | Confidence in God.   | 876,791 for the clergy.           |
| 17 M.  | St. Fintan, Ab.   | Trust God's Mercy.   | 805,663 for religious.            |
| 18 T.  | Prayer of Our Lord.—St. Simeon, Bp. M. 2d D.                        | Suffer Cheerfully.   | 631,102 for seminarists, novices. |
| 19 W.  | St. Conrad of Placentia.  | Reparation.          | 601,469 for vocations.            |
| 20 Th. | St. Eucherius, Bp.—Mildred, V. Ab. H. H.                            | Pray for the Pope.   | 368,156 for parishes.             |
| 21 F.  | B. Diego Carvalho, S.J., M.   | Forget Self.         | 557,066 for schools.              |
| 22 S.  | St. Peter's Chair at Antioch. Isabella, V.                          | Pray for Bishops.    | 440,435 for superiors.            |
| 23 S.  | <b>Sexagesima</b> —St. Martha, V. M.                                | Love of the Poor.    | 499,508 for missions, retreats.   |
| 24 M.  | St. Peter Damian, Bp. D.—Vigil of St. Matthias.                     | Fear Worldiness.     | 608,740 for societies, works.     |
| 25 T.  | Holy Passion of Our Lord.—St. Matthias. A. I.                       | Seek to be Unknown.  | 1,335,084 for conversions.        |
| 26 W.  | St. Margaret of Cortona, Penitent.                                  | Spirit of Penance.   | 876,440 for sinners.              |
| 27 Th. | St. Leander, Bp. H. H.  | Sorrow for Sin.      | 654,357 for the intemperate.      |
| 28 F.  | St. Oswald, Bp.   | Gentleness.          | 1,735,497 for spiritual favors.   |
| 29 S.  | St. Dositheus, Solitary.  | Love Solitude.       | 985,294 for special, various.     |

PLENARY INDULGENCE. Ap.—Apostleship; D.—Degrees; Pr.—Promoters; C. R.—Communion of Reparation; H. H.—Holy Hour; A. I.—Apostolic Indulgence; A. S.—Apostleship of Study.



# MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART

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## Love's Burning Token

When we behold our Saviour's wounded Heart  
And feel the hidden truths Its emblems tell,  
From faithful hearts what floods of rapture well,  
From grieving eyes what tears of gladness start!  
Like some great temple where the hand of art  
Has wrought in every stone a mystic spell,  
Half-seen, half-hid a thousand mysteries dwell  
And thoughts beyond the might of words impart.  
See where the raging flames betoken love,  
Boundless as God and purging human sin!  
What grateful thanks shall not the sweet wound move!

### "The Image of My Heart"

Bright picture of  
a human form  
divine,  
Of gentlest fea-  
tures ever seen  
by man,  
Across thy lips di-  
vinest wisdom  
ran,

And on thy breast did purity recline;  
Thou speakest with those silent words of thine  
Of One who long ere my short days began  
Had thought on me, and in His sacred plan  
Beheld the water He would change to wine.  
But faint art thou, sweet image, next the one  
That I have, stored within my heart; which waits  
The last and blessed day of His kind grace,  
When I in hope shall stand at opening gates,—  
In that short space—while life is all but done,  
Longing to look upon my Saviour's face.

MOORHOUSE J. MILLAR, S.J.



What bursts of  
love shall not the  
sharp thorns win!  
What eye that sees  
the radiant cross  
above  
Sheds not a tear  
of grief for what  
has been!  
W. J. REDDAN, S.J.

# Messenger of the Sacred Heart

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## PARISH MISSIONS.



HE prayers of our Associates are daily offered for the interests of the Sacred Heart, and few exercises in the Church are more intimately connected with the glory of Our Blessed Saviour than the renewals of piety and fervor which take place during Parish Missions.

What a Mission is needs no explanation. Its holy practice has become so common in our churches, and the attendance of the faithful so exact and self-sacrificing, as to leave no doubt that both its nature and importance are understood and appreciated.

Who in any of our large cities has not at least heard, if not seen, the crowds thronging to the church at an early hour? Long before there is the faintest streak of dawn in the east, when the streets would otherwise be silent and deserted, the tramp of hurrying feet can be heard on the sidewalks. From all directions they come to the House of God. The poor, bent laborer is there with his dinner-pail on his arm though he may have hard hours of toil before him. The strong robust young men in whom the faith of their fathers is growing from day to day, are found in the throng.

The stenographer and the girl who stands behind the counter in our department stores, are glad to be present at the early Mass. The hard working girl from factory and mill who before the day is done will be blinded and stifled by the dust and deafened by the noise of loom and shrieking machinery, will not miss the grace of the

Mission. Little wonder that they are all there. Where else can they find strength in their temptations, light in their darkness and comfort in their sorrows which are many, than before God's altar in the presence of their loving Saviour. There they will find One who sees their fatigue, and who weighs and values their toil not by human standards; One whose tender Heart throbs with infinite compassion for every least detail and every slightest circumstance of their suffering lives.

When the day's work is over and the evening has come, when eyes smart, limbs are tired, the body weary, and the brain almost exhausted see them again flocking to the House of God. They must make the Mission. How like the scene on Galilee's curving shore so long ago, when the people came down from Bethsaida and Capharnaum, up from Tiberias and Magdala, came from the hills and through the ravines, and in their eagerness to hear His voice, pressed the Master to the water's edge! St. Mark describes the event: "And again He began to teach by the seaside; and a great multitude was gathered together unto Him, so that He went up into a ship; and all the multitude was on the land by the seaside. And He taught them many things in parables." Because the Galileans of old loved the music of that voice, and the light of those eyes and the touch of that hand from which healing went out into their lives they crowded with upturned faces round about Him; so to-day it is the same to the Catholic heart in our churches, and hence it is no wonder the faithful gather there for the healing and the strengthening of their souls. There are in human life deeper wounds than bodily hurts, and for life's struggles a braver courage is needed than is ever displayed amid shot and shell on bloody field.

This, however, is only the exterior of a Mission. What is its reason? Why is it held? Day by day the soul is tainted and tarnished, little by little the mind is darkened and the affections entangled even in the most perfect. Wills are weakened by the allurements about us and by the deceptions of self-love, but the Mission begins and the scales fall from our eyes, deeper contrition washes us more and more from our sins, new motives are proposed and our wills, strengthened, become taut and tense for future spiritual combats; and we go back to the practice of the daily virtues of the Christian life, with more light and more courage.

Before the Chicago Limited leaves the depot in New York for its eighteen hour journey a competent employee of the railroad examines its bolts, screws and rivets. He tests its axles and springs, looks to each detail of its mechanism. If this precaution were omitted, perhaps when the locomotive is speeding along the Hudson with eagle's flight, there might be an accident and a holocaust of human lives. Our souls, too, are speeding on towards eternity, speeding with a velocity which no power can delay or halt for an instant. The Mission is the time to look into our spiritual mechanism, to test its gearing, to try its strength, to tighten every bolt and rivet of the spiritual life, for if there be an accident here, then there is no question of human lives, but of immortal souls, souls redeemed by the blood of Our Blessed Saviour.

A Mission then is a time of special prayer and devout exercises in a parish. A time for the sin-scarred soul all blotched and disfigured by perhaps years of self-indulgence, to come to the feet of the Master as Magdalen did so long ago, and was told: "Thy sins are forgiven thee." How many have broken with sin, have conquered the habits of years and reformed their lives in consequence of a Mission? How many lives have been brightened, hearts strengthened, darkened souls enlightened, timid spirits encouraged, only the recording angel can tell! How many a husband has been led back to God and to his family, and joy and happiness have in consequence again reigned at the fireside over which had hung the shadows of black despair. Hundreds and thousands of young men starting like the prodigal of old away from their father's house have been stopped before they got into the distant country where famine hovered above the land. Who can number, the tens of thousands of brave and self-sacrificing young women from their homes, from factories, stores, offices and mills, who have been helped by the grace of the Mission in the brave, pure lives they are leading? Few exercises in the practice of our holy faith are so productive of good as these spiritual renewals of fervor.

There are, however, in every parish some,—they are few indeed,—who neglect to avail themselves of this opportunity of grace. Various are the reasons adduced for this neglect. Some allege a want of time. They cannot get away from their business. To such it may be answered, that until you have attended to and provided for the

wants of your soul, you ought to have time for nothing else. Until you have done your full duty for your spiritual welfare, you ought to have no leisure for worldly affairs. Surely the needs of the soul come before those of the body. The things of eternity are of more importance than those of time, things of heaven than those of earth, things that endure than those which shrivel up and fade and die. Our Lord Himself has spoken in no uncertain terms on this very subject: "For what doth it profit a man" He said, "if he gain the whole world and suffer the loss of his own soul? Or what exchange shall a man give for his soul."

Then, is it true that many are too busy to make a Mission? Sunday after Sunday for weeks in advance, the Mission is announced from the altar. Long before it begins all are aware of the date of the opening. One and all are urged to prepare so as not to miss such an opportunity. How few there are in any parish, if warned weeks ahead of some coming celebration which appeals to their love of pleasure, how few there are who could not manage matters so as to be free during the festivities! The same could be done so as to avail ourselves of the opportunities of the Mission. The difficulty lies often in our own tepidity, our lack of an appreciation of spiritual things and sometimes even in habits of sin or sinful occasions from which there is an unwillingness to break. We all ought ever to remember those words of our Blessed Saviour: "Lay up to yourselves treasures in heaven; where neither the rust nor the moth doth consume, and where thieves do not break in and steal." This will make us keen for spiritual advantages and our temporal interests will not suffer. For this too we have the assurance of our Lord's own words: "Seek ye therefore first the Kingdom of God and His justice, and all these things shall be added unto you."

Another class and no inconsiderable one, which dispenses itself from the exercises of the Mission, consists of those who do not like the subjects so strongly insisted upon by the preachers. They get nervous, worried, anxious and disturbed about the sins, real or imaginary, of their past lives. So they go through life without ever dwelling much upon sin and its heinousness. They cannot bear to meditate upon the thought of hell, and anything which reminds them of death is a shock. Now, I do not say for a moment that there are not some few, very few, for whom an abstension from these subjects

may be a necessity on account of their peculiar mental or physical sensitiveness or weakness, and of course these do right to follow the direction given them. But what are we to say of the words of Holy Writ if this plea is valid? "In all thy works, remember thy last end and thou shalt not sin." What are we to think of our Lord's preaching in which He insisted so strongly and so frequently upon the doctrine of hell and its eternal fire? The Church herself in her Gospels read at Mass again and again selects these subjects for the consideration of the faithful and dwells upon them. Is there not a danger here of neglecting what must be at the root of our whole spiritual life, the holy fear of God, which is called in Holy Writ "the beginning of Wisdom"? The consideration of such topics worry and distress us we are told. No doubt; excessive worry and anxiety are harmful in the spiritual life and can be of no help. But sorrow, shame and confusion for the past, a deeper realization of the gravity of sin, a wholesome fear of God's just and awful chastisements, may be in our minds too easily confounded with worry and over-anxiety. It is not at all infrequent to meet people who on this plea never make a Mission, but who confess often—or rather have semi-cabinet meetings with their Director—go to communion several times a week, pray much—at least spend much time in prayer, yet when one looks into their lives, they do not ring true and give forth the clear tone of Catholic piety and devotion. They are worldly and lovers of dress and comfort, self-willed in small and frequent matters, unconsciously conceited, proud and stingy. Their lives are honey-combed with defects and venial sins. Yet when the Mission comes they stay away lest they should be worried and troubled in conscience. The Mission is a good thing for the maid or the girls down stairs in the laundry, but not for such as these. Only a Mission and a strong one, too, will rouse such from this delusion and conceit. What they really need is more of the holy fear of God in their hearts.

THE EDITOR.

O Jesus, through the Immaculate Heart of Mary I offer Thee all the prayers, work and suffering of this day for the intentions of Thy Divine Heart, in union with the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, in reparation for my sins, and for all the interests presented through the Apostleship of Prayer,—in particular for the success of Parish Missions.

## SAINT JOSEPH

When God with Wisdom's own simplicity  
Would say what mortal, lily-pure, should gain  
His handmaid fair, bright Sharon's rose, whom stain  
Nor blemish e'er could blight, this kind decree,  
Lifting the lowly, He proclaimed: "Lo, he  
Who bears the budding staff, its blooms by rain  
And sod and sun unfed, shall thus sustain  
In prayerful peace my holy Family."  
Behold, God-favored One, thou hidst thy rod!  
Not wholly so; for soon its burgeoning seed  
Of almond sweet thy worth to Heaven laid bare;  
E'en now thy cloistered life, love-locked in God,  
Breathes forth fresh fragrancy, and as its meed  
Procures God's Church for thy paternal care.  
CHARLES L. KIMBALL, S.J.

## TALES FROM REAL LIFE

### MY FRIEND, THE RAG-PICKER



HE was a quaint little creature, my friend the rag-picker, with her sharp, bright eyes and nimble tongue. "Old Nance," they called her in the alley where she lived, and many a poor soul in that dismal place had good reason to love and bless the name. Her small tenement room was a haven of refuge for many an unfortunate. Poor she was in the goods of this world, as poor as were her neighbors, but rich in possessing an inexhaustible fund of kindness and sympathy which she lavished on all who needed it. Then, too, she was such a cheerful little old woman with a happy way of seeing some light in even the deepest darkness. It must be a black cloud indeed for which Nancy could find no silver lining. I asked her once how it was she was always so happy and never seemed to worry about anything. Her answer set me thinking.

"Well, child, for three score years the Lord has taken pretty good care of old Nancy, an' I think I can trust Him to take care of me for the rest of the journey. What's the use of worryin' about

to-morrow? We can only live one day at a time, so just take to-day an' do the best you can with it an' leave to-morrow to the Lord. Many a night I've gone to bed hungry when there wouldn't be a crust in the house, but I've thanked God for the bed to sleep in, and in the mornin' somethin' would surely turn up. There'd be work to do an' a few cents to earn, or somethin' would happen. Just hold hard, my dear, trust the Lord an' He ain't goin' to forget you."

Many an afternoon when Nancy's work was slack (her occupation was picking over and sorting rags in a junk shop), I have sought her little room to be entertained by her amusing chatter. Sometimes, a neighbor or two would drop in; sometimes, a whole troop of children, for she had a special fancy for little ones, and they in turn simply worshipped her.

One especially stormy day we were sitting in our accustomed places before the stove, I, as a guest, occupying the only chair the apartment owned; Nancy perched on an overturned soap box, a donation from a nearby grocery. For the first time since I had known her, she had been silent for five consecutive minutes. I watched the old, bent figure as she leaned over and held her hands to the heat. Twisted, toil-worn hands they were, and they trembled as she held them before her. Outside, the storm raged wildly, the snow beating against the window and rattling the panes; inside, we two sat, Nancy watching the fire and I watching her.

Presently, she looked up with a start, exclaiming:

"Bless me, child, I clean forgot you were there! It's the storm that did it. When the wind howls an' shrieks an' beats up against the house like that as if it wanted to tear the roof off an' was mad because it couldn't, it always sets me thinkin' of my boy, Danny. It was in just such a storm as this that he come home to me, come home to die. Did you ever hear tell of my Danny? No? Well, the fine, likely lad he was an' a good boy, too, till he took to the drink. That led him into bad company, and first thing I knew he was off an' away an' I never set eyes on him for nigh ten years. It was the black, bitter time for me, those ten years, an' it's little sleep I got at night for wonderin' where he was an' what he was doin'. Still, I followed him with my prayers an' I trusted the Lord to bring him back to me. An' sure he did come back that stormy night six years ago. Just such a night as this it was. I remember



what a time I had comin' home from the shop, fightin' against the storm every step of the way. I remember, too, as I passed the bar-room on the corner (you know the place) I looked in through the window at all that crowd of men lined up to the bar. It was Saturday night an' the place was jammed. Poor fellows, I suppose it's hard for them to keep away from it. When things look black an' all the world seems goin' against 'em, it's so easy to turn to the stuff that'll make 'em forget their troubles for a time. You see, they never think of the poor women folk an' the little children that are goin' to suffer for it.

"Well, as I passed the saloon that night, the door opened an' a man come tumblin' out into the street. Drunk as he could be, he was, an' he just fell down the steps an' lay there all in a heap in the snow. Two men come out after him to pick him up an' help him off home. By the light from the window, I see his face an' 'twas the face of a man I knew well, one of the neighbors just up the alley. I knew for a fact that his children were starvin' an' his poor wife tryin' to earn a few cents doin' a day's washin', an' her with a baby not a week old yet. Yes indeed, 'twas I that knew it, for wasn't I there in her little kitchen the day before when some folk from the church come down with baskets of coal an' provisions? I suppose you won't believe it but the poor children were that hungry they just grabbed the raw potatoes from one of the baskets an' ate 'em up skin an' all. An' the father couldn't feed his starvin' family because all his money went for whiskey. They can't find a penny to buy bread for the little ones but they can always get a dime for a drink.

"Well, the sight of him set me thinkin' of my own poor boy, an' when I got home, somehow I couldn't get him out of my head. The storm was beatin' fierce against the window just as it's doin' now, an' wonderin' if my lad was out in it, I was beggin' God to keep a watch over him wherever he might be.

"Then, all of a sudden, the door opened an' in he walked. I knew it was the lad the minute I set eyes on him, but I guess none but his mother would have known him, so terribly changed he was. I knew, too, why God had sent him home to me, for death was in his face even then. I guess he knew it himself though he had little to say in those first days after comin' home.

"Well, winter wore away an' the warm weather was comin' an' I began to worry about him. He was failin' fast but never a thought would he give to seein' a priest an' makin' his confession.

"One evenin' I was sittin' right here, with him lyin' in the bed there as weak as a baby, an' I just made up my mind to have it out with him. We talked an' we talked, me pleadin' with him all the time; but no, he wouldn't listen to sendin' for a priest. At last he says to me:

"'Mother,' says he, 'taint no use talkin' to me of confession. I'm too black a sheep to be washed white now. Why, Mother,' says he, 'there isn't a sin you could name that I've not committed.'

"'Oh! yes there is, lad,' says I. 'You never committed suicide.'

"'No,' says he, 'but I tried to three times.'

"Well, that in a way staggered me for a moment an' I couldn't think of a word to say. Then he says kind of fierce-like an' usin' words I couldn't repeat:

"'An' you can just bet that if I don't get rid of this pain pretty soon, I'll try my hand at suicide again an' I'll take care not to fail this time.'

"'Well, lad,' says I. 'When was the last time you tried it an' failed?'

"'Back there in the winter,' says he. 'Just before I come home.'

"'Too bad!' I says, shakin' my head. 'Too bad you didn't succeed that time, if you're bent on suicidin'.'

"'Why?' says he, lookin' real surprised.

"'Well,' says I, quite calm-like. 'Hell's a pretty hot place, they say, an' the thought of facin' it mightn't seem so bad in the cold winter as it would now comin' on hot summer weather. That is, if one was really bent on goin' there. Still,' says I, 'I dunno but what Hell's a pretty fearsome place to think of goin' to at any season of the year. It's a great pity, so it is, that people insist on goin' there when the good God is tryin' so hard to keep them out of it. He must want us to go to Heaven pretty bad when He'd send His Own Son down into the world as a little Baby to grow up an' suffer an' die for us as He did. Just think, lad, of all He suffered; the agony in the garden, the blows an' stripes an' cruel scourgin', His Precious Blood pourin' down like water. Then, the long, wicked thorns they druv into His head, an' His sufferin' for

three long hours on the Cross. An' all that, lad, to keep us from goin' to Hell and make us able to save our souls an' be with Him in Heaven. Then what do these same people do that He died for? They just turn around an' say to Him: "I don't care if You did suffer all that for me. I'm goin' to Hell anyway even if You have tried to save me."

"'Danny, boy,' I says. 'Do you suppose it was for nothin' that you failed, those three times you tried to kill yourself? It was the good Lord, Danny, Who wouldn't let you, for He wanted to give you one more chance to save your soul.

"'Look, Dan,' I says to him, pointin' to a little picture I'd always kept hangin' on the wall. 'Do you remember that picture, lad, the picture of the Good Shepherd? Well, it's the Good Shepherd Who's had you in His keepin' all this time an' has followed after you an' brought you back to me. I've prayed to Him for you day an' night, Danny, an' sure He's brought you home at last. Do you mind the day you first asked me about that picture? A wee chap you were then, the top of your curly little head no higher than that table there. It seems but yesterday, lad, that you stood an' looked at that picture an' asked me what it meant. Nothin' would do you but for me to tell you the whole story. So I sat just here, you on my lap with your big eyes fixed on the picture an' I told you the story of the poor, foolish little lamb who strayed away from the fold one day an' wandered off to have a good time in the world outside. At first everythin' seemed lovely an' he skipped over the hills an' the valleys an' played with the flowers an' listened to the birds singin'. He thought how beautiful the world was and how foolish were those good sheep to stay cooped up in the fold. The sun shone bright an' it was all just grand, an' when he saw the Shepherd following after to take him home, he kicked up his little heels an' galloped off farther an' farther. Then the dark night came and the poor little lamb began to shiver with cold an' fear. By this time he was ever so far from home, wanderin' in a great forest where the branches of the trees caught an' held him an' big thorns scratched an' cut him an' at last the poor lamb fell down amid the brambles and briars an' hid his little head an' cried. He could hear the howlin' of the wolves as they come nearer an' nearer an' oh! how he wished he had stayed safe at home.

“ ‘Then, when the wolves were almost on him, he heard the Shepherd callin’ to him an’ he wanted to jump an’ run to him, but the thorns on the bush held him down an’ he couldn’t get away from them. Then the Shepherd come who had heard the bleating of his little lamb and had seen his blood on the leaves an’ pulled away all the thorns an’ took the poor tired little thing into His arms an’ started home with him. At first, the lamb was afraid to look up for he was sure the Shepherd would be very angry, but soon he heard the kindest, sweetest voice sayin’ to him: “Why are you frightened my poor little lamb? Didn’t I know you by the pitiful sound of your voice, and didn’t I call you by your own name? Do you not know that I am the Good Shepherd and would lay down My life for My sheep?”

“ ‘Then the lamb caught sight of the Shepherd’s hands and saw they were wet with blood and he looked up into the Shepherd’s face an’ beheld there nothin’ but a wonderful love an’ pity an’ he knew he was forgiven.

“ ‘Do you mind that story, Danny,’ says I, do you mind it now; ‘an’ do you mind how often you made me tell it to you in the days so long ago?

“ ‘Well, Dan, that’s you all over. You’re just like that foolish lamb, but the Good Shepherd has found you an’ is bringin’ you home. Look up into His face, lad, and see the blood on His hands and on the garment near His Heart an’ be forgiven. Don’t fight against His goodness any longer.’ ”

“ ‘Well,’ continued the old woman; “we never said another word that night an’ for several days confession wasn’t mentioned between us. Still, I noticed that when he thought I wasn’t lookin’, he’d keep his eyes on that little picture, an’ once I saw his lips movin’ as if he was prayin’. It was early in June that his sufferin’ was ended an’ the good Lord took him home. Confession? Of course, he went to confession. Received all the Last Sacraments an’ the priest standin’ over him when he breathed his last in the Arms of the Good Shepherd.


“ ‘Well, when they laid him away beside his father an’ the two little girls that left me to go to God when they were babies, I said a great prayer of thanksgivin’ by the grave. I could lay my old head on the pillow at night now an’ sleep in peace for I’d

know where my boy was. The Good Shepherd had heard my prayer and brought him home safe. That's why I say to you an' to everyone:

'Hold hard, trust the Lord, an' He aint goin' to forget you.'

ISABEL WILLIAMS.

### SWEET CHARITY

 HE sunlight floods the granite's face  
And gilds each granite nook,  
Eager to peer in every place  
And catch an answering look—  
One answering look for all its beams  
In recompense to take.  
Lo! back a glance of radiance gleams,  
Flashed from a mica flake.

Ah! Christian love is lavish, too,  
In golden showers poured,  
Earnest to rival and outdo  
The largess of the Lord—  
The largess of His crimsoned cross,  
Which taught sweet charity  
To seek, to find mid wastes of dross  
Gold grains of brilliancy.

FRANCIS P. DONNELLY, S.J.

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"O just and faithful St. Joseph, who didst rescue the Infant Jesus from Herod's hands, we earnestly entreat thee, so to guard us that no enemy's assault or secret plotting may ever avail to work us harm; may ever have power to turn our hearts from the sovereign love of Jesus Christ, our Captain and King. Keep and protect us all in life, be with us lovingly and cheer us in death, that in the gentle arms of Jesus and Mary and in thine own we may yield up our souls, and may at last be forever happy in the sweetest sight of Jesus and Mary and of thee."

## “GO TO JOSEPH”



ONE of the most effective agencies in our modern world is influence; in all past ages and under every form of government influence has been the key to success. With this at their disposal men have unlocked the treasure-halls of glory, of fame and of wealth. Through it they have become possessors of what they willed, without it they have stood helpless and weak before a barrier that would not yield. Influence is the heavy hand which outweighs all else that may be placed in the other pan of fortune's fickle balance. Men realize its power and they act with worldly wisdom in adjusting their actions to the lesson it teaches. A trust is only a combination of the influential rich to further their greater profit; labor unions are only working men massed in a body for the sake of influence when singly they should be ignored. Influence is a massive lever that can move the world.

Now it is from this thought of the effectiveness of influence that we can draw a fruitful lesson and a saving truth. We too are trying to gain positions, positions of eternal glory, eternal fame, eternal wealth, and just as in the world men use every effort to gain their ends and overreach their enemies, so, too, should we act in the spiritual life. Our enemy is the devil and his rebellious crew who have been cast down from those heavenly places that we seek to win. Against them we must contend, for chagrined at their downfall and jealous of our destiny, they have sworn an everlasting oath that we shall not obtain the happiness which they have lost. Yet if we fail to win those positions we shall be poor and hungry and thirsty and wretched throughout all eternity. Ours is a hard and bitter struggle against a crafty enemy and if we are prudent we shall endeavor to procure an influential friend to aid us. May we? Have we any influential friends who are also friends of God and have, to speak in our human way, influence with Him? To a Catholic the answer comes in the doctrine of the invocation of the saints. We know and hold in firm belief that all the saints are our friends, are God's friends, and are influential with Him. Among them all, however, if we except our Blessed Lady, St. Joseph is first and preeminent, the dearest friend of God and therefore the most influential with Him.

To be a friend of God is to love God and to be loved by Him; but to be the dearest and most influential friend of God is to love God and to be loved by Him with such a love that one can obtain what one wills before all others. It is, as it were, to have power over God Himself. Does St. Joseph's life bear the notes of such extraordinary love of God? Written as clearly as the handwriting upon the halls of Babylon, the answer may be read in each act of St. Joseph's life. For Jesus Christ he lived, for Him and with Him he toiled, for Him and in His Sacred arms he died. From Bethlehem to Egypt, from Egypt to Nazareth and through the long years of blissful obscurity, his one thought and care was Jesus. It was for Him on that first Christmas eve, he knocked and knocked at Bethlehem's doors, until repulsed by all, he found on the bleak hillside scant shelter in a poor, rude cave. To save His life from Herod's wrath, at dead of night, he sought the darker night of Egypt's land. In that unknown, pagan land, a land that was a stranger to the light of Faith but kindlier far to our Infant Saviour than His own chosen people, St. Joseph toiled and labored, until again at the Angel's summons, he sought once more his native soil.

The life at Nazareth now begins. Weeks passed into months and months gave way to years, yet ever at his post St. Joseph plied his humble trade of village carpenter. A hard and toilsome life was his with naught in it of change or of variety. Yet a change, a wondrous change did come. To-day we look into the little workshop of St. Joseph. He is alone no longer! He has a helper! Yes, he has a helper and that helper is Jesus Christ. From this day forth, Jesus and Joseph are the village carpenters and Jesus is the helper of Joseph. Oh! the love in Joseph's heart as he saw our Lord each day advancing in age and grace and wisdom, and the happiness it was to him to teach Him to drive the nail and saw the board and fashion the ploughshare. For it was Joseph who taught the Saviour of the world to earn his daily bread. Surely St. Joseph was a friend, a true and loyal friend of God.

Need we now ask if the Sacred Heart of Jesus loved St. Joseph? Do we love him who snatches us from death and saves our lives? Then Jesus loves St. Joseph! Do we love him who cares for us and feeds us and wears away his life for us? Then Jesus loves Joseph! Do we with our poor, ungrateful hearts love him we

call our father? Then did Jesus Christ who commanded men to honor father and mother, love with a love divine His foster-father. Far, far beyond the power of halting human words to tell, was and is the love of the Sacred Heart of Jesus for that creature to whom, if we dare say it, as man He owed so much. As, then, the greater the love between man and man, the greater the influence of one with the other, so, too, since God's love for St. Joseph is so unspeakable, the influence which St. Joseph has with God knows no limit and kneeling in adoration before the Sacred Heart he has but to lift his voice and ask and his petition is heard.

Go therefore to Joseph! Are you tempted to anger by sharp words or wounded by the rude, unkind remarks of those with whom your days must be spent? Go to Joseph, as repulsed from every door in Bethlehem, he turns away to seek the ruined stable, and he will teach you to bear the trials of the heart with meekness and humility. Are you footsore and weary after days of fruitless search for means of winning sustenance? Go to Joseph, as he seeks employment in the land of Egypt. He will speak of God's love, of His providence which cares for the tiniest sparrow, of His bounty which clothes the lilies of the field with a glory that Solomon knew not. Or are you anxious for a wayward child or for a child in peril? Go to Joseph as he flees with the Child and the Virgin Mother into the darkness of pagandom with fear in his heart lest the cruel hand of Herod should smite the Infant Saviour. Go to Him in all your trials and he will show you how pain and grief and sadness lose all their sting when the Sacred Heart of Jesus is near. Call on him, confide in him, for he is St. Joseph—after the Blessed Virgin—the dearest, the kindest and the most powerful friend of the Sacred Heart.

FRANCIS P. LE BUFFE, S.J.


### IN TRIALS

Though dark the cloud that hides the light,  
Its silver fringes dazzling white  
Give cheer to such as heed the sight.  
O friend of Christ, if suffering pain,  
Be mindful of the priceless gain  
Reserved for thee in God's domain.

JOSEPH H. WELS, S.J.



## THOU ONLY ART THE LORD


TERNAL Truth! Thy beauty reaches far  
Beyond the ken of mortal mind. Our hearts  
Yearn after Thee, and, yearning, find no rest  
Until they rest in Thee. If they but touch  
The hem of Thy thrice-holy robe, they lose  
Themselves in rapture. Creatures pale before  
Thy glorious Presence. Human loyalty  
And human love seem almost false—so faint  
So very faint a likeness to Thyself  
They prove. Ah! if a transient gleam so warm  
Our lonely hearts, what will the Vision do—  
The unveiled Vision when it falls upon  
Hearts purified? O Truth! Eternal Truth!  
Our hearts have sought Thee long, and finding now,  
Do beg of Thee to keep us in Thy Heart  
Through this frail life and through Eternity.

S. H. C. J.

## AUNTIE MARY'S LEGACY

### II.

#### ITS FULFILMENT.

NE afternoon the pleasant young manager of Le Voy's  
branch at Richmond came into the workroom with  
a more serious face than usual. "Miss Halloran,"  
he said, "and you too, Miss Nellie, I want you both.  
A Catholic clergyman is waiting below to see you in  
my office—Father Power, he told me to say."  
The girls hurried downstairs, and Mr. Summers closed  
the door of his private office upon them and Father Power, with a  
polite bow to the latter, whose tale was soon told.

Auntie Mary had had a second stroke that morning, while gathering sticks a mile out from the cottage. She had been found unconscious by a Sergeant of police, who had sent for the ambulance, and called the nearest medical man. In making his examination, the doctor had discovered Monsignor L'Estrange's letter, had sent for Father Power in consequence, and both priest and surgeon had agreed that the best thing to be done was to have the patient removed at once in the comfortable, wheeled police-ambulance to the nearest Home of the Little Sisters.

This had been quite safely effected, for there was no immediate danger of death, and dear old Auntie had been welcomed by the good nuns, hardly less on her own account than on that of the holy dead prelate whose letter she bore. Father Power had followed by train as soon as possible, and found that in the interval Auntie had recovered consciousness, and even speech, for long enough to receive the Last Sacraments from the chaplain attending the Home. Indeed she was still conscious, and cheerful, but no longer able to speak.

"The chaplain told me," said Father Power, "that she sent a thousand blessings to her dear nieces, Maggie and Nellie, and that she would greatly like to see them soon, for she feels her end to be approaching."

"We must go at once, Father," said Margaret, bravely holding back her tears. "Mr. Summers has been kindness itself to us here, and I'm sure he will not refuse."

"He has already promised me," said Father Power. "By the way, for an energetic young business man, he strikes me as one of the thoughtful sort so hard to find these days. What pleases me most is his deep affection for the Church, though he was brought up to no religion at all. I expect he talks only business with you, my dear children, but I may go so far as to tell you that he is putting himself under instruction very soon. He has already given up going to his Freemason Lodge, he tells me. Don't speak of this to the other girls, but pray for him—pray quietly."

It was now Nellie's turn to blush, while Margaret spoke a few simple words of unfeigned gratitude for the consolation Father Power's news imparted. Father Power surveyed them both keenly,

and then at once reverted to the main purpose of his visit like the wise parish priest that years of experience had made him.

"Now you are prepared," he said, "you may go up to see Auntie as soon as you please—at once, since it is your will. God bless you both."

He saw them to the station and gave them clear directions as to their short journey. Then, at the last moment, he said with a smile: "I think I have solved the problem of poor Auntie's legacy. My firm opinion is that it is just a Badge of the Sacred Heart. She was distressed a little when she lost her speech the second time, and made signs to the chaplain which he interpreted to mean that she wanted a Badge. So he gave her his own, and this comforted her a great deal. She has held it in her hands ever since. When I came to her bedside half an hour later on, she made other signs that convinced me that her own Badge is sewn up somewhere in her clothing, and that she wishes you to possess it. When I put this idea into plain words and repeated them to her, she nodded eagerly, and then sank back on her pillow, as peaceful as a child and as happy as a Saint. Goodbye for the present. Be sure to come and tell me all the news on Thursday. Tell Auntie I am saying Mass for her to-morrow."

There was little news to tell Father Power two days later, but what there was of it was consoling. Auntie Mary had died like a little child falling asleep, within a few hours of their reaching her bedside. She recognized them perfectly, and listened with tears of joy to their loving talk and prayers. The end came with that sweet calm which God so often vouchsafes to exiles of the Irish Famine, as if He wished to compensate them for the storms of morn and noon, by the tender promise of a peaceful eventide. The Reverend Mother herself paid the last offices to the frail little body, arraying it in all the calm majesty of tranquil death. "I do this," she said to Margaret, "to honor the memory of a holy man in the person of his loyal old servant." She had been genuinely pained when Margaret offered her the costs of the simple funeral. Nor would she allow herself to be persuaded till Margaret assured her that prudent old Auntie had paid something weekly to an insurance company, so as not to be of charge to her nieces when it pleased God to take her.

Hearing this the Reverend Mother sent Nellie out of the room on some kind pretext or other. Then she turned affectionately to Margaret.

"My child," she said, "we poor Sisters are not allowed to refuse any alms, when offered with so good a heart as yours. So I shall take gratefully what is needful from what you wish to give, though perhaps you do not know that Father L'Estrange brought us hundreds of pounds by his beautiful sermons for our poor, and never once asked us a service till your Aunt was brought to our door. I wish, however, to say something more to you, Margaret, and that is why I have sent Nellie out of the room. We would rather have *you*, dear child, than your money, should God ever send you the call."

Margaret burst into happy tears. She could only reply: "The call has not yet come."

"When it does, will you come and see me?" said the Reverend Mother.

"There is Nellie, you see—," began Margaret. And at that moment the door opened and Nellie returned.

"I will pray for you both," whispered the Reverend Mother, and left the sisters together.

Next week, Father Power accompanied Margaret and Nellie to the graveside, and on the return journey cheered them so much that they took up the battle of life anew, and with renewed heart.

All their search for Auntie's "legacy" was fruitless. Nowhere could they find her Badge.

One evening, after an unusually busy day, Nellie said to Margaret:

"Did you hear Mr. Summers saying he feared we might be quite seriously delayed to-morrow, Maggie, just for half a dozen strips of the old-fashioned whalebone some customer insists on? He said there wasn't a bit in stock, it is so seldom asked for nowadays. He doubts if he can get it in a hurry even in London. He seems worried about it, and terribly flushed in the face. I wonder if Auntie Mary's funny old corset upstairs has any real whalebone in it?"

"That is a good idea," said Margaret. "It was all Greenland whalebone in Auntie's time; there were no steels or vulcanite strips.

Bring it down, Nellie. I was sorry to see how excited Mr. Summers got for such a trifle, half way on to the Church as he is now."

They unpicked the corset, and surely enough the ribs were of natural whalebone—the Greenland strips that have grown so curiously rare and expensive in England since they have gone out of common use.

Presently Margaret gave a cry of delight.

"Look, Nellie," she said. "Here is Auntie's legacy after all—her Badge, stitched well between the material, just over where her heart used to beat. We'll put it on the mantelpiece till we can find a little frame for it. It will remind us of Auntie—and of the Morning Offering."

Nellie was only eighteen, and might be pardoned for taking the discovery very quietly, especially as Mr. Summers's marked and honorably open attentions were begetting dreams of an escape from even the mild slavery of the Richmond workroom. She loved the young Englishman—had done so from the first days of his kindness to the fatherless girls in his employ. He was of good repute in the town, already called himself a Catholic in view of his speedy reception, and was assuredly not to be over-blamed for the spells of excitement he often displayed towards evening. These were the sole defect in a manly and lovable character. Why should Margaret be so grieved and so silent concerning them?

Margaret had her reasons. She confided them to the Sacred Heart that evening, when kneeling before the faded linen picture that Auntie had carried so many years.

"Dear Lord," she said, "help me as You have helped me so often before. You know how worried and bullied John Summers has been by his family and his friends since he threw up all to be instructed in the Faith. Remember, dear Lord, that he has been kind to two orphans. You are drawing him to Yourself with all speed. You know how he has been tempted to exceed in wine since his family and false friends have persecuted him. Yet I think none has seen this at the Works but myself. You Yourself, dear Lord, taught me to know the first signs when my father was tempted to seek comfort from his pain in drink. Such a little drink, dear Lord, but so terribly dangerous. You have made John Summers a clever and a sensitive man. Only a little wine excites

him. In time he will take more, and it will kill him—and kill my sister, who loves him. O give me help and guidance, here and now, if it so please You, dear Lord, to bring these two lives together in Your love, so that I may at last be free to give myself wholly to You. Amen."

She was strangely comforted by her homely prayer, and began, as she arose, to finger lovingly the frayed Badge that was Auntie's legacy.

As she turned it to and fro, Margaret noticed that some of the worn stitching had parted at the side. She took needle and thread to make this good, and her clever fingers tested the gap to see how far the sewing was secure. No further stitches ripped, but Margaret's forefinger came in contact with crumpled lining, which she determined to remove. It proved to be of paper—printed paper—and she was about to throw it aside when she noticed that it was an old Rosary ticket. Unfolding this, she found within it two slips of thin white paper, tightly folded square. One of these bore the following words, written in Monsignor L'Estrange's handwriting:

*"Long arrears of wages, with some interest, now paid  
to the most patient of all my creditors, my servant and  
dear friend in Xt.,*

*Mary Halloran. F. J. L'E.*

The date it bore showed the month of Lord L'Estrange's conversion, and affectionate reconciliation to his brother. The other crisp oblong leaf was a Bank of England note for fifty pounds—almost two hundred and fifty dollars.

Margaret sank on her knees in a flood of grateful tears. With this gift from beyond the tomb there had come to her a clear light showing the course she should pursue.

She could now send Nellie to their cousins in Ireland, girls who were as good as gold, but far too poverty-stricken to be able to receive a guest empty-handed,—especially for the six long months of separation that Margaret felt to be needful. Explanations with Mr. Summers would be painful, but salutary. He must have means of pulling himself together before courtship went too far for either party to be able in honor to withdraw. The separation

would also settle a harassing doubt that sometimes haunted Margaret: viz., that Nellie's beauty had perhaps undue influence in drawing Summers to the Church. Then again, they were both young people, compelled to live in daily intercourse, and a spell of probation would do both of them good.

Above and beyond all, Nellie would return from "the fair hills of holy Ireland" with power to do the right thing—whatever befell in the interval.

Somehow she felt that all would come well in the end. And so it did. The necessary interview that Margaret sought with John Summers was of course painful in the extreme, from the moment she informed him Nellie had gone away, and tendered the necessary payment in lieu of notice. He pulled himself together, though, and after pacing up and down the room a few times was able to assure Margaret earnestly that his leanings toward the Church had existed from boyhood upwards; from long before he had met either of the girls. He admitted, however, that their daily lives had hastened his course more than anything he had read or heard. When he came to speak of his affection for Nellie he shook with emotion, but declared upon honor that his love for her had not taken possession of him till he stood where he now did—upon the very threshold of the Church.

"I cannot thank you sufficiently, Margaret," he said in conclusion, using her Christian name for the first time. "I can't thank you enough for the strong sensible line you have taken. I did not realize till this moment what a grip the extra glasses at meals were taking. I fear I had hardly given the matter a thought. I am actually looked upon as an abstemious man in town and I was almost disposed to regard myself as such. You know what business men are. So long as they are never *seen* drunk, and keep away from spirits, they pass for models. The whisky and the drunkenness soon follow on the extra glass in a hustling business life, if the beginnings are not checked. I can't thank you enough."

He put out his hand, and Margaret took it quietly, feeling with a woman's instinct what was about to follow.

"That is my pledge of total abstinence, Margaret," he said, "to you—and to Nellie. When I'm received, I'll renew it to some good priest. Pray that I may have strength to keep it."

John Summers kept it. Like almost all sensitive men, he had a will of tempered steel. It was the stronger and the more unbreakable because he himself was humble about it. He counted upon God rather than himself to brace his resolution in severer hours of trial.

Before three months were up, he was received into the Church, and Margaret most gladly consented to his corresponding with Nellie in Ireland as often as he would. He walked upon air in those days. His bodily health was robuster than ever, and his clear brain made business advance by leaps and bounds. Doubtless the affectionate letters he received from his little *fiancee* helped much in all this. But the full light and glow of the Household of Faith, and the consciousness of a brave self-conquest, had very much more to do with it.

And so, when the time came for worshippers to be asked if they knew of any reason whatsoever why John Summers and Helen Halloran should not be joined in the bonds of holy matrimony, Margaret's heart consented in a deep and grateful peace.

Their new life was now beginning under the happiest auspices. And so was Margaret's. Much as they desired her to live with them always, she felt that her work as a Little Sister in the outside world had drawn to a close. Henceforth her call was to continue it beneath the rule of the good nun who had asked for her "without her money."

On the day of her veiling, when Sister Margaret Mary, as she now is, stood radiantly in the guest-room with the Reverend Mother, and John Summers, and Nellie, and their tiny Maggie, just three months old, the junior director of Le Voy's, as ability and success have made him, handed the Superioress a sealed envelope.

"This, Reverend Mother," he said, "contains the money part of Aunt Mary's legacy."

If we add that the rest of it—the simple old Badge itself—is pinned beneath Margaret's habit, our tale of the Legacy is told.

JOHN KEVIN MAGNER.

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*We would kindly ask subscribers to notify us promptly of any change in their address, as magazines are not forwarded like letters to new addresses. We frequently receive complaints which are due to the fact that we have not been advised of such changes. Both new and old addresses must always be given.*





## A Visit to the Blessed Sacrament



HILE the twilight shadows linger,  
Dearest Lord, I come to Thee,  
Bringing all my heart's deep secrets  
For Thy loving eyes to see;  
All the joys and all the sorrows,  
All the blessings sent to me.

Here, before Thy sacred Presence,  
In adoring love I bend,  
Asking Thee, my dearest Jesus,  
To be Love and Guide and Friend;  
And for all my wants and trials  
Strength and loving comfort send.

And I consecrate, dear Jesus,  
All my love, my life, to Thee;  
Keep each thought, each word, each action  
From the world's contagion free,  
And bless all my loved ones, Jesus,  
And unite us all in Thee.

## TREASURY OF GOOD WORKS

Offerings for the Intentions recommended to the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

|                              |           |                                  |           |
|------------------------------|-----------|----------------------------------|-----------|
| 1. Acts of Charity .....     | 3,350,966 | 11. Masses heard .....           | 949,226   |
| 2. Beads .....               | 1,463,721 | 12. Mortifications .....         | 504,211   |
| 3. Way of the Cross .....    | 288,611   | 13. Works of Mercy .....         | 1,346,999 |
| 4. Holy Communion .....      | 348,171   | 14. Works of Zeal .....          | 1,126,089 |
| 5. Spiritual Communion ..... | 1,852,809 | 15. Prayers .....                | 2,159,401 |
| 6. Examen of Conscience..... | 859,702   | 16. Kindly conversation .....    | 1,133,184 |
| 7. Hours of Labor .....      | 465,426   | 17. Suffering, Afflictions ..... | 951,211   |
| 8. Hours of Silence .....    | 1,431,167 | 18. Self-conquest .....          | 1,520,884 |
| 9. Pious Reading .....       | 325,787   | 19. Visit to B. Sacrament.....   | 2,066,054 |
| 10. Masses read .....        | 1,723     | 20. Various good works .....     | 586,788   |

Total Treasury of Good Works, 22,176,139.

## UNDER THE SANCTUARY LAMP

### THE HILLS THAT JESUS LOVED. VII—THE MOUNTAINS OF EGYPT



HE lights had gone out one by one in the cottages on Bethlehem's hills. The cold winter wind was blowing over the ridge, but it was not half as cold as the fear that hung over Mary's and Joseph's soul. Out into the darkness they steal hurriedly and silently, fugitive from their native land and exiles from the city of their tribe. Only about a short month ago the holy couple on the first chilly Christmas eve had timidly asked for shelter and a roof under which their Child could be born. But the doors had been closed in their faces and they were welcomed by the dumb animals in the water-dug cave on the hillside. Now from even this poor lodging the cruelty of those He loves is forcing Him out into exile in Egypt.

Perhaps the innocent Babe of Bethlehem will think of the day, over thirty years later, when He shall be banished from Nazareth, the home of all his growing years. "And all they in the synagogue hearing these things were filled with anger. And they rose up and thrust Him out of the city." Or that other scene may come before His mind. One day when preaching in the porches of the temple "Jesus said to them: Amen, amen I say to you before Abraham was made, I am. They took up stones therefore to cast at Him, and He went out from the Temple." Now that Child must flee from the jealousy of Herod who fears He may one day be King. And years later it will come to pass, that if He did not fly along the shore of the Sea of Galilee up to the steep cliffs, the people for whom He had multiplied the loaves would have made Him King. But He does not want the crown on Herod's head, His is to be a blood-dyed crown of thorns.

Perhaps it was well that Mary's Child should early become accustomed to being chased from the haunts of men. For the time will come when they will clamor for His blood and hound Him to death. Men, too, now banish Him from their hearts, hearts in which He once dwelt and rested as He is now reposing in His Mother's arms. Poor human hearts! How sad and heavy they will be when they realize that they have cast out the Babe of Bethlehem!

On through the night they hasten. Mary draws Him closer to her bosom. For the wind which sweeps down the Valley of Elah is biting cold. The Child stirs and moves in her arms, not perhaps from discomfort, but He recollects that up that valley David fought Goliath and gained his earliest honors. And now greater than David is hurrying from His enemy into a foreign land.

When the day has broken in the eastern sky, before them higher up in the hill country through which they are passing, they can see glinting in the morning light the roofs, towers and turrets of Hebron redolent with ten thousand memories of the Old Dispensation. Here they will rest a while. For after their rapid night journey, and with fear still heavy on their hearts, they will be tired and weak and will need repose and refreshment. Strange thoughts must cross their minds, if they ever think of aught else but of the Child and His safety. Here it was that Abraham entertained the angels who foretold that Sara in her old age would give birth to Isaac. Now the true Isaac is come to the valley of Mambre, and greater than Abraham and all the angelic hosts, holds Him in her arms and lovingly provides for the wants of Him who is infinitely rich.

Amid these hills the holy patriarchs found a home, and their bones and ashes are at rest and undisturbed in the cave of Machpelah hard by. But there is no home for Him for whose coming the patriarchs sighed and prayed. Many a weary mile lies between that saintly family and a quiet place of rest beyond the Nile. When Joseph, the type of the Joseph who now bears Jesus in his arms, was prince over Egypt, he invited his father Jacob to come from Hebron to the land of Goschen and there dwell in peace and plenty. But now another Joseph greater than any prince of Egypt, for he rules Him who rules over land and sea, is forced to hurry into Egypt to save the life of Him who is life eternal and who can never die.

Brief, however, will be their tarrying in Hebron. For though tired and footsore, anxious in mind and weary in body they push on still through the hill country over rough roads to Bersabee, the border-town of the desert and the last halting place before plunging out into the rolling sea of sand. By the wells they can linger with a feeling of greater safety though they are not yet out of danger of pursuit. Centuries ago when the Patriarchs dwelt here in tents, they drove their flocks from the sloping fields to these same wells,

to drink. From his home among these hills Abraham, at God's command, went up to Jerusalem with his son Isaac to offer him as a burnt offering. "Take thy only begotten son Isaac, whom thou lovest, and go into the land of vision; and there thou shalt offer him for an holocaust upon one of the mountains which I shall show thee." Mary knows that from all eternity the decree has gone forth for the slaying of her Son the true Isaac, and on the day of the holocaust no angel's hand will stay the bloody knife. No hand will stop the onrushing of the spear which will go crashing through His sacred side in search of the last drop of His blood. She knows it all and draws Her Babe more closely to her bosom, and offers Him up with ten thousand times more love on the altar of her heart, than Abraham offered Isaac from the altar of wood on Mount Moriah.

But they cannot linger long in the cool shade at the wells of Bersabee and soon they are on their way along the sandy caravan road through the desert. Let us join them in their journey and gazing into their sweet faces learn to love them more.

Looking back when they have trudged over the road for many a weary mile, their hearts will rejoice to see the fringe of the hills of Palestine growing more indistinct, as they will thus feel safer from pursuit. To the north the wide ocean of sand seems to slope away in furrows towards the dunes, which like sentinels appear to frown upon the inrolling waves of the Mediterranean. On the other three sides the wilderness is hedged in by circling mountains, back of which stand Sinai and Horeb. Upon what sacred ground they are walking and what marvels for forty years the power of that helpless Child has wrought on this very wilderness and through these very mountains! Of the vast multitude who came out of Egypt, all lie buried in these sands save Josue and Caleb, to whom alone of those who crossed the Red Sea it was permitted to enter the Land of Promise. Through these sandy plains God led the chosen people and went before them in a cloud of smoke by day and a pillar of fire by night. Through all these years, as they wandered over these wild stretches of country without guide in the midst of enemies, God fed His chosen people with the manna which daily at the dawn was on the ground outside their tents. But now when His only begotten Son is driven over these same deserts in the arms of His Mother, there is no pillar of fire to lead them during the night, no

cloud of smoke to guide them during the day and hang over the true Holy of Holies and protect Him from the sun's burning heat. No bread from Heaven is rained down daily for His nourishment, who later on will say on the lake-shore: "Your fathers did eat manna in the desert and are dead." . . . "He that eateth my flesh and drinketh my blood, hath everlasting life." This difference, implying our Blessed Saviour's choice of suffering for Himself and His closest friends, will only make Mary's and Joseph's heart grow warmer in their love for the helpless Child. These and other wonders which God wrought in other days among His people will not be absent from their thoughts.

One evening they halt at a well in the shade of a cluster of welcome palm-trees. The day has been intensely hot. Mary and Joseph are tired and weary. As they sit at the cool spring Mary can see the shadows of palms lengthening towards the east as the sun hurries to his setting. Those shadows will intensify that thought, which is never absent from her mind, that the shadow of the ineffable paternity of the Eternal Father clothes and envelopes her Spouse. And thus she will grow deeper in reverence and love for the Heavenly Father's visible representative.

Mary is now cooling and bathing the sweet face of Her Child. That face is the delight of the angelic hosts who hover round in adoration and more numerous than the sands that sparkle under the slanting rays of the departing sun. Yet one day that face will be marked by the mailed hand of the chief priest's servant and covered with mud and spittle. Mary will wash that face clean then, too, but there will be no smile in those eyes and no look of gratitude, for she will be a childless mother at the foot of the cross. Poor suffering mother! There are tears in her eyes. She cannot keep back the thought of the Passion. That shadow of Calvary is lengthening over her soul with the growth of years, as the shadows of the palm-trees are lengthening over the caravan road. She feels the little arms and hands about her neck and she knows the day will come when those hands, which shall have rested in blessings on the heads of little children, which shall have touched miraculously the eyes of the blind, those tiny hands will be dug by the cruel nails and will run blood.

But the wind is blowing cold over the sandy billows, so Mary

wraps Him in His little blanket and lays Him to rest. Will she think of that dark Good Friday when she and Magdalen with loving hands will wrap the winding sheet about Him and lay Him in the sepulchre. And now the eyes close, the features relax and the Babe of Bethlehem sleeps. Yet all the while, even from eternity He has been watchful. Even now He is ruling countless worlds, guiding the planets with the touch of His power, watching the destinies of men and directing them by His providence with more than a mother's love. The same Child is hidden on our altars and at times we are tempted to think Him unmindful of us and our needs. How ungrateful of us to doubt Him! There is no least detail, no slightest circumstance of our lives that is not a matter of loving concern to our Hidden Master. Mary did not watch and guard her sleeping Child with half the affection and tenderness with which that Child from the Tabernacle guards and protects us. "O ye of little faith, why do ye doubt?"

On then for days over the burning sands for many a weary mile they continue their journey till they come to the Red Sea. No doubt the memory of the hymn of triumph which their forefathers sang on the shore after their escape from Egypt, will find a grateful echo in their hearts now that they are safe from the pursuit of the cruel Herod. They would naturally follow along the coast of the Gulf of Suez and rounding pass over into Egypt and on to Heliopolis. There is a pious belief that when the Holy Family entered "the city of the Sun" the idols in the temple fell to the ground to show reverence to the true Sun who is "The Light of the World." This may be true, but there is no proof. It is certain from Holy Writ that the idol Dagon fell to the ground when placed in the same temple with the Ark of the Covenant and this may have given rise to the other belief. What is certain beyond question is that the Holy Child's stay in Egypt was fatal to the idols in a spiritual sense, inasmuch as He destroyed their power over men's hearts and minds. It is consoling to think that the vast supernatural growth of the Church in Egypt later on, was the blessing God gave that land because His Beloved Son had tarried there in His infancy. That same Child tarries often in our hearts in Holy Communion, tarries always by His grace. We, too, often linger a Holy Hour in His presence; does He help us or do we help Him to destroy the idols in our souls?

JOHN H. O'ROURKE, S.J.

## ST. JOSEPH'S DAY AT ROSEMOUNT



R. JAMES, rapidly passing northward from Baltimore through the familiar Maryland landscape, in the shining new automobile, did not look his seventy years by a decade. He was large, squarely built, clean-shaven, keen-eyed. His life had been a long succession of favors—just favors, he would have considered—at the hand of Providence.

Two desires of his heart had remained unfulfilled. The latter of these seemed nearer accomplishment than ever before, and it was to hasten matters that he rode on toward Rosemount, this bleak morning of the eighteenth of March.

Rosemount! The home of his father and his father's father. He was the younger of two brothers and the other had inherited and reduced to ducks and drakes the noble property, dying and leaving a heavily mortgaged property to his only child Eleanor. Mr. James had always coveted Rosemount.

Eleanor married at eighteen a literary dreamer who had but recently died, leaving his wife a family of six to provide for. Young Ned, the eldest, had been called home at the beginning of his last term at Georgetown and had been trying for months to grasp the details of the tangled affairs at Rosemount. Unlike his father, it seemed to him that there should be some way of making Rosemount pay. But that meant outlay and there was no money. He had spoken of borrowing on the estate, but his mother refused so positively that he did not insist, yet something must be done at once, he knew.

At this juncture, he wrote for advice to his great-uncle who was just now on his way to Rosemount. The latter had not answered, preferring to make the boy's acquaintance, before committing himself. He perceived that Eleanor had told Ned nothing of her having borrowed upon the property, and he had been lending her money for a dozen years. All the better. Ned could not interfere. He would see and put before Eleanor the necessity she was under to surrender the property immediately. There was nothing to prevent his foreclosing.

Eleanor would be better off than she was now, the property being

worth double the money loaned on it. The difference would mean a small but regular income, and he was willing to invest her money and help her along by his advice.

He would also help Ned. If he was all they had heard, he was willing to adopt him, to make him his heir, so that Rosemount would in the end go back to Eleanor through her son.

The secret sorrow of the old man's life was that he and Margaret had no child to brighten their home and inherit their fortune, to love him and Margaret, good Margaret, who had tried her best, but somehow failed, to fill his life.

The whole plan seemed admirable to the old man. "Turn in here," he called to the chauffeur. They jolted over the rough stones at the broken and rusty gate, up the avenue of interlacing trees, and stopped at the massive old house on the hill-top. Hail was falling from the leaden sky.

"Take the machine back to the carriage house," he directed his man, "and go into the kitchen." He felt, to-day, as if he were already owner of Rosemount.

The supports on the left of the porch had given way. One end of the flooring almost rested upon the ground. He was glad to be off the decaying boards and inside the house. Well, he could soon change all this.

"How are you, Nancy?" he asked the old colored woman that answered the bell. She looked at him unusually solemnly and, he fancied, with reproach. He had always liked Nancy and would have taken her, had she chosen to leave Rosemount. She had nursed both him and his brother in infancy.

"Miss Eleanor can't see nobody, she's done took sick," she said. She had a fever and nearly cried with the pain of breathing, Nancy added.

The old man's face fell. He expressed his sympathy. Had they a doctor? Mr. Ned had gone for a doctor. When would Mr. Ned be back? he asked. Not for an hour, if he found the doctor in. If he was out, then she did not know how long he might be away. He might ride on to the next town. Mr. James told Nancy he could wait a while, and bade her go back to her mistress.

Alone, he noted the dingy books in cases lining the walls, the unsteady couches, cushions bursting their bonds, the mean appearance



of the faded rugs. The fire burned bright in the hall fire-place; little chairs ranged about it told him that the children at Rosemount had been sitting there.

He looked out of the window on the side and got a glimpse of the skeleton shrubbery shaking icy switches, broken and discolored statuary, iron dogs wearing a mange of rust.

Later on, the heavy-headed, dewy roses would soften the dilapidation outside, and the shrubbery be gay with foliage and bloom before the roses came, but now the hail whipped the windows dismally. He turned back into the room for comfort, wiping his misty spectacles.

On the floor at his feet was a little pink-covered booklet. He stooped for it, and, taking a chair near the fire, turned the pages. It was a novel proceeding for Mr. James, but he began to read it, this little devotional book. "Who is St. Joseph?" was the title, and on the fly-leaf in a girl's hand was the name of the owner and the giver.

*Grace James Randolph*  
*from Father Allen*

There were, besides the writings of many authorities who urged devotion to heaven's great saint, little prayers for each day, with a history of some favor won through Saint Joseph related beneath them. The book had been often read, he could see.

"Queer book for a child to be interested in," he thought, "maybe her mother reads it. She was always a religious woman."

A sound from the couch along the wall, on which he had supposed was nothing but a bundle of wearing apparel, caused him to look from the book. A baby of ten months stirred and cried.

"Dear me," he said, "don't do that."

It sat up, hair on end, one pink cheek creased from the rubber beast against which it had lain. His voice caused more tears, and he went over to the baby, absently sliding the little pink book into his vest pocket.

A rush of feet announced the Rosemount tribe, who came with Sallie from some unknown quarter. She snatched up the baby and carried him off. The children stood abashed about him, only Grace having the courage to speak. She was tall for her age, and straight-featured like her mother. He shook hands with the children awk-

wardly. "My dear," he said to Grace, "I must leave a letter here for your brother Edward. Can you show me where I may write?"

She led him to the old secretary, unsteady of limb, like all the furniture.

He wrote, the children quietly watching him, then sealed the envelope, and opened his watch. It closed with a snap, and he got up.

"I wish I could stay till the doctor comes, but I must be at the bank before closing time. Tell your mother,—well, never mind, don't disturb her. Your Aunt Margaret and I will ride out to see her to-morrow."

"Don't you go to church to-morrow?" asked Dorothy.

"What's to-morrow?"

"St. Joseph's day," they chorused. "Father Allen's coming back from the hospital to say Mass to-morrow."

"Oh, yes," he said rather blankly, "I am so busy I forget sometimes. Your Aunt Margaret always knows. Well, in the afternoon we may ride out. Yes, we shall certainly be here to-morrow some time." He hesitated, then put his hand in his pocket and took from his purse a bank-note, crisp and clean.

"I owe that to your mother," he said to Grace, "tell Nancy that I said so. Your mother might not be able to bother about money for a while."

Grace flushed, and for a moment would not take the money. She was fourteen, and he saw that she read him. "Take it, my dear," he insisted.

He hurried out of the house to get away from the tears of gratitude in the eyes of his grand-niece, and soon spun down the high-road toward Baltimore. He had just given a sop to his conscience. And conscience had not worried him for many years. One can't be sentimental in business matters.

It was late in the afternoon before Ned got back with the doctor. Dolly harnessed to the buggy was taken out and saddled, at the doctor's suggestion, in case of emergency. Ned came into the hall after this and asked for something hot to drink for the doctor and himself. Sallie was already bringing it, and he was standing with hands toward the blaze, when Nancy came as fast as her old limbs would carry her.

"O Master Ned, your mother seems very low. Doctor says you had better see if Father Allen's back home. He says it's always better to take things in time, but not to be scared. It's a dark cold ride at night. Don't look so scared, she ain't that bad." But Ned was out of the room, and on his way to the stable, as she called the last words. Ned knew what pneumonia meant.

The children were in the kitchen with Sallie. Grace alone wandered from her mother's room to the hall. She had given her uncle's letter to Ned. He snatched it from her, and thrust it in his vest pocket, as he sprung upon the thoroughbred colt, the one sound beast at Rosemount. Grace heard him clatter away over the rough stones.

A mile of cutting wind and hail, and Ned reached St. Andrew's rectory. The priest, their pastor, had not sufficiently recovered to return; another was expected, but had not arrived. He left word with the house-keeper of his mother's need, then sped on toward the next parish. He had heard nothing definite and he knew the priest at the next parish and that he would come to his mother. But the church was seven miles further on. Would the priest reach Rosemount in time?

Night approached fast and the frozen ground was as much as Dolly could stand now; how would she do later? Ned had not recovered from the chill of the drive in quest of the doctor when he started on his last journey, and his marrow seemed frozen. He could think of nothing but cold, the horrible deadly cold. In decades there had been no eighteenth of March so bitter.

It was quite dark when his horse stumbled and threw him at the gate of somebody's farm. The horse turned and sniffed him. She was so intelligent as to be almost human. Nose thrust out she ran through the gate of the Bassett farm, past the house, and made for the stable.

Two people, a young lady and the stable man with a lantern, talking at the kitchen door, started with alarm as they saw the horse, and out into the sleet the girl followed the man. The horse was panting and steaming outside the closed stable door. Going close to him, the young girl cried out, "Oh, Henry, it's Ned Randolph's horse. Hurry, hurry! we've got to find him."

And find him they did, insensible, with an arm that didn't seem

to be right, but maybe they were frightened; and Ned lay in the Bassett farm-house all night, nor could he speak till gray dawn brought them hope.

The children at Rosemount—all but Grace—were put to bed by Sallie. Nancy was glad to have Grace for company, and the doctor did not object to the child's presence in her mother's room. She was very sensible, and if the poor lady could have taken comfort in anything at so critical a time it would have been to see the little dark-haired girl, her gentle counterpart.

The doctor would not leave the sick lady; he had known her long, and had attended her father before her. He saw no response to his remedies, and as the hands of the clock neared midnight, the dread that she would go without a priest seemed to yield to certainty.

Ears, strained to hear the return of Ned with the priest, heard nothing but the rattle of the wind, and it was with a last hope that, when the clock neared the mid-night hour, Grace slowly stole into the hall where the large statue of St. Joseph stood upon a bracket.

She lit a wax candle in her room and placed it before the statue in the hall.

"Oh, great Saint Joseph," she prayed, "you cannot let my mother die. Oh, powerful Saint Joseph, friend of the Sacred Heart, it is your feast-day;" for the clock in the hall downstairs was striking. "Oh, save my mother!"

She rose to her feet. Certainly there were footsteps below. Like a pale spirit she vanished down the stairs where, within the hall, stood a priest, a stranger to her.

"You are just in time," she cried. "Quick! come to mamma."

He followed her without question to her mother's room; his satchel contained the holy oils. When all that could be done was done for the good lady, the doctor put his hand upon her pulse. She was sleeping, it seemed.

Nancy, the priest and Grace watched the physician. How long the minutes seemed.

At last the doctor looked up at the others. "There is a slight change for the better," he said.

The day broke clear and cold, and brought back to the little children at Rosemount their gentle mother. But with the continued absence of Ned a new fear seized them.

At sunrise came horses' hoofs upon the gravel, and Henry came into the kitchen bringing the latest news of Ned, who had recovered his senses, and had sent with fear at his heart for news of his mother.

The doctor had set Ned's broken wrist, but this Henry did not mention.

Mr. James, hearing Mass on Saint Joseph's day at the fine city church his munificence had helped to build, began to pray as many another pharisee has done—"trusting in himself and despising others." His wife in her elegance prayed beside him. But he forgot her presence.

He had entered the church with self-satisfaction. But thoughts of the mortgage which he intended to foreclose brought thoughts of Eleanor ill at Rosemount and of the children in the fire-lit hall, and the little baby boy.

"I should have sent Margaret back when I came to town yesterday," his thoughts ran. "It was not the proper thing to leave them in their trouble." He should by all means have telegraphed for news of Eleanor—and young Ned might look at his letter the wrong way now. It hurt his pride to think he might have left his actions open to criticism. He liked all men's good opinion.

He wiped his glasses with a silk handkerchief. They were reading the Gospel. He had forgotten to take his usual prayer-book. He put his hand in his vest pocket and pulled out, not a pocket prayer-book, but the pink booklet, "Who is St. Joseph?" He hastily put it back. His wife handed him his prayer-book. It was on the seat.

The priest preached upon the protection given the Divine Child by St. Joseph. A fantastic idea passed through his mind. How would St. Joseph view the transaction he intended to complete at the earliest moment possible? Was he taking care of a mother, or of her children?

He put the thought into the farthest corner of his mind and went down to the bank of which he was president. The respectful salutations of the employes was like incense. He was the pharisee again.

He had told Margaret to ride out to Rosemount. She would soon be on her way.

It was within twenty minutes of two o'clock. The door-keeper spoke to him in his private office. "Show him in," he answered.

The man departed, the door opened and closed again. He looked up. Ned Randolph stood before him, handsome, stalwart, blue-eyed,—the picture of the ne'er-do-well brother whom people had loved despite his faults, a young man as large of frame as himself. His left arm hung in a sling.

A pang shot through this old man's heart. Why could not he have had such a boy? How happy would Margaret have been!

He greeted his nephew cordially.

"I have read your letter," the young man said coldly, continuing to stand, without offering his hand.

"How did you hurt your hand?" the old man asked,—dreading the conversation that he had brought about.

"The horse threw me. My wrist has been broken and set; I was going for a priest."

"Your mother is not dead?" The old man was pale.

"No, thank God! It was His providence that saved her and sent her a priest, for I was insensible at Bessy—at Mrs. Bassett's farmhouse and never got a priest. But a missionary Father on his way to St. Andrew's reached there at mid-night. He had lost his way.

"When I got over the fall, I remembered the letter I had not had time to read. I have come to ask you, sir," after a pause, "to give us time. I did not know anything, or but little, of this. Though I may have suspected. I beg of you, as you expect mercy, to wait till my mother is able to bear it. I believe the property is very valuable. Uncle, you will not let this place go away from us. I have come to you for my mother's sake, who reduced herself to this for love of us children. I can make a success of the place. I believe it firmly. I will give you what I earn, except what I need for absolute necessities, till the mortgage is paid."

"Do you know how long that would take?"

"I do not."

"There is no use keeping you in the dark concerning the property. I—the property can be sold and still leave you twenty thousand dollars or more—if your mother would care to sell." He was feeling his way; he saw that Ned had guessed the truth,—that he, and not the bank, was demanding settlement. It was not on the books.

Young Ned looked at him keenly, and the old man's eyes fell. "I do not think she will. Her heart is in Rosemount."

"It is going to ruin. You cannot keep it up. Your father was not practical, and your mother had notions beyond her circumstances."

The boy's glance made him stop. He would allow no criticism of his parents, living or dead. The banker felt a pride in his loyalty though it was hostile. A great longing to have this handsome, energetic fellow on intimate terms with him and Margaret took possession of him. It was almost worth the sacrifice. What would his wife think? He believed he could answer for Margaret.

The silvery clock chimed two. Mr. James straightened himself. "Ned," he said, clearing his throat with difficulty, "could you—would you—if I do what you ask, sometimes drop in and see your Aunt Margaret? She hardly knows you."

A wave of color suffused Ned's handsome face. He held out his hand to his uncle impulsively.

"Would I come? Of course, I'd come, be glad to come."

The clerks were making ready to go home. They came with excuses into the banker's private office. Their hats and coats were in the hall beyond.

Mr. James stopped them, when they all stood within the room.

"This is my nephew, gentlemen," he said, with strange elation,— "my nephew—Ned Randolph"; and then he passed out with the young man to the street-door.

"Ned," he called after him, "your Aunt Margaret's on her way to Rosemount now; and Ned"—the boy came back—"I'll mail that cancelled mortgage so you'll get it in the morning. That's all right. Good-by."

FLORENCE SELBY BARRETT.

## RECENT AGGREGATIONS

The following Local Centres received Diplomas during January, 1908:

| Diocese.                      | Place.                 | Local Centre.                 | Date.         |
|-------------------------------|------------------------|-------------------------------|---------------|
| Dallas.....                   | Wylie, Tex.....        | St. Anthony .....Church       | Jan. 20, 1908 |
| Detroit.....                  | Coldwater, Mich.....   | St. Charles ..... "           | Jan. 4, 1908  |
| Fall River.....               | Taunton, Mass.....     | Our Lady of Lourdes... "      | Jan. 20, 1908 |
| Green Bay.....                | Schoolhill, Wis.....   | Holy Trinity ..... "          | Jan. 20, 1908 |
| Indianapolis.....             | Indianapolis, Ind..... | Holy Angels ..... "           | Jan. 20, 1908 |
| Louisville.....               | Danville, Ky.....      | SS. Peter and Paul..... "     | Jan. 7, 1908  |
| Milwaukee.....                | Delavan, Wis.....      | St. Andrew ..... "            | Jan. 20, 1908 |
| Milwaukee.....                | Neshkoro, Wis.....     | St. James ..... "             | Jan. 20, 1908 |
| Monterey and Los Angeles..... | San Diego, Cal.....    | Our Lady of Angels... "       | Jan. 24, 1907 |
| Newark.....                   | Tenafly, N. J.....     | Our Lady of Mt. Carmel. "     | Jan. 20, 1908 |
| New York.....                 | Esopus, N. Y.....      | Mt. St. Alphonsus.....College | Jan. 29, 1908 |
| St. Louis.....                | St. Louis, Mo.....     | St. Pius .....Church          | Jan. 6, 1908  |
| Trenton.....                  | Spring Lake, N. J....  | St. Catherine ..... "         | Jan. 20, 1908 |

Total number of aggregations, 13; Churches, 12; College, 1.

**A Sequence of Sonnets**  
**On a Picture of the Sacred Heart**  
*(See Frontispiece)*

**LOVE'S QUICKENING FLAME**



HY Heart, my Jesu, is a burning sun  
That makes division twixt life's night and day,  
That sheds its beams upon earth's darkling way  
Until the mountain peak of heaven be won,  
That when man's April morning has begun,  
Softens to fruitfulness the frozen clay  
And makes the soul a many-blossomed May  
To yield rich harvest when the year is done.  
Art Thou not such to me? Ayl and still more.  
Then pluck from out my soul sin's ranksome weed,  
And virtue-quickenings dews from Thy Heart's store  
Impart; but if too sterile for good seed,  
Then when the meadow of my life is hoar,  
O Jesu, do not crush this bruised reed.

ARTHUR O'LEARY, S.J.

**THE JEWEL OF MY SOUL**



WE wander through the world in misery  
Yearning for peace, not knowing where to find  
The priceless pearl, and tossed by every wind  
On restless waves of Time's unresting sea.  
We seek a face that flashes fitfully  
Across our dreams; with drowsy eyes half-blind  
We grope for it in wanderings of the mind,  
A shadowy shape with no reality.  
We seek too far; too pensively we dream;  
Come, here abide before His Heart, whose crest  
Of flame will guide us down life's lonely stream;  
A haven here amidst the world's unrest,  
All shadows fled, where peace will ever gleam  
When our life's sunset fades adown the West.

FRANCIS X. DOYLE, S.J.



## HELPING THE POOR



Is it not enough to make us tremble, to see how many otherwise good, and even fervent, Catholics, habitually neglect Christ's solemn precept of helping the poor? "The poor indeed you have always with you," so we never can plead a lack of opportunity for putting into practice the grave commandment of Our Lord. In town and country, now as ever, they are always near us, needy and numerous;—the poor who have become so by their own fault or negligence; and the innocent poor, the victims of a mother's sloth or a father's crime. And what excruciating miseries they suffer! The weakness of hunger, the agonies of shame, the pang of anxious uncertainty as to whence shall come their evening's shelter and to-morrow's food; the hopelessness of utter indigence,—these are with them often, and threaten them always.

The child wails to its mother for food, but the mother herself is faint with hunger. The mother sees her little ones perishing from want and shivering with cold, and she weeps before her husband and their father. But he too, is crushed with poverty and looks on in despairing agony, unable to relieve them. They cry aloud to their Father in Heaven, who has compassion on the least thing that lives, and who hears the young ravens when they call to Him for food. But that infinitely merciful and tender Father is a God of order and of law, and He has given man into man's keeping, and put the relief of the wretched into the hands of his fellow men.

It is to us, then, that the hungry and destitute must turn at last, as to their appointed saviors from misery and distress. Do we minister to them in tenderness and compassion?—or are we so thoughtless in our comfortable plenty, as to deny these wretched ones the little aid they seek? Ah, when our own children gather round us, clean and fair and merry, well-clad and well-housed against cold and storm, innocent of hunger and of shame, we must let our thoughts wander in pity from their bright looks, safe as they are in the sheltered ways of happy childhood, to the wretched shanty where lurk the squalid children of the poor. Christ prays us to have pity,—at least upon the little ones; to take compassion in a practical way, on

neglected children, ragged, shivering and weeping, cold and hungry, ignorant, it may be, and abandoned.

The leavings of many a table would make them a banquet; the cast-off clothing of richer little ones would be a decent covering to wrap their wasted limbs; a little part of the money spent in mere indulgence would mean to them very life, and happiness, and cheerful hope.

But this is not all. There is another thought which to some of us may prove more piercing and more moving still. We are the almoners of God. He hath given man into the hands of man, and made each one's brother his keeper. "Love thy neighbor," is second only to "Love thy God." Now the wail of the starving poor is going up forever around us, near us, even at our very doors. What meaning has that incessant, piteous crying of hungry hearts and of hungry bodies, in the ever-listening ears of God? Alas! Must it not be an unceasing though unconscious accusation,—an indictment uttered loud and strong against us at the dreadful bar of the Most High? And shall we dare answer to that charge, that we were thoughtless and distracted and busied with our own concerns,—when we have such commands and oft-repeated warnings? Or may this be thought a light duty, to be easily disregarded, or a trifling opportunity for merit, to be readily forgone, when Christ Himself has declared: "Amen, I say unto you as long as you did it to one of these My least brethren, you did it unto Me? As long as you did it not to one of these My least brethren, you did it not unto Me."

Would that it were only the very rich in this world's goods who stood in danger of this grave charge and stern accounting! Would that those of us were at least exempt, who are poor ourselves, and scarce can give an alms in money or in food! But the precept is most broad, the needy are without number, their wants, various and manifold, so that there is not one of us who cannot give alms of some sort, if willing to do so, and there is not one of us who can give but is held by this command of God. Nor does our personal inability to minister to the poor excuse us, for there is the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, ready to be our vicar; nor does even the lack of earthly goods acquit us, for we can give at least the alms of prayer.

God speaks, it is true,—as we speak most commonly,—of corporal aid and comfort, but these are things of lesser import,—types and figures of the aid we owe to our neighbor's spirit; of the alms we should give, of love to his needy heart, of faith to his starving soul. And God speaks in terms of temporal aid for this further reason also, that the body must be fed and clothed before the spirit can be strengthened, and he who lets his neighbor thirst, or starve, or lie uncared for in sickness or imprisonment, when he might easily aid him, will scarcely have the countenance to pretend concern for his sick heart, or lonely spirit.

It is, then, a salutary thing for all, to read this precept over, as it is written in many ways and for many ages, by prophets, sages and saints; and to take it practically to heart. And there is perhaps no other place in the whole cycle of the scriptures where its weight is forced upon us so emphatically, as in that last great Judgment where the warnings of the Eternal reach a sanction and a summing-up, in the momentous sentence to be pronounced on man, before he goes forth to everlasting joy or woe. How strange in our ears are the warning words of that sentence, as Christ has told them to us. Then shall the King say to them that shall be on His right hand: "Come, ye blessed of My Father, possess you the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world. For I was hungry, and you gave Me to eat; I was thirsty, and you gave Me to drink; I was a stranger, and you took Me in; naked, and you covered Me; sick, and you visited Me; I was in prison, and you came to Me." \* \* \* Then He shall say to them also that shall be on His left hand: "Depart from Me, you cursed, \* \* \* For I was hungry and you gave Me not to eat, \* \* \* naked and you covered Me not, sick and in prison and you did not visit Me." "Then shall the wicked answer him saying: Lord when did we see Thee hungry, or thirsty, or a stranger, or naked, or sick, or in prison, and did not minister to Thee? Then He shall answer them, saying: Amen I say to you, as long as you did it not to one of these least, neither did you do it to Me. And these shall go into everlasting punishment, but the just into life everlasting."

No word here of murder, or blasphemy, or the seven deadly sins; or any of those gross sins from which in our inward searchings we are likely to thank Heaven we are so free. No; but the just are

to be rewarded and the wicked to be condemned on this strange standard: "Have ye fed the hungry, clothed the naked, visited the sick and the imprisoned?"—Have ye pitied the wretched and needy with an active pity, and succored them in their distress? Not that other good deeds are disregarded, nor that other crimes shall fail of their just retribution on that awful day. But it is of these works of charity that we are most strongly reminded, because it is these that even good men seem likeliest to forget.

Winter is here, winter which makes hunger keener, homelessness twice desolate, and want a more intolerable pain. Let us heed, then, our Saviour's warning and take pity on the distressed. Let us be good stewards and faithful almoners, spending our goods and labor, with care and gentleness and love, on the helpless members of Christ's family;—the great, piteous, suffering multitude of His destitute poor!

EDWARD F. GARESCHÉ, S.J.

## PROMOTERS' RECEPTIONS

Diplomas issued during the month of January, 1908, from the 1st to the 31st (inclusive).

| Diocese.                      | Place.                 | Local Centre.                     | No. |
|-------------------------------|------------------------|-----------------------------------|-----|
| Albany.....                   | White Hall, N. Y....   | Our Lady of Angels.....Church     | 17  |
| Boston.....                   | Boston, Mass.....      | Holy Cross.....Cathedral          | 1   |
| Boston.....                   | Brockton, Mass.....    | St. Patrick's.....Church          | 70  |
| Boston.....                   | Wellesley Hills, Mass. | Assumption.....Academy            | 7   |
| Brooklyn.....                 | Bayside, N. Y.....     | Sacred Heart.....Church           | 6   |
| Chicago.....                  | Chicago, Ill.....      | St. George's....."                | 8   |
| Chicago.....                  | Chicago, Ill.....      | Holy Trinity....."                | 15  |
| Chicago.....                  | Chicago, Ill.....      | St. Monica's....."                | 1   |
| Chicago.....                  | La Grange, Ill.....    | Nazareth.....Academy              | 4   |
| Cincinnati.....               | Springfield, Ohio..... | St. Bernard's.....School          | 3   |
| Cleveland.....                | Canton, Ohio.....      | St. Peter's.....Church            | 14  |
| Cleveland.....                | Elyria, Ohio.....      | St. Mary's....."                  | 25  |
| Cleveland.....                | Louisville, Ohio.....  | St. Louis....."                   | 3   |
| Dubuque.....                  | New Albin, Iowa.....   | St. Joseph's....."                | 7   |
| Indianapolis.....             | Vincennes, Ind.....    | St. John the Baptist....."        | 3   |
| Milwaukee.....                | Oconomowoc, Wis....    | St. Jerome's....."                | 18  |
| Monterey and Los Angeles..... | Banning, Cal.....      | St. Boniface Industrial....School | 1   |
| Monterey and Los Angeles..... | Los Angeles, Cal....   | St. Vincent's.....Church          | 10  |
| Natchez.....                  | Philadelphia, Miss.... | Holy Cross....."                  | 4   |
| Newark.....                   | West Hoboken, N. J..   | St. Michael's....."               | 1   |
| New York.....                 | New York, N. Y.....    | Holy Name....."                   | 9   |
| New York.....                 | New York, N. Y.....    | Immaculate Conception....."       | 5   |
| Pittsburg.....                | Allegheny, Pa.....     | St. Mary's....."                  | 4   |
| Pittsburg.....                | Herman, Pa.....        | St. Mary's.....Monastery          | 3   |
| Pittsburg.....                | Pittsburg, Pa.....     | St. George's.....Church           | 3   |
| Pittsburg.....                | Pittsburg, Pa.....     | St. Paul's.....Cathedral          | 20  |
| Richmond.....                 | Martinsburg, W. Va..   | St. Joseph's.....Church           | 1   |
| St. Louis.....                | Florissant, Mo.....    | St. Ferdinand's....."             | 3   |
| St. Paul.....                 | Minneapolis, Minn....  | Sacred Heart.....Convent          | 1   |
| Sault Falls.....              | Aberdeen, S. Dak....   | Sacred Heart.....Convent          | 1   |
| Springfield.....              | Worcester, Mass.....   | Sacred Heart....."                | 3   |
| Tucson.....                   | Yuma, Ariz.....        | Immaculate Conception....."       | 6   |
| Winona.....                   | Mankato, Minn.....     | SS. Peter and Paul....."          | 1   |

Total number of Receptions, 33.

Total number of Diplomas issued, 389.

# THE APOSTLE OF THE HOLY NAME

(ST. BERNARDINE OF SIENA.)

## PART. II.



RULY those days of the early 15th Century were irreclaimable except by the zealous administration of a saint like Friar Bernardine. The age was just dawning out of the dark. The blood of savage ancestors had not yet quite cooled in the veins of the people of Italy. The animosity which they nursed against one another was as bitter, and the cruelty they manifested was at times as revolting, as ever burned within the breasts of their barbarian progenitors, Goth or Lombard. Dwellings as solid as castles, grilled windows, massive doors, barred and bolted,—these were signs of the ferocity of the times. On every building, one might almost say on every object of use, flaunted the hostile emblazonry of the Lion or the Eagle, emblems of the rival factions of the Guelph and the Ghibbeline. The old war-cry of “Here for the Welf!” “Here for the Waibling!” still rang above the noise of the street-fracas. In town, hamlet and village alike “murder was the undisputed master from whose clutches neither old men, nor women, nor children could escape, while no species of cruelty was left unemployed.” Not life, not the honor of wives and daughters was safe. Even the pound of the enemies’ flesh had its price. Corruption, anarchy, violence was the order of the day. All Italy was steeped in blood, the blood of the people,—the princes giving license to disorder as a prolific source of revenue.

Moreover, the disturbance of the Great Schism had shaken the rock of Peter to its base. Many of the towns of the Patrimony, had declared themselves independent. “No baron was insignificant enough not to condemn Papal authority.” Even the street-urchins of Florence could mock Pope Martin V. as he passed along the streets. The barriers of respect for ecclesiastical authority were down; heresy was rampant; the faithful scandalized; and as a natural result indifference in religion and laxity of morals prevailed up and down the country.

This immorality and this unbelief were further accentuated by the rise of the New Learning, the Renaissance movement. In strange

contrast to the prevalent hatred and cruelty of those days, which were, as we have said, the expiring fires of ancestral barbarism,—these dark features of the times were the shadows cast by the dawn of the new light of civilization upon the world,—the spread of Art and Letters. This was the triumph of Pride, as that other had been the triumph of the Passion, of man. The development of Philosophy, which had at first run on so correctly in the channels of orthodox belief, was breaking with old traditions and asserting new and independent ways of thought. The supremacy of the Bishop of Rome was no longer the universal doctrine of the Schools. Diffidence, unconcern, sarcasm became the attitude of mind of the Humanists; until finally Catholic Faith grew to be regarded as the outcome of barbarism and the repudiation of Christianity was considered true progress. The rule of self-restraint was neglected; sanctity of marriage profaned; Epicureanism became the prevailing Philosophy; and a license ensued that needed to be checked by law. Legislation was passed against the immorality of the day, immorality so gross that St. Bernardine asserts that his nostrils were assailed, as he approached some of these Italian cities, by a positive “stench of sin.”

But now as we look upon St. Bernardine actively exercising the work of his ministry, how our horror at the corruption of those decadent days yields to admiration for the vigor with which he pushes his long campaign. Like an energetic general, he seems to spread his presence everywhere over that broad battle-field of Italy, working no less to encourage the faithful, to disengage them from their follies and confirm them in their faith, than to confound and destroy the rival forces of sin. A truly indefatigable laborer, every morning for four hours immediately after mass, and often also for hours in the evening, he would address the people. His language was the same as that which had distinguished the preaching of St. Francis of Assisi, and contrasted strongly with the cold and careful formalism of the scholastic preachers of that day. It was a language largely conversational, full of tenderness, the emotional language of the heart. Such a style depends for its efficacy upon the personality of the speaker; it is as utterly ineffectual in the absence of virtue as it is irresistibly persuasive in the accents of a saint.

At one moment his audience would shake with terror before his

vivid portrayal of the future in store for the sinner; and the next it melted into gentleness by the sweet account of Magdalen, "so devoured by love that her dimmed eyes behold without recognition," and the beautiful picture of peace, "when everything seems atremor with joy."

He spoke directly to the hearts of the people. His sermons, like our 'divine Lord's, abound in fables and parables taken from the ordinary life of his hearers. "I am going to give you a most beautiful fable," he says; "listen with all your might for it is sure to please you." To the proverbially musical sound of Italian upon Tuscan lips he combined an expressiveness of gesture equally distinctive of Italian skies. Vivacious, simple, even familiar, he carefully avoided the vulgar excess of too many preachers of his day. Overjoyed on one occasion with the success of his preaching, he says: "I have put on flesh since my arrival in this town." Merciless, too, at times was his satire. Hear how he ridicules the women for bedecking their heads "one with battlements, another with a citadel, and a third with a solitary spire like that one in front of me" pointing to the great tower of the Palazzo publico.

How the people flocked to hear him! "They swarmed to the churches like ants." At the news of his coming the hum of business was still. Men and women and children to the number of twenty or thirty thousand crowded into the cities, came before the sun, in order to ensure for themselves a choice seat near the speaker. His pulpit was erected in the centre of the market-place; and there in the pulpit stood the venerable form of the poor friar, holding in his hand the sacred monogram I.H.S. That symbol was the outward sign of the intense love of God that warmed his soul, as inseparable from him as the Sign of the Cross from his divine Redeemer. No name was more precious to him, none more frequently on his lips.

Kindled by this love emanating from the breast of the good friar, an incredible devotion to the Holy Name sprang up in the hearts of his countrymen during the saint's own lifetime; the Holy Name came to replace upon the houses the warlike symbols of Guelph and Ghibbeline; the manufacturers of playing-cards, their occupation gone through the preaching of the saint, drew a thriving trade from the making of other cards emblazoned with the

sacred letters. These were the two weapons of his warfare,—the Word of God and His Holy Name. And what was the issue of the warfare? Peace reigns throughout the long, slender length of Italy, civil peace and peace of soul. Venice, the city of merchants, abandons its practice of usury and becomes a model city; Ferrara throws away its luxury; Bologna's gambling and dissension are quelled; Florence's vanities and games of chance disappear in the flames; Siena, the home of saints and at the same time the hot-bed of faction and anarchy, is soothed into quiet. Here and elsewhere through Perugia and the villages of Umbria, everywhere prospered the saint's doctrine of peace, peace, peace.

In recapitulating the sources of the saint's secret of power as a preacher M. Thureau-Dangin, to whom we are indebted for all of the facts of the Saint's life mentioned here, remarks: "How telling must have been the preacher's voice and emphasis, the atmosphere and swift transit of emotion from the speaker to his audience, by dint of the strong link uniting them, and last, though not least, that ascendancy bequeathed by sanctity and possessed by Bernardine in no small degree."

Surely this last item, the sanctity of Bernardine, might bear powerful amplification, more than that which has been granted to the saint's natural advantages, and not have been dismissed with a passing mention in the summing up. One cannot exaggerate that influence or its effect. A mirror does not copy an original more faithfully than an audience will reflect the character of the speaker. With exactly the same natural powers, gesture, word-painting, oratory, etc., one speaker will fail and another succeed in producing conviction and conversion, because one has what the other has not, namely, an intense, practical realization of the truths which he pronounces. Bernardine's work in evangelizing Italy, substituting peace for war, the Holy Emblem I.H.S. for the hostile standards of the Lion and the Eagle, stamping out the blaze of immorality that was spread over the land, restoring the Church to its ancient place of honor in so many communities, and winning for himself all the while the amplest devotion and reverence: all this work by its magnitude and completeness testifies more strongly than words to the deep sources of strength and activity which did not consist in any merely human powers, but were the secret springs of grace and the saint's own holy life.

WILLIAM T. TALLON, S.J.



## THE WINDS OF MARCH



ARCH and the winds of the North! The year's great seasons all have their harbingers; each month strikes its own melody on nature's chords. Out on the trackless sea to-day, gentle reader, many a ship that lately you saw resting at ease in the harbor, is tossing about,—the plaything of an ocean gale. There in the forest yonder, that giant oak, which only a day since reared its head, so king-like, into a cloudless sky, to-day encumbers the ground,—the victim of a ruthless blast. Down the city street too, the wind comes howling, and before the cold gray stars look down on us to-night, some home will be less happy for its coming.

Years, long years ago there came a mighty wind and it made desolate the land of Job, and desolate his heart. You know the story; the sorrows of the man of Hus are writ in brass. Moments, short moments ago perhaps, there came another wind, and it made desolate another region,—the region of your own heart. Those thoughts of yours that yesterday were so calm,—how storm-tossed they are become, in doubt and disappointment. Those dear ones, who lately stood before you, the blood—your blood, may be,—coursing healthily within them from foot to crown, now lie where nevermore the wind will vex them, though it whistles through the cypress and the ivy, just above their head. That home where a while ago you saw peace and plenty painted high on the walls, now feels the chill that the winds of poverty are driving through its new-made crevices. Thus the wind comes and whistles and sings, but its winter melody is ever a sad one; for the name of its song is —“Adversity.”

Gentle reader, when that wind blows across your life's journey, remember Genezareth; remember Him of whom it was said “Lo! how the winds . . . obey Him.” Let not your courage be as “a reed shaken by the wind.” Above the clamor, hear the olden words “Be still.” Those sorrows will never overreach your strength, for in His Providence “He tempereth the wind to the shorn lamb and in His own time He will scatter them as ashes which the whirlwind scattereth.”

RICHARD A. FLEMING, S.J.

## Our Work and Its Spirit

FATHER MAXIMILIAN SCHAEFER, O.F.M.



FATHER SCHAEFER whose name appears at the head of our Obituary this month was born in Cincinnati, O., in 1851. He was received into the Order of Friars Minor at the age of sixteen, and was ordained in 1874, afterwards becoming Assistant Priest in Oldenburg, Ind., Lafayette, Ind., and Hamilton, O., before he was appointed Professor at St. Francis College, Cincinnati. He was for eight years Pastor of St. Francis Church in his native city, and for two years Pastor of St. George's, Corryville. In the year 1900 he was withdrawn from parochial work, where his wonderful energy and zeal had been so successful, to take up the editorship of the *German Messenger of the Sacred Heart*. At this post he remained till his death in St. Mary's Hospital, Cincinnati, on December 18th, 1907.

Father Schaefer was a kind-hearted priest and a most generous man of learning, easily accessible to all who needed help or encouragement; and he maintained during the long period of twenty-seven years a practical and ever-growing interest in the League of the Sacred Heart and in the *German Messenger*. He inspired many younger writers with his own good taste and with an enthusiasm for writing which has made the magazine for which he labored so long, a radiant, a welcome and a cheerful visitor to thousands of homes. May he rest in peace.

### WITH OUR PROMOTERS.

WE have every reason to be thankful to our Promoters for the renewed interest they have lately manifested in the League of the Sacred Heart and in the Associates of their bands. Looking over the past two months we find that there have been many Promoters' Receptions, and there is a satisfactory registration of new Aggregations. This means that the League of the Sacred Heart is alive and that it is spreading. It also points to an active and energetic zeal not only on the part of Directors, but on the part of Promoters as well; for of the many new bands formed a large number

can claim as Promoters men and women who have for a long time been content to be identified with the League as Associates. We are sure that our Promoters will rejoice with us over this increase of fervor for devotion to the Sacred Heart, and that when occasion offers they will do all in their power to encourage new Promoters, while at the same time using every effort to stimulate the apostolic ardor of those who make up their own bands.

And the point that Promoters must ever keep in mind is the idea of apostleship in their work, in the work of the League, in the work of all the Associates with whom they come in contact. They have a message to convey to the hearts of others, a message of peace, of love, of reparation, of atonement; but it is a message that they must first proclaim in their own hearts. They must conquer therein the foes of our Lord, and they must stifle, crush and annihilate everything in them that hinders or arrests the realization of the League's motto, "Thy Kingdom Come." If this shall mean greater exactness on their part in the performance of their special duties as Promoters, they will not be averse to exercising it; if it shall entail the necessity of putting themselves to some inconvenience for the sake of an Associate who is ill or poor, they will not hesitate to practise the most striking and attractive virtue of the Sacred Heart,—charity. They must not suppose that they can be active Promoters if they neglect their obvious duties, trivial and insignificant though these seem to be; and they must not suppose that they can be fervent Promoters if they are not on the alert at all times for the performance of acts of charity, especially when these are, as often happens, acts of mortification and self-denial. Activity and fervor of this kind are bound to bring true peace to the soul; and love and reparation and atonement must follow in the wake of peace.

Promoters will also be at pains to let Associates know, or at least remember that they are engaged in an apostleship of prayer; and prayer, meaning as it does the raising of the mind to God and converse with Him, has to do with the supernatural. In these *modern* days when the world not only deems the thought of God a wearisome intrusion, but hates Him more than ever, and hates and vilifies those who profess to love Him and revere Him, it is incumbent upon His chosen followers to prove by deeds that are prayerful the sincerity of their love for all that is holy. There is not one of us but ought now

more than ever to be about our Father's business, like our Lord and Master. And this is not a mere idle and deceptive speculation, a dreamy and fanciful resolve. To one who is familiar with the workings of the League, as any Promoter may justly be supposed to be, there are abundant ways of manifesting a practical interest in things supernatural. It is only necessary to read over the Treasury of Good Works, the long and suggestive list of means of self-sanctification and of winning graces for the thousands and thousands of devout and indevout Associates who rely upon that Treasury for the fulfilment of many an earnest petition.

To cast but a hurried glance at the first number set down in the Treasury, how much it means to record there from day to day *acts of charity* done on behalf of others. Acts of charity, while implying every kind of almsgiving and open-handed generosity, very often signify words of charity, for it is largely by word that we show our charity and make a habit of the virtue, especially in the case of fraternal charity, just as it is usually not by the deeds of the hand or by our personal behavior, but by the utterances of the tongue that we wound charity and bring sorrow to the heart of our neighbor or our friends or kinsfolk. They who have distinguished themselves in the service of the Sacred Heart very clearly understand that there is little room here for self-deception if one is in earnest, for there is no end of occasion to make our charity real and true, to cause it to take shape in something positive and definite.

The remaining good works enumerated in the Treasury include well-nigh every practical means of attaining holiness, and vividly recall St. Paul's words to the Philippians: "In everything, by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving, let your petitions be made known to God. And the peace of God which surpasseth all understanding keep your hearts and minds in Christ Jesus. For the rest, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever modest, whatsoever just, whatsoever holy, whatsoever lovely, whatsoever of good fame, if there be any virtue, if any praise of discipline think on these things!"

"HE WAS A JUST MAN."

**M**ARCH is the month consecrated to Saint Joseph, and they who are interested in the League will not fail to remember a saint whose knowledge and love of the Sacred Heart cannot be paralleled

save in the case of our Blessed Lady. He is eminently qualified to be a model of love of the Sacred Heart, as well as a model of his own most characteristic virtues of humility and faith. In all the Catholic calendar there is no purer, no holier type of deep humility and of strong faith than Saint Joseph. How well he learnt these virtues from Jesus and Mary, forming his noble character more and more upon theirs, and reproducing in his life the traits that most signalized them.

We are told in Holy Scripture that the just man lives by faith; and the sum total of St. Joseph's life as set down in the gospels is that he was a just man. The hand of God Himself has written the epitaph of this illustrious Saint in one short line, *He was a just man*; and when God comes to set the sign of His approval upon man or woman, justice is everything; it is the utmost eminence and limit of appreciation. Justice is the very essence of goodness and holiness; it is sanctity crystallized. It betokens the highest blessedness and leaves nothing unsaid. It is the virtue that takes the place of mother to all other virtues, and they one and all resemble her and bear the calm and splendid beauty of her unruffled features no matter how they may seem to differ from one another.

If we seek for a definition of justice we shall learn that it is that habitual disposition of mind and heart perpetually ready to render to every one his due. Justice moves in a sphere that comprehends and embraces every virtue that we can think of; it clothes and adorns the soul in a garment conspicuous to all the world for its costliness and rare beauty. The soul that is possessed of it is a stranger to sin and to sinful worldliness; no muddy vesture of decay contaminates or degrades its graceful charms. To be endowed with a disposition from which no virtue is absent and in which no deliberate wrongdoing can have part, is to be endowed with justice. We all have duties to perform; we are under obligations to God, to ourselves, to our neighbor; and the exact and honest fulfilment of these different duties constitutes justice or holiness. Fidelity here means fidelity to the will of God, and God's will is the only holiness, and holiness is the only happiness. This is a truth which comes more and more forcibly home to us, which grows profounder and intenser in its significance, as we advance on the pathway of life and daily assume new relations; for every new relation puts us in the way of seeing

a new manifestation of the will of God, bringing in its train additional claims and widening our field for the exercise of justice.

St. Joseph was a just man, and there is no condition of society which cannot discover in him a pattern of heroic virtue. In his dealings with God he proved himself a man of sublimest faith. He looked to God as his aim in labor, his hope in misfortune, his consolation in trial, his friend at all times. Whether in the solitude of his home, or abroad in the little restless world of Nazareth, his faith remained firm and unchanged, for he ever walked in the company of God. Though in the world, he was not of the world, for his mind dwelt in a range of thought and roamed in a sphere of contemplation far above the prison of this earth. God was his life, God was his all, in whom he lived and moved and had his being, and in comparison of whom the noblest and grandest things of earth faded and dwindled away into nothingness. His was a faith well tried in the furnace of tribulation. Suffering and poverty often visited his home, and sorrow many a time knocked at the door of his heart; yet he always welcomed them as gifts from the hand of a loving Father to whom he could say in all sincerity: "Beloved Father of my being, and yet my Master, I put myself into Thy hands to-day and forever. Come weal or come woe, health or sickness, honor or dishonor, life or death, confiding in Thee I am not afraid. Let me but feel the clasp of Thy hand and see the smile of Thy countenance, and I will sleep on Thy bosom in peace."

St. Joseph's faith saw God's providence in the biting blasts of Bethlehem and was content. Others might not understand, but he grasped sufficiently to adore God's wisdom in the flight into Egypt, and was silent and uncomplaining in his marvellous obedience. And so it was all through his life till death came to close his eyes as he passed away in the arms of Jesus and Mary.

Faith like that of St. Joseph is the crying need of our lives; and when we pray to him we must pray that we may be established like him in unbounded faith. He will not hesitate to hear us, knowing as he does that nothing can more truly foster in our hearts a love for the Sacred Heart than faith like his own. And so, when in the Morning Offering during March we shall say "O Jesus through the Immaculate heart of Mary," we shall do well to let our minds ponder for a moment on the sinless heart of St. Joseph. There is no saint

whose name falls from our lips more naturally after that of Jesus and Mary than the name of Joseph. There is no saint more intimately associated with all that is dear to us. None of us but has at some time or other experienced the effects of his powerful intercession. He was the head and father of the blessed home of Nazareth; he has been proclaimed the patron of the whole Church; he is the faithful guardian and protector of our homes.

We love St. Joseph and we reverence him not only because of his own marvellous worth, and because of his close relationship with the Incarnation; but because as the foster-father of Jesus and the faithful spouse of Mary, he was kind to that Divine Son and Mother, working for them with the toil of his hands and supporting them by the meagre and paltry profits of his obscure and humble trade. And he who saw God everywhere, upon whose holy eyes the sunlight of justice beat full and strong, did not fail to see God in his neighbor and to be kind to him always. He was the personification of kindness in word and deed, and we know that his kindness goes forth still to bless and remunerate the lowliest of his devout clients. That warm confidence with which we have recourse to him in temporal needs is one of the surest warrants that we have of a living spirit of faith within us quite akin to his own. Nor is our trust in him for help and strength and courage in the greater and keener necessities of the soul in any sense dissimilar. He who was a stay and a comfort to Jesus and Mary in the darker days at Nazareth will not fail us or forsake us when the shadows creep into our sunshine and the practice of virtue seems an impossibility.

Above all we are certain that when the thought is brought home to us that a day will come when we shall have to leave this world and go forth to meet Christ beyond the gate and grave of death, we instinctively turn to St. Joseph and pray him to be near us then and to lead us safely through the portals of eternal life. He is the patron of a happy death. Like him we hope to die happily, and we all know how truly his hope was realized. But to die as he did in the arms of Jesus and Mary we must live as he did in their holy company; we must give ear as he did to the voice of God calling us upward and onward to the higher blessedness of a life of faith.

JOSEPH H. SMITH, S.J.

# Interests of Heart of Jesus

## THE COMING EUCHARISTIC CONGRESS.



It may be gratifying to our readers to learn that for the first time since 1881, England has been chosen for the holding of the International Eucharistic Congress. Of the previous eighteen Congresses, nine were held in France, five in Belgium, one in Switzerland, one in Jerusalem, one in Rome and one last year at Metz.

We may rest assured that nothing will be left undone to make the nineteenth Eucharistic Congress in London one of the greatest events since the days of Catholic England. Every effort is being made to press on the work of the adornment and decoration of the Westminster Cathedral in view of the coming of guests from all over the world. Prayers are offered daily that the blessing of God may be upon this important gathering, that it may be for His honor and glory, and in some sense a reparation for the outrages that have been committed against the Adorable Mystery of the Altar ever since England was separated from the unity of the Faith.

## PIUS X AND AN INVOCATION TO THE SACRED HEART.

So wonderful have been the results attending the invocation: "Sacred Heart of Jesus, I place my trust in Thee," writes Fr. Van Peteghem, S.J., who suggested it in a retreat preceding the expulsion of a religious community, that more than 50,000 copies of the aspiration were printed and circulated. Large inscriptions were made of it to be hung in schools and hospitals. To add to the blessings with which the Divine Heart rewarded the confidence of the faithful, Pius X deigned to write himself beneath the image of the Sacred Heart, which was presented to him: "To all the faithful who recite daily with devotion this invocation, we grant 300 days' indulgence each day, with a plenary indulgence once a month, provided that having confessed and communicated, they pray for the conver-



sion of poor sinners." In a declaration of June 27th, 1906, Pius X confirmed this concession and again on June 5th, 1907, he deigned to grant an indulgence of 300 days *toties quoties*, or as many times a day as this invocation should be recited with devotion. Both partial and plenary indulgences are applicable to the souls in Purgatory.

#### THE INDIAN'S WAY OF HONORING THE SACRED HEART.


Holy Cross Mission, Koserefsky, Alaska, Aug. 20, 1907.

REVEREND DEAR FATHER:

"Please to recommend to the prayers of the League our Mission, especially one on the Shagaluk River. So far the Indians there did not answer the loving call of the Sacred Heart—poor people! Certainly they deserve to be pitied. Not very intelligent by nature, in continual business communication with a Protestant centre, visited often and given gratis flour, tea, sugar, etc., by the Anglican minister, who so tries to allure them; scared to death by the Russian Schismatic Priest, who once a year comes to see them, to hear their confessions and give them Communion, they do not see their way clearly yet; but the Sacred Heart, to Whom this Mission is dedicated, is more powerful than all the heretics and schismatics of this world. Pray that He may send us some more efficient workmen and His kingdom will come. The news of the League is always good. This year by the fervent, generous piety of a good lady, we began to have the daily adoration of the Blessed Sacrament. The pupils enjoy spending some time before our Lord in the Tabernacle and it is quite evident that the company of the Divine Victim warms up and strengthens in virtue their simple hearts. The First Friday is always welcome by everybody. As it is too difficult to have these devotions at the same time in different languages, the Indians of the village have them on the Sunday following the First Friday. It would no doubt afford you great delight and perhaps also amusement to see them at the first stroke of the bell, coming from every quarter, as so many bears, all wrapped in their furs, with their heads buried in their long fur hoods; the women with their babies comfortably hanging from their backs, running in the darkness on the snow and ice to the church.

Everything is in Indian; morning prayers, hymns and consecration to the Sacred Heart. They receive the Sacraments with heartfelt devotion, and their life is in keeping with their spirit of faith. In Nulato and other Missions the first and third degree are also well kept. The Indians around Nome are flocking to the Church. We had many conversions this year, and so far they have proved earnest ones. Among those received into the church were 60 Indians belonging to King Island. These latter had never received the visit of a priest. They, however, came of their own accord for two successive summers to Nome, faithfully attending almost every day the instruction, and asking insistently for holy Baptism. The balance of the population will, we hope, very soon follow them. Happily the whalers do not frequent their island, and so they are yet simple and good. Where the whalers go, immorality, drinking and gambling go with them to ruin the poor Indians. If we only had more laborers and more abundant means, many more places could be attended to with good success. The intense winter cold, the difficult and hard task of traveling by dog-sled require missionaries with strong constitutions and they are not so easy to be had. Recommend, therefore, dear Father, our needs to the Master of the vineyard, that He may multiply the harvest by sending us more laborers."

## RESIGNED

FFLICTION fell with heavy weight,  
My heart was torn by grief.  
I groaned in my unhappy state,  
And nowhere found relief.

The scalding tears of sorrow fell;  
I sighed for what was lost.  
The void in life seemed to foretell  
Long years 'mid anguish tossed.

At length I prayed: "O God, Thy will,  
Thy holy will, not mine!"—  
The throbbing heart grew calm and still—  
"To Thee I all resign."

GEORGE A. DEGLEMAN, S.J.



"And all that were sick

He healed." Matt. viii, 16.

## THANKSGIVINGS

Total number of Thanksgivings for last month, 2,165,135.

### SPECIAL FAVORS.

#### Saved from Amputation.

*Convent, La.*—"A mother returns grateful thanks to the Sacred Heart for the wonderful cure of her little son, aged seven years.

Last September the child fell on a nail that entered through the knee breaking the bone. The boy was taken to the hospital; the doctors had no hope of saving the leg and said that amputation was absolutely necessary. The mother, in her great sorrow, had recourse to the Sacred Heart, promising a Novena of the Nine First Fridays and also publication in the MESSENGER. The knee then began to improve so rapidly that the doctors could not account for the speedy cure.

The child is walking around now and has returned to school."

#### Hopes Realized.

*Kentucky.*—"A virulent form of crysipelas threatened our Institution, a promising young novice having died

of the disease, and three more cases having developed.

Recourse was had to the Sacred Heart; a Mass of Thanksgiving, and publication of the favor in the MESSENGER were promised, if the cases were cured, and no more developed. Our hopes were realized! Eternal praise and gratitude to the Most Sacred Heart of Jesus!"

#### A Slave No Longer.

*California.*—"I am 30 years old now. At the age of twelve, I commenced smoking, thinking like most small boys it was smart to do so. Up to a year ago, I never thought I could quit the habit, until one day I looked at the yellow stain on my fingers and I became ashamed. I resolved with God's aid to stop then and there. I threw tobacco, bag, papers and even matches away. All that day I longed for a cigarette. But knowing the power of God's grace, I asked His help and immediately the desire left me. Ever afterwards as often as I felt a desire to smoke, I had but to remember my

promise to God when at once the craving ceased. In 1898 I enlisted in the U. S. army. Coming in contact with all classes of men, I soon acquired the drinking habit. One day, however, the thought of my happy boyhood days filled me with remorse. I resolved to see a priest and to take the pledge. From that day, though tempted many a time to join my boon companions and make merry with them, I have with God's grace kept my pledge. And I have never been sorry for it, for to-day I have friends, money, a good position, and last but not least, the love of God in my heart.—On reading in your *MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART* of the many extraordinary favors granted those who trust in the Heart of Jesus, I could not resist the impulse of rehearsing to you a chapter or two of my sad life. Who knows but that it may be the means of saving some poor soul from the downward path and of winning him back to the love of the Heart of Jesus?"

#### **Seven Months of Suffering.**

*Buffalo, N. Y.*—"A badge and cross of the League of the Sacred Heart were pinned on our dying mother, with the promise of having a Mass offered for the poor souls, also publication in the *MESSENGER* that this particular night would not be one of suffering as the preceding ones had been for seven months. Thanks to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, our prayers were heard and our dear mother was relieved from her sufferings the following morning, having apparently passed the night without any pain."

#### **How a Promoter's Badge was Obtained.**

*New Orleans, La.*—"On the 30th of March, Easter Sunday, I was taken

suddenly ill. I knew that the sickness was critical. My only hopes were in the Sacred Heart. My most ardent wish was to obtain a promoter's badge to wear. My wish was granted in a strange way, for I had not mentioned it to anyone. My boy sixteen years old, a member of the League, has a dear little friend, who is also an Associate. The latter, having been informed by my son of my critical condition, mentioned the fact to his sister, who was a promoter. She at once sent me her badge, although no one had begged her for it. I had up to that time not left my room and my bed for three long months. On receiving the badge, I promised the Sacred Heart that I would have a Mass offered in behalf of the souls in Purgatory and would join the League if I recovered. My prayer was heard and my recovery declared to be nothing short of a miracle, for which I beg to thank the Sacred Heart of Jesus."

#### **GENERAL FAVORS.**

For many of these favors Mass and publication were promised; for others the Badge or the Promoter's Cross was used; for others the prayers of the Associates were asked.

*ARKANSAS.*—*Pine Bluff*, a mother's recovery from a painful illness, the pledge taken by the father of a family and a promoter's relief from severe pain.

*COLORADO.*—*Denver*, a successful dental operation.

*CONNECTICUT.*—*Waterbury*, a satisfactory report in college work, relief from acute pain, suitable employment obtained and improvement in health.

*DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.*—*Washington*, a promotion and more suitable employment obtained.

*FLORIDA.*—*Tampa*, the obtaining a position more favorable to

and not interfering with Sunday observance.

GEORGIA.—*Macon*, grace to follow vocation.

ILLINOIS.—*Aurora*, cure of distressing fever; *Burnham*, a brother's restoration to health; *Chicago*, a speedy cure of fever, relief in two cases from heart trouble and from severe pain, preservation from diphtheria, cure of three ailments, success in a difficult examination, conversion of a man fatally injured; *Galesburg*, a brother's cure.

INDIANA.—*Indianapolis*, position obtained and speedy cure of severe cold; *Vincennes*, speedy improvement in health, a sister's remarkable recovery from a serious surgical operation.

IOWA.—*Clarksville*, success in an examination and payment of debt; *Iowa City*, improvement in health in two cases.

KENTUCKY.—*Louisville*, recovery from illness; *Rome*, cure of a severe cough.

LOUISIANA.—*Convent*, success in examination; *Grand Coteau*, cure of a sore limb, return to the Sacraments, a lady's recovery from sickness, preservation of two families from contagious diseases, position obtained, two cures; *Iberia*, the recovery of a very sick child; *Mix*, a mother's recovery; *New Orleans*, good health.

MARYLAND.—*Baltimore*, remarkable recovery of an infant, restoration of aged person to normal health; *Davidsonville*, recovery from severe illness without operation, satisfactory arrangement of business difficulty; *Libertytown*, recovery from severe case of typhoid fever, preservation from threatened loss.

MASSACHUSETTS.—*Hingham*, recovery from a serious illness; *Holyoke*, cure of injured hand; *Lynn*, cure of a devout client of the Sacred Heart; *Springfield*, grace for a re-

ligious vocation, a reconciliation before death, relief from severe headache, the successful continuation of studies.

MICHIGAN.—*Escanaba*, advantageous sale of property; *Hubbell*, a looked-for message received, peace of mind secured, employment obtained under unfavorable circumstances; *Merrill*, cure of sore throat; *Sault Ste. Marie*, young man's relief from ophthalmia and the averting of an operation.

MINNESOTA.—*Blooming Prairie*, a brother's successful operation; *Montgomery*, return of a relative to the Sacraments after an absence of many years, recovery from painful ailment without medical aid.

MISSOURI.—*New Madrid*, relief from severe attack of rheumatism; *Kirkwood*, cure of inflammatory rheumatism; *St. Louis*, relief for mother and infant, the averting of an operation, the obtaining of a situation, a relative's return to the Sacraments, preservation from operation, advantageous sale of property, relief from precarious situation.

NEBRASKA.—*Omaha*, a father's recovery.

NEW JERSEY.—*Englewood*, the finding of a lost article, a conversion, relief from severe pain; *Hoboken*, a father's return to his duties; *Jersey City*, restoration of health, a reconciliation, work obtained, the learning by his parents of the whereabouts of their son, unity and peace in a family, recovery of a person from a very dangerous operation; *West Hoboken*, the recovery of a sick person, relief from nervous prostration, the restoration to health.

NEW YORK.—*Babylon*, relief from serious ailment; *Bridgewater*, the restoration to health without medical aid; *Brooklyn*, the cure of a severe cough, the receiving by a man thirty-eight years old of his first holy Com-

munion, a brother's return home after two years of absence, the favorable sale of a house twenty-six years on the market; *Buffalo*, success in an examination, a mother's recovery, a brother's promotion, the conversion of two friends, the happy and peaceful death of a friend, the return of a person to the church after forty years of carelessness, return of a father to his duties, cure of intemperance, a conversion, peace in a family, success of a surgical operation, a position obtained under unfavorable circumstances, relief from occasional attacks of vertigo; *Corning*, the recovery of a man from appendicitis, good position obtained, a young man's improvement in conduct and studies and excellent position obtained; *Highland*, relief from pain in chest, position obtained after long period of idleness; *Kingston*, relief from throat trouble; *New York*, a position obtained, reconciliation of a freemason shortly before death, a mother's improvement in health and subsequent recovery, the finding of a precious article, the preservation from organic trouble; *Plattsburg*, the preservation of two Institutions from disaster, recovery from a serious illness; *Poughkeepsie*, a mother's recovery; *Rochester*, success of an operation, relief from pain; *Saranac Lake*, employment obtained for a brother who is the main support of the family; *Tuckahoe*, a favorable position obtained; *Utica*, cessation of a dangerous and long-continued hemorrhage.

OHIO.—*Canton*, a relative's reconciliation, improvement in health, two happy deaths, success in business, reform of life, a safe return from a journey, good tenants secured and reconciliation between members of a family; *Cincinnati*, the return of two persons to religious duties after many years' absence, success of a court

trial; *Columbus*, the recovery from dangerous illness, preservation from contagious disease, the holy death of an Associate, good health, the recovery from illness and the securing of a situation; *Dayton*, success of an undertaking; *East Columbus*, a parent's conversion and happy death; *Lakewood*, the averting in a miraculous manner of a disaster; *Norwood*, five religious vocations; *Navarre*, preservation of good health.

OKLAHOMA.—*Tulsa*, admission to a nurses' training school.

OREGON.—*Albany*, success in a temporal undertaking; *Roseburg*, relief from cardiac neuralgia.

PENNSYLVANIA.—*Bedford*, the cessation of a severe hemorrhage; *Brookville*, the regaining of a position; *Heirman*, relief from severe pain; *Miners Mills*, relief from eye trouble; *Philadelphia*, the conversion of two non-Catholics, restoration to health, the cure of a sore knee, the retaining of a position; *Pitts*, a son's peaceful and happy death.

SOUTH CAROLINA.—*Johnston*, recovery from pneumonia and son's preservation from it.

TENNESSEE.—*Nashville*, relief obtained in financial distress.

TEXAS.—*Dallas*, a relative's fidelity to religious vocation.

VERMONT.—*Middlebury*, the restoration to health; *West Rutland*, the prevention of a severe illness.

WEST VIRGINIA.—*Wheeling*, numberless blessings to a religious community.

WISCONSIN.—*Beaver Dam*, a friend's recovery without need of operation; *La Crosse*, escape from injury in wreck; *Milwaukee*, restoration to perfect health after long siege of illness; *Mineral Point*, success in the fulfilment of duties; *Racine*, relief from great anxiety, complete recovery, the recovery of an unexpected sum of money.

## BOOK NOTICES

*The Writings of Marie Corelli.*  
By S. Boswin, S.J. Sold by B. X. Furtado and Sons, Bombay; Sands & Co., London and Edinburgh; B. Herder, St. Louis, Mo.; Wm. P. Linehan, Little Collins St., Melbourne.

There are sincere Catholics who, in spite of a deep and life-long attachment to their faith, are nevertheless impatient of any restraint in the matter of their reading. But, thank God, there are others, and we trust they are by far the greater number, who, while equally fond of reading, have no mind to expose either their faith or their virtue to unnecessary risk by the perusal of works whose moral principles are at fault, or, in which their religion is held up to contempt.

To the first class of readers, Father Boswin's critique will scarcely appeal, but to the latter it cannot fail to prove very acceptable. The series of papers of which it is made up, appeared originally in *The Examiner*, a Catholic weekly of Bombay, India. In these the reverend reviewer takes up one by one the various writings of Marie Corelli; duly crediting the authoress with whatever merit her works possess, whether from a moral or from a literary standpoint, and calling attention at the same time to the serious blemishes, which make them very unsafe and unwholesome reading, and quite undeserving of the patronage of Catholics, whose holy religion they so fiercely assail and so shamefully travesty. These defects cannot be compensated for by any brilliancy of imaginative power; and yet even apart from the harm they are calculated to entail, the style itself is far from possessing the correctness and finish which we are accustomed to look for even in less ambitious efforts.

The writings of Marie Corelli show many signs of hasty composition, they contain tedious passages of considerable length, the language is often coarse and vulgar, nor is the technique of sentence and paragraph such as may be studied with advantage for the formation of a literary taste. Finally, as Father Boswin well observes in the conclusion to his study, "Marie Corelli's works on the whole can only do harm . . . By reading them the Catholic would be desecrating his mind in the contemplation of their countless heresies, blasphemies and vile misrepresentations directed against his Church. He would be exposing his faith to danger. He would be giving moral and pecuniary support to their authoress, a declared enemy and scoffer of Christianity."

These reflections ought surely to be enough to deter any one from the wearisome and thankless task of wading through her writings for himself; but, if any of our readers is nevertheless bent on doing so, we would at least recommend him to arm himself against possible hurt by a previous careful study of Father Boswin's judicious critique.

*The St. Vincent de Paul Quarterly.*

This is an organ of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul in the United States, which gives full information concerning the doings of the Society, and contains, besides, many pages of instructive and entertaining reading. The copy before us has, among other useful articles, a very interesting sketch of the work done by the zealous ladies who devote their time to the Children's Court. Many girls now self-supporting and in good homes, owe their standing to the personal services of the Court Committee of the Association of Catholic Charities.

## OBITUARY

"The doctrine of Purgatory, and the knowledge that we can help our dear ones after death, is a wonderfully strong link between the living and the dead. It helps much to break down the barrier of separation, to bridge over the chaos that seems to lie between us here and our brethren gone from us. Greatly, therefore, does our merciful God desire, greatly do the holy dead desire, that we should all take care not to be ignorant concerning them that sleep, but more and more persuade ourselves of the truth of that revealed word: 'It is a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead, that they may be loosed from their sins.'"

FATHER PETER GALLWEY, S.J.

The Rev. P. Maximilian Schaefer, O.F.M.

The Rev. John B. Gaffney, S.J., St. Andrew-on-Hudson.

The Rev. Thomas E. Judge, D.D.

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     Phila., Pa.  
 Woolverton, Mary, Douglas, Wash.

R. I. P.

Kind reader, pray for their souls and the souls of all the Faithful departed.

### TO SAINT JOSEPH.

Patron of all who work in humble ways!

Pray that from pure and earnest motive I

May fill with patient toil the moments flying;

Patron of happy death-beds! when my days

Have reached their term, be thou, dear Joseph, nigh,

With Mary and with Jesus while I'm dying.

FATHER MATTHEW RUSSELL, S.J.



# CALENDAR OF MONTHLY INTENTIONS

## MARCH, 1908.

### THE MORNING OFFERING

O Jesus, through the Immaculate Heart of Mary, I offer Thee my prayers, works and sufferings of this day for all the intentions of Thy Sacred Heart, in union with the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass throughout the world, for the intentions of all our Associates and in particular for **Parish Missions**.

| DAYS.  | FEASTS AND PATRONS.  | VIRTUES.              | PETITIONS.                        |
|--------|--|-----------------------|-----------------------------------|
| 1 S.   | <b>Quinquagesima</b> —BB. M. Carvalho, S.J., and Comp.     | Love Suffering.       | 2,165,135 for thanksgivings.      |
| 2 M.   | St. Chad, Bp.  | Love Poverty.         | 792,673 for the afflicted.        |
| 3 T.   | St. Cunegunda, V. E.                                       | Love Chastity.        | 877,351 for the sick, infirm.     |
| 4 W.   | Ash Wednesday.—St. Casimir, K.                             | Love Our Lady.        | 1,155,015 for dead Associates.    |
| 5 Th.  | BB. Paul Navarro & Comp. MM., S.J. H. H.                   | Use Kind Words.       | 439,433 for Local Centres.        |
| 6 F.   | <b>First Friday</b> —Crown of Thorns, I D.                 | Fidelity to Duty.     | 348,290 for Directors.            |
| 7 S.   | St. Thomas Aquinas, D.—SS. Perpetua and Comp., MM.         | Know God Better.      | 628,764 for Promoters.            |
| 8 S.   | <b>First in Lent</b> —St. John of God, F.                  | Comfort Suffers.      | 932,371 for the departed.         |
| 9 M.   | St. Frances of Rome, W.—Pr.                                | Accept God's Will.    | 845,053 for perseverance.         |
| 10 T.  | The 40 Martyrs of Sebaste.                                 | Defend the Faith.     | 696,500 for the young.            |
| 11 W.  | Ember Day.—St. Sophronius, Bp.                             | Study the Bible.      | 443,081 for First Communions.     |
| 12 Th. | St. Gregory I., the Great, P. D. H. H.                     | Pray for Missions.    | 1,035,794 for parents.            |
| 13 F.  | Ember Day.—Holy Lance and Nails.—St. Gerald, Bp.           | Honor the Passion     | 313,180 for families.             |
| 14 S.  | Ember Day.—St. Matilda, E.                                 | Despise the World.    | 1,101,437 for reconciliations.    |
| 15 S.  | <b>Second in Lent</b> —St. Longinus, M.—B. Hofbauer. C. R. | Prepare for Death     | 1,050,896 for work, means.        |
| 16 M.  | St. Columba, V. M.—St. Finian the Leper.                   | Fear Sin.             | 1,127,701 for the clergy.         |
| 17 T.  | St. Patrick, Bp., Apostle of Ireland.                      | Constancy in Faith.   | 102,092 for religious.            |
| 18 W.  | St. Gabriel, Archangel.                                    | Heed Inspirations.    | 755,627 for seminarists, novices. |
| 19 Th. | St. Joseph, Spouse, B. V. M., Pr. A. I. H. H.              | Honor St. Joseph.     | 738,413 for vocations.            |
| 20 F.  | The Holy Shroud.—St. Cuthbert, Bp.                         | Pray for Sinners.     | 517,607 for parishes.             |
| 21 S.  | St. Benedict, Patriarch of Monks.                          | Retirement.           | 685,183 for schools.              |
| 22 S.  | <b>Third in Lent</b> —St. Catherine of Genoa, W.           | Mortification.        | 550,245 for superiors.            |
| 23 M.  | St. Cyril of Jerusalem, Bp. D.                             | God Above All.        | 694,933 for missions, retreats.   |
| 24 T.  | St. William of Norwich, M.                                 | Pray for the Jews.    | 787,321 for societies, works.     |
| 25 W.  | Annunciation B. V. M.—A. I.                                | Practice the Angelus. | 1,632,115 for conversions.        |
| 26 Th. | St. Ludger, Bp.—H. H.                                      | Pray for Students.    | 1,083,482 for sinners.            |
| 27 F.  | The Five Wounds.   | Honor Mary's Sorrow.  | 809,489 for the intemperate.      |
| 28 S.  | St. John Capistran.  | Pray for Seamen.      | 2,019,126 for spiritual favors.   |
| 29 S.  | <b>Fourth in Lent</b> —St. John Damascene, D.              | Pray for Sinners.     | 1,164,157 for temporal favors.    |
| 30 M.  | St. John Climacus, Ab.                                     | Trust God's Mercy.    | 432,815 for special, various.     |
| 31 T.  | St. Nicholas of Flue.                                      | Suffer Willingly.     | For MESSENGER readers.            |

PLENARY INDULGENCE.—Ap.—Apostleship; D.—Degrees; Pr.—Promoters; C. R.—Communion of Reparation; H. H.—Holy Hour; A. I.—Apostolic Indulgence; A. S.—Apostleship of Study.



# MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART

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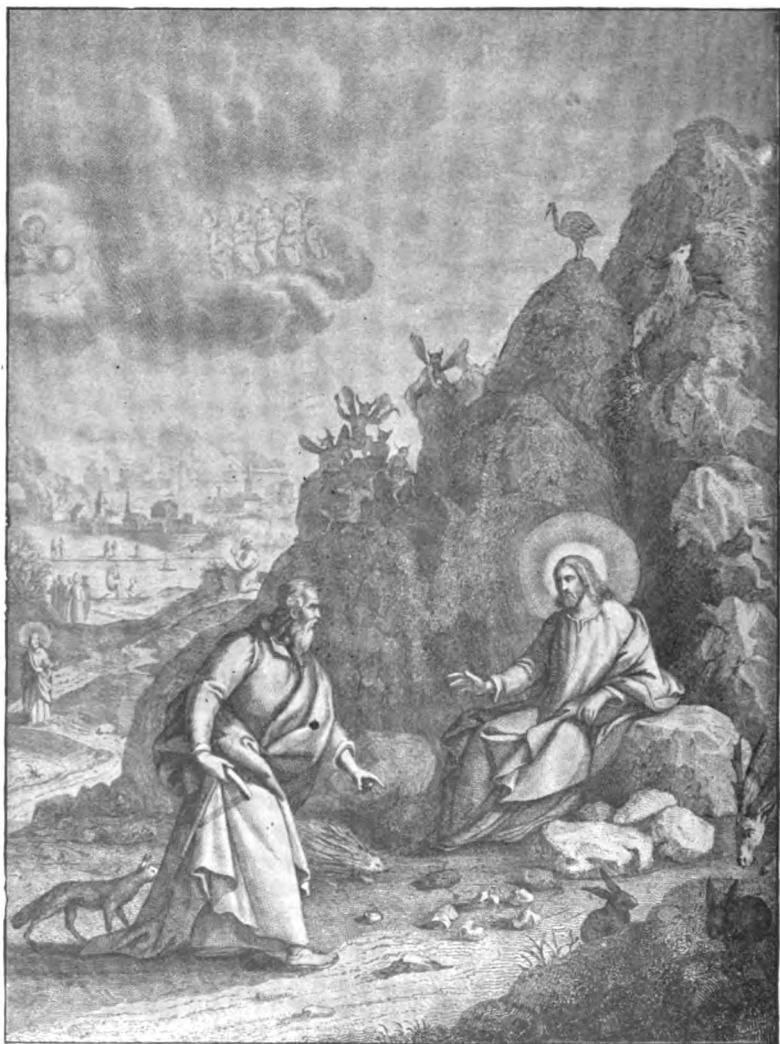
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"COMMAND THAT THESE STONES BE MADE BREAD."—Matt. iv, 3.

# Messenger of the Sacred Heart

VOL. XII.

APRIL, 1908.

No. 4



## THE INTEGRITY OF THE FAITH

BY THE RT. REV. MGR. JOSEPH F. MOONEY, V.G., P.A.



HE Church has had always to defend the deposit of the faith entrusted to her care by her Divine Founder. Her history itself in a certain sense resolves itself into a history of her efforts and her success in doing so. Scarcely was she launched upon her course than the cross-currents of heresy and error began to vex it. The apostolic age even did not pass away before a brood of unsound doctrines arose to harass the infant Church and to cast a paralyzing influence upon her endeavors to carry out her mission. This needed defence of revealed truth thus attacked so soon after its declaration to the intelligences and consciences of the men of that time called forth some of the most weighty of the Epistles of St. Paul and the Fourth Gospel, that of St. John; in fact, a great part of the writings of the New Testament.

The ages of pagan persecution themselves, when it would be thought that an ever-present danger of martyrdom would conduce to a complete unanimity of faith among the Christian subjects of the Roman empire, were not free from some notable defections at least which reflected a shadow of doubt upon the full orthodoxy of otherwise great and illustrious lives. The names of those among the earliest and most valiant defenders and apologists of the faith, Tertullian and Origen, will be recalled in this connection and will serve to show how persistent is the spirit of heresy and how it ever

seeks to aim its malevolent shafts at the most shining marks in the ranks of the faithful.

The dawn itself of the day of freedom for the Church, after the long night of persecution, ushered in by the conversion of Constantine, was but the signal for an outbreak of false and destructive teachings of the Eastern Church, which attacked the very foundations of Christian belief, inasmuch as under one subtle and insidious form or another they impugned the divine nature of our Lord. So far and so quickly did its conquests extend within the domain of Christendom that, as it was then said, the Christian would wake up one day to find itself almost entirely Arian. That heresy, indeed, was dealt a crushing condemnation in the first General Council of Nice, as were kindred heresies in the succeeding Councils of Ephesus, Chalcedon and Constantinople. But they long continued to work immense injury to the interests of the Church, to impede her progress in the conversion of the pagan world, and the divisions and differences then introduced into the Christian body were never entirely healed.

The "Ages of Faith" followed: those times of robust, energizing faith, culminating in the intellectual and moral splendor of an Innocent III, of a St. Thomas of Aquin, and of a St. Bonaventure. The very ardor, however, with which the faith was defended and the boldness with which reason sought to scrutinize its mysteries led to excesses which were the outcome of an undue exaltation of and a mistaken reliance upon the powers of the human intellect in matters beyond its ken. Aberrations not a few, as a consequence, from the path of orthodoxy, marked much of the speculative inquiry of those days, and a rash rationalism rushed in to explore regions where angels fear to tread. There was, however, this great difference between the brilliant but wandering, who indulged in the daring but vain and futile attempt to explain the incomprehensible, to encompass within the fancied reach of their intelligence the whole body of revealed truth, and to assign rationalistic grounds for the most hidden and the most recondite of the divine mysteries; this great difference between them and their predecessors and their successors along the same lines, that, when the Voice of Truth spoke, they obeyed, bowed in submission to the decree of the oracle of Truth that condemned their errors, and by that very act and the

manner of it showed why the times in which they lived should be styled so appropriately, the "Ages of Faith."

The great revolt of the sixteenth century under the guise of a so-called Reformation was not directed, in the beginning at least, so much against the deposit of the Faith itself as against the authority of its divinely appointed Custodian. But having thrown off that authority, and having produced a resultant anarchy in its stead, there was not a single dogma or doctrine of Christianity that either Luther or his followers and imitators did not in the course of time attack and reject. The spirit of anarchy once let loose, where before obtained the spirit of reverence and obedience, stopped at no barrier, respected no guide-post, and went on its tumultuous way of ruin and devastation to the very limits of its malign capacity. The Council of Trent by its work of real reformation, and the Council of the Vatican by its new safeguarding of the treasure of the Faith, repaired indeed to a great extent the ravage that was done and the havoc that was wrought by the logical carrying out of the fundamental principles of sixteenth century Protestantism. But a blight still remains upon some of the fairest portions of the Christian world, and will remain until their peoples come to recognize that the lasting possession of religious truth is only guaranteed by a loyal adherence to its solely appointed guardian on earth, the Church of Christ.

And never perhaps was this fact so strikingly illustrated as by what has happened but a few months ago and is still happening before our own eyes. To understand in a measure its import, an account must be taken of the condition to-day of what may be called the world of thought. Outside the Church, as far as the Christianity there existing is concerned, it is already disintegrated or rapidly tending in that direction. The marvellous progress of modern science has opened up whole worlds of matter to human investigation and study, and has correspondingly enlarged human knowledge of the physical side of sensible nature. With exultant strides this physical knowledge is reaching out for new worlds to conquer, and in the exuberancy of its unbounded enthusiasm is claiming for itself the character of being the only knowledge worth having. Where it has not thrown theology completely aside as the useless lumber of a bygone age, it has taken that science

under its patronizing care and set itself the task to reform it, to transform and to conform it, so that it be more in accord with its own advanced and enlightened views and opinions. Before this self-confident and self-assertive attitude of so many of the high-priests, so to speak, of modern science, the Protestantism of to-day is simply panic-stricken. It has either abandoned the remnant of dogmatic truth which it had hitherto possessed and has accepted the extremest pretensions of science, or it is dumb and paralyzed in their presence; and the Bible, which it so often loudly proclaimed as the one pure rule of faith, the one pure source of truth, has been relegated to a humble place among the ancient literatures of the world.

We have seen that heresy and error have never failed to appear, under one or other of their Protean heads, at the various stages of the Church's existence. But as often as they did manifest themselves there was a power within her, not indeed of her own origin but of her own essence, to combat them, to confute them and, if need there was, to eject them from her household. Now it has come to pass that the vaunted claims, to which the real and admitted achievements of modern science give a color of justification, have affected even a number of scholarly and otherwise estimable minds within the pale of the Church. In their desire, as they imagined, to further the interests of religion by persuading the devotees of modern science that the Church was not its inveterate antagonist, and by seeking to reconcile faith and science at their many points of possible contact because science would have it so, they allowed themselves to become unmindful of the position they were bound in honor and conscience to defend, and to give up the vantage-ground which had cost their Mother so many tears and so much blood to save and to retain. Those of them whom pride of intellect had not blinded nor the infection of deep worldliness has not touched, have already made their peace with her, for they never wanted to afflict her.

It was a Voice that called a halt in the dangerous trend which not a few within the fold of its authority were following. Silently, patiently it bided its time to speak, and spoke only when it judged it were a betrayal of its trust to withhold its decisive sentence. The Supreme Shepherd of the Flock, whose office and whose magis-

tracy find warrant in the words of Him who said "Feed My lambs: feed My sheep," constrained by the solemn duties of his exalted position, pronounced the leading tenets of the new system of "Modernism" to be old falsities decked out in newest garb, so fashioned as to deceive the unwary, and to attract the novel-seeking and the curious. Instead of effecting what it pretended, it simply uprooted the basic dogmas of the faith by perverting the functions of human reason and by nullifying the traditional idea of divine revelation. The divinity of our Lord and the indefectible character of the Church were, to say the least, obscured, if not made null and void by its methods and its processes. It was when this extremity of error was reached and could be no longer concealed, that the Vicar of Christ felt obliged to speak out and to speak out in no uncertain tones as to the extent of the threatening peril and as to its fatal nature.

How could he do otherwise? Would not silence under the circumstances be equivalent to abdication? Could he who, as a primary article of faith teaches, was constituted the Head of Christ's Church on earth, the representative of Christ Himself in the government of that Church, and the mouthpiece of the authority with which that Church was invested according to Christ's own words—how could he forego his rights or the exercise of those rights as often as the interests of the charge committed to his care demanded it? But how idle, how absurd are questions such as these to the man of faith, of Catholic faith! Conscious of the value of the gift that is his own, and prizing it beyond aught else he may possess, he is, now that the one infallible Teacher of religious truth has spoken, profoundly grateful for this latest proof of the Master's loving solicitude that the "faith once delivered to the saints" should be guarded in its fullness and its integrity, with not a "jot or tittle" of it impaired to the end of time.

JOSEPH F. MOONEY.

O Jesus, through the Immaculate Heart of Mary I offer Thee all the prayers, works and suffering of this day for the intentions of Thy Divine Heart, in union with the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, in reparation for my sins, and for all the interests presented through the Apostleship of Prayer,—in particular that our holy Catholic Faith may be in no way endangered or diminished.



## HILDA CARROLL'S COURAGE



BY the open window of a lawyer's office, four floors up in a busy New York block, Hilda Carroll sat busily typing one prosaic and cautiously-worded legal document after another. The room, like most others of its class, looked comfortless and dreary, containing, as it did, the mere necessary fittings, office-tables and chairs and a huge roll-top secretaire, while its walls, save for one recess occupied by a bookcase, were decorated solely by tier after tier of shelves of formidable and uninteresting-looking deeds and documents. There seemed in the whole apartment but one bright and pretty piece of furniture; and that, a recent purchase of her thoughtful and kindly employer, was the dainty and comfortably-unholstered chair in which Hilda sat.

Under its framing of clustering brown tresses the pretty face of the young typist looked wan and weary, almost ill. Dark shadows lay beneath the deep violet eyes; about the winsome, wistful mouth and across the broad expanse of white forehead—though the girl was yet hardly twenty—little lines of care and anxiety had already begun to appear. Hurriedly summoned home by the news of her father's illness from the expensive boarding-school in which she had been placed, Hilda Carroll found herself at seventeen years of age face to face with the problem of helping to support her delicate mother and the family of young brothers and sisters at home.

Mrs. Carroll was a feeble woman, mentally as well as physically incapable of doing anything for her children beyond the lightest tasks and cares of everyday domestic life. She had always been used to having her servants, with every comfort and luxury; and now that, suddenly and unprovided for, the husband and breadwinner who had filled a good Government office was stricken down by paralysis, she could only sit with her hands in her lap and bewail bitterly the entailed loss of income as well as the comfortless consideration that if he had only kept his health a year or two longer they would then have become entitled to a really substantial yearly pension.

There was now nothing left to them but a small annuity which

would do little more than pay their present rent ; so, having sold off a great deal of the most expensive and least necessary of their furniture, the family wisely decided on moving to a smaller and much less pretentious establishment in a shabby quarter of the city. Hilda, who was thoughtful and sensible beyond her years, saw clearly from the beginning that she, being the eldest of the family, must at once set about getting some employment ; and very soon, having speedily mastered the difficulties of the typewriter, she was lucky in obtaining, through the good offices of one of her father's old friends, a position as typist to Mr. Gilbert Chandler, a well-known and successful lawyer.

Hard and monotonous as was now her life, she recognized, not ungratefully, that it was in many ways much pleasanter and easier than that of other typists whom she knew. Mr. Chandler was not a hard taskmaster ; and even at the beginning he had given her a very fair salary, which had since been many times increased. He was a handsome man, still young despite the gray threads that so plentifully besprinkled his former raven locks. There was an air of mystery, even of sadness, about him which awakened Hilda's sympathy as well as her curiosity ; and the sympathy did not grow less when her curiosity had been satisfied at last by learning that he had been divorced within a year of his marriage from the beautiful young wife who had shone as one of the leading lights of the American stage, and she had left him after a short period of dissension and unhappiness to return to the scene of her former triumphs.

Mr. Chandler's manner toward his typist ever since she had entered his employment had been uniformly kind, respectful and considerate. He had known something of Hilda's father in the old prosperous days, and the girl's heart welled up in gratitude for his generous thought of her when occasionally—and more often of late days—her employer would leave on her table one of the latest novels or magazines, with perhaps now and again a bunch of violets or lilies-of-the-valley to fill the dull, commonplace room with the sweetness and freshness of the dear green country from which they had come. Then he had asked her to the theatre, to dinner and supper at a fashionable restaurant. It had been a great, a terrible temptation to the girl who, doomed almost from childhood to the dull routine of work-a-day life, had never entered a theatre door since her father's

illness ; had seldom, indeed, from that time sat down to a decent and dainty meal, since the daily needs of the growing family at home forbade all but the plainest and cheapest of fare. Hers, too, was a kindly pliable nature, grateful for even the least favor, and entirely loth to appear reluctant or ungracious ; and it had taken all the little stoicism of which she was possessed to say " No " to her benefactor.

" Why on earth did you refuse him, child ? " Mrs. Carroll asked, somewhat petulantly, when Hilda had told her dutifully of the invitation and her refusal to accept it. " I'm sure we have every reason to be grateful to Mr. Chandler for all his generosity towards you, and of course he looks upon you still as a child. I think it downright silly of you to refuse, and so risk offending him, I do, indeed, Hilda ! "

Her daughter's face fell. Had her sacrifice—for it really amounted to that—her fears and scruples been really only silly after all ? Hardly ; for the memory of her happy days at Mapleshade, which she fondly cherished, and the teaching of the nuns, seemed to tell her what was right.

" I should have loved to go, mother ; but I thought it would not be quite right. You forget, mother, I am nineteen now, and you know they say Mr. Chandler is divorced from his wife——"

" Who told *you* that, Miss Busybody, or why should Mr. Chandler's private affairs concern you ? If he divorced his wife I am very certain it was the creature's own fault. I'm sure the man must think you most ungrateful, after all his goodness to you."

Hilda sighed. Could her mother be right after all ? Yet, she thought not. The girl herself had not been very proudly brought up, save in what teaching had been given her by the good nuns of the convent-school which she had attended in her earlier school-days. But there seemed to her something ethically and entirely wrong in going to theatres or supper-parties with a divorced man, who, of course, was also a Protestant. Perhaps it had not even been right for her to accept his books and flowers ? Her mother did not bother much lately, about either the religion or ethics of her growing family, and Hilda, who, in response to the appeal of a " Promoter " friend, had recently joined the League of the Sacred Heart and had begun to find a great solace and gladness in the weekly communions

and meetings, was conscious sometimes of a secret wish that her mother might be a little more pious and resigned.

But doubtless it was very hard, the girl thought with compunction, to have to be eternally slaving and striving to make ends meet, when one had been hitherto used to a life of competence and even affluence; hard, too, to lose one's nightly rest and spend one's tired days in the care of an invalid husband, and of the puny younger child who seemed to have inherited much of his father's delicacy from the day of his birth.

Little Dermot, Hilda's youngest brother, though just three years of age, was as yet unable to walk; and his delicacy and helplessness were a constant strain on the resources, and occasionally on the patience, of the needy household. Even Hilda had regarded his birth, a month or two after her father's sudden breakdown, as an added evil and encumbrance; but as the little intruder grew older and began to greet her homecomings with a fleeting glad smile, his pale little hands reaching out to caress and coax her, he contrived to wind himself, day after day, more closely about his big sister's heart. From the beginning she had taken as much of the care of him as possible from her mother's already overburdened shoulders; it was Hilda who got him up and dressed him, who gave him his breakfast before setting out to business in the morning; it was she who bathed him and put him to sleep each night, in the warmest and cosiest corner of her own little white bed. Her mother had surely enough nursing to do, and if she did seem a little peevish, hard and even sordid at times, it was doubtless caused by her anxieties and disturbed nights rather than by any lack of real love or tenderness toward her children.

When Mr. Chandler, a few days later, renewed his invitation to the theatre, Hilda hesitated, and then, inwardly troubled, gave a confused and hesitant consent. But though she went, and went again several times after, the strange and exciting experience brought with it little real pleasure. Mr. Chandler was charmingly kind and careful of her as ever; but there was a tenderness in his manner, a look in his eyes as he gazed down into hers, noting, with an amused smile, the flush of child-like pleasure that came to her face as each new and gorgeous scene was unfolded before her, that, while it awoke a half-timid answering tenderness in her own heart, yet

brought a look of doubting, troublesome questions in its train. Where was it all going to end? Even if Mr. Chandler really cared for her, if she allowed herself to grow fond of him—already she began to distrust herself and her own strength—what chance of honor, of salvation, or even of earthly happiness could there be for either of them?

How could she, with a deep sense of wrong-doing troubling her soul, continue to attend to her religious duties, to meet her “Promoter” companions, even to face those at home, her mother—? But somehow the thought of her mother brought little strength or consolation to the wavering, struggling girl.

NORA TYNAN O'MAHONY.

*(To be continued.)*

## PROGRESS



UR structures are nearer the clouds,  
 Their height is a pride to our hearts,  
 But they lift not the thoughts of the crowds  
 Who press thro' the crush of our marts.

We roll on the soft-cushioned wheel,  
 Flash along in luxurious speed,  
 But our hearts are as hard as the steel  
 With the frost of a merciless greed.

O ye who are men of the hour,  
 Who boast of the progress of art,  
 Look not unto matter for power,  
 True greatness is that of the heart.

O man! seek for progress alone  
 In the breast—in the heavenward glance.  
 No triumphs of steel or of stone  
 Are an index of human advance.

E. F. HENDRIX, S.J.

## PICTURES FROM THE LIFE OF CHRIST

### II. THE WEEPER AT THE FEET OF JESUS.



HE inspired narrative of St. Mary Magdalene's conversion, though devoid of comment, yet throws upon her character a light, clear, penetrating, vivid, and—for brevity—within the scope of a single glance; as when one flash of lightning imprints on the mind all the features of a beautiful natural object, with clearer outline and more exact detail than even the steady beam of day seems able to render us. To draw the sad picture of a heart squandering its love on the most unworthy objects, to paint that heart's awakening to a new life and a new unheard-of love, to present vividly the mighty triumph of grace so overwhelming the stubborn, long-rebellious nature as to make it choose the very toys of sin for tokens of sorrow; this power is in those few words that tell us how the sinful woman heard of Christ, took her ointment and hastened to seek Him.

Of the passage through the street where the glance of every passer-by was like a barb stinging the heart now first made tender with supernatural shame; of the whirlwind of resistance, argument, dissuasion that seemed to pour forth from the very door of Simon's house when she had reached her destination; of how, with bowed shoulders and resolute step she breasted her way into the glare of the banquet-hall—nothing is said. Yet can we doubt the struggle? Do we honor the omnipotence of grace by granting it too easy a victory? But whence the power came, that armed this newly awakened soul to scourge and lash its dreaded resolution into action; that steeled this woman's heart, shameless now no longer, against the sneering glances of outraged self-righteousness; that emboldened this one, shuddering at the sight of the leprosy with which her very nothingness seemed crusted over, to approach step by step, the couch of the Infinite, to anoint with those defiled hands the immaculate feet of Jesus and pour upon them from those frivolous eyes a flood of penitent tears,—let Him who knew her heart Himself declare: "Because she hath loved much." It is the sole

remark on Mary's disposition, in the Gospel of her conversion. The Evangelist himself does not utter it as his own.

God had erected for Himself a heart endowed with an extraordinary love, a love that longed to pour itself forth on a worthy object and waste itself away in the idolatry of affection; a love that could seek one alone in the midst of all other attractions, in spite of all discouragement; a love faithful in ministering to every need in time of peace, eager to drink in every word from the beloved's lips; a love that would seek in His strength the averting of every calamity and find at His feet consolation in grief; that would lose in His death all the daytime of life and would hover over His tomb in a rapture of divine melancholy, unmoved even by the sight and voice of angels; a love that would find in His triumph a newness of life, never to be suppressed in time or eternity.

It was this love, squandered in the impatience of awaiting a worthy object, defiled, desecrated, which the Master saw in the heart of the weeper at His feet. His omnipotence endowed her penitent tears to purify that earth-stained love and make it worthy to glow forever among the burning censers of the Seraphim.

MARK J. McNEAL, S.J.

## RECENT AGGREGATIONS

The following Local Centres received Diplomas during January and February, 1908:

| Diocese.          | Place.                | Local Centre.                             | Date.         |
|-------------------|-----------------------|---|---------------|
| Albany.....       | Schenectady, N. Y.... | St. Columba's .....Church                 | Feb. 24, 1908 |
| Chicago.....      | La Grange, Ill.....   | Nazareth .....Academy                     | Feb. 21, 1908 |
| Duluth.....       | Chisholm, Minn....    | St. Joseph's .....Church                  | Feb. 10, 1908 |
| Great Falls.....  | Glendive, Mont.....   | St. Juliana's ..... " "                   | Feb. 24, 1908 |
| Great Falls.....  | St. Peter, Mont.....  | Ursuline .....Convent                     | Jan. 27, 1908 |
| Green Bay.....    | Kimberly, Wis.....    | Holy Name .....Church                     | Feb. 6, 1908  |
| Green Bay.....    | Plover, Wis.....      | St. Bronislava's ..... " "                | Feb. 6, 1908  |
| Hawaii.....       | Holualoa, Hawaii....  | Holualoa .....Mission                     | Jan. 20, 1908 |
| Kansas City.....  | Kansas City, Mo....   | Our Lady of Perpetual<br>Help .....Church | Feb. 6, 1908  |
| Kansas City.....  | Kansas City, Mo....   | St. James' ..... " "                      | Feb. 24, 1908 |
| La Crosse.....    | Eau Claire, Wis....   | Sacred Heart ..... " "                    | Feb. 6, 1908  |
| Mobile.....       | Pensacola, Fla.....   | Sacred Heart ..... " "                    | Feb. 6, 1908  |
| New York.....     | New York, N. Y....    | Resurrection ..... " "                    | Feb. 24, 1908 |
| New York.....     | New York, N. Y....    | St. Mark the Evangelist. " "              | Feb. 6, 1908  |
| New York.....     | Yonkers, N. Y.....    | Our Lady of the Rosary. " "               | Feb. 24, 1908 |
| Oklahoma.....     | Chandler, Okla.....   | Our Lady of Seven Sor-<br>rows ..... " "  | Feb. 6, 1908  |
| Oregon City.....  | Beaverton, Ore.....   | St. Cecilia's ..... " "                   | Feb. 6, 1908  |
| Philadelphia..... | Girardville, Pa.....  | St. Vincent's ..... " "                   | Feb. 6, 1908  |
| Philadelphia..... | Shenandoah, Pa.....   | St. George's ..... " "                    | Feb. 6, 1908  |
| St. Paul.....     | Minneapolis, Minn..   | St. Margaret's .....Academy               | Feb. 24, 1908 |
| Wichita.....      | Great Bend, Kan....   | St. Mary's .....Convent                   | Feb. 6, 1908  |
| Winona.....       | Madison Lake, Minn..  | All Saints .....Church                    | Jan. 27, 1908 |

Total number of Aggregations, 22; Churches, 17; Convents, 2; Academies, 2; Mission, 1.

## TALES FROM REAL LIFE

### TATTERS.



TATTERS, they called him, and surely never was name more fittingly bestowed. From the top of his tousled head to the dilapidated shoes through which bare toes were peeping, he was literally "a thing of shreds and patches." The night was bitterly cold and Tatters, lying on his mattress in the corner, tried to draw more closely around him the ragged shawl which was his only bed covering. He wished he dared move nearer to the stove in which a small fire burned smokily, but fear prevented him; fear of the old woman who sat close to the fitful blaze, smoking her pipe and pausing now and then to drink from the bottle which stood on the floor at her side.

She was cross to-night, terribly cross. Business had not prospered that day, her business of professional begging, and at such times she usually vented her anger on the child. Young as he was, he had learned from sad experience when it was wisest to creep away into his corner without waiting for supper and lie there as quietly as possible in the hope that she might forget his existence. She was not his grandmother, although she obliged him to call her so and forced him to accompany her on her rounds.

From door to door they would go, begging an alms, and many who would have refused the woman opened their purses readily when they beheld the pale, wistful face of the child. Many a time had she chuckled gleefully and congratulated herself on her wisdom in taking possession of the boy that morning the neighbors had found him crying beside the lifeless body of his mother. In fact, she had had her eyes on him long before that, and watched the weary, worn-out mother failing day by day and laid her plans accordingly. She knew the boy would prove of great value to her in her trade of begging and a child like that would not cost much to keep. Clothes could be picked up for him almost anywhere, or begged perhaps, and he need not eat much. It would be better not to feed him too well; a plump child would not excite as much pity as a thin, sickly one. Poor little Tatters was thin enough to suit even her, for not once during the seven years of his small existence had he known what it



was to be properly clothed or properly fed. To him, as to so many like him, life had spelled hunger and misery; home had been the cellar of a tenement house where he and his small brother and sister huddled together to keep from freezing in winter and lay gasping for breath on sweltering summer nights. To him, as to many others, father was a being to be dreaded, a creature, more brute than man, who reeled home night after night, abused and beat his wife and cursed his unfortunate children; mother was a pale, heavy-eyed woman whose days were one dreary round of seeking for work whereby she might earn bread for her hungry little ones. Sometimes she found odd jobs to do, but more frequently turned sadly away, the same reply ringing in her ears:

"More people now than we know what to do with; could not possibly take on another." Always the same cry; so many people looking for work, so little work to give them.

Of these struggles, Tatters had been but dimly aware. Mother would go out in the morning leaving him to care for the little brother and sister and to watch anxiously for her return. Sometimes, she would not come home until the dusk had fallen and then they were pretty sure to have bread and potatoes and occasionally even bacon for supper. At other times, she would return in the early afternoon perhaps, exhausted and discouraged, and would fling herself face downward on the bed in the utter abandonment of despair. On such occasions, the children crept away into a corner and cried themselves to sleep, knowing full well there would be no supper for them that night.

Though never demonstrative, mother had always been kind to Tatters, especially since that day when men had come in a big covered wagon and taken away the little brother and sister. Tatters never saw them again and often wondered where they were and why they were taken and he left behind. Of course, he would not like to leave mother, but it was so terribly lonesome after that when she would be out looking for work and he left all alone. He had heard a neighbor say something about doctors, hospital, and scarlet fever and wondered what it all meant. He asked mother where the children were and she had answered:

"Gone to Heaven, child, and may God forgive me but it's hard to keep from wishing that you and I were with them."

It was of those words he was thinking as he lay in the corner that cold, cold night and watched the old woman at the fire. Where was Heaven and how could one reach it? He wished he knew where to find the road that led there, for mother had gone to Heaven, too. At least, Maggie Dolan said she had, big, kind Maggie Dolan who had taken him in her arms and cried over him, and comforted him that dreadful morning when he had awakened to find mother lying so still and white and cold. Oh! how cold and still she was and he could not make her speak to him, though he knew she was not asleep. Her eyes were open, wide open, so of course she was not sleeping. He could feel now something of the terror that had assailed him and caused the agonizing screams which brought the neighbors in haste to the cellar room. He remembered hearing someone exclaim: "Poor creature! Dead as she can be. Starvation no doubt."

A voice, dull with despair, replied to the first speaker:

"Sure, it's better off she is, an' there's more of us will be goin' the same way before long, I'm thinkin'."

Tatters had stared from one to another, stared in frightened wonder, until he felt Maggie's arms around him, and Maggie's tears upon his face. He leaned his head on the kindly shoulder and sobbed his little heart out and then it was that Maggie had talked to him of Heaven and told him that mother had gone there. A wonderful place it must be if all she said were true, a marvellous place indeed, where one was never cold and never hungry. He did wish he had asked her how he could get there, for surely mother never meant to leave him behind. It was strange she should have forgotten to take him and he knew she must have felt bad when she reached Heaven and remembered that her little boy was left behind. Yes, he wished he had asked Maggie to show him the way to Heaven, but then, he really had not had time to ask her. The angry voice of her husband on the stairs, loudly demanding his breakfast, made her leave Tatters in a hurry. The ugly bruise on her forehead explained why she jumped to obey that voice. Then the old woman had taken him away with her and had kept him ever since. Sometimes he wondered idly what had become of father. Had he gone to Heaven, too? Tatters really hoped he had not, for father used to beat mother and they were always glad when he did not come home. Sometimes,

he had been away for weeks at a time and mother and Tatters were almost happy then in spite of cold and hunger.

The old woman by the fire was dozing, her pipe had gone out and the fire flickered low. A sputtering from the one candle roused her, warning her that it, too, had burned down and would soon be out, leaving the room in darkness.

Unsteadily, and with muttered imprecations at the rheumatism which had stiffened her joints, she got upon her feet. Then, wrapping a ragged patchwork quilt about her, she threw herself upon her bed and was soon sleeping audibly.

The candle flared up for a second, then went out, and still the child lay thinking. A plan had been gradually taking shape in his mind, a plan which he was now determined to carry out. He would stay no longer with this terrible old woman, to be starved and beaten and dragged around the streets in all kinds of weather until every bone in his little body ached with fatigue. He would watch all night and as soon as the first ray of dawn peeped in through the cracked window panes, he would steal away and search until he found the road that led to Heaven and mother. He would like to start at once, but he might miss the way in the dark; better wait until daylight. Knowing that he was safe now from observation, he slipped his hand under the mattress and drew out the only thing he had left which had belonged to mother. He always kept it hidden, for he knew if the old woman saw it she would take it from him. To Tatters, it was only a string of ugly black beads with a broken cross attached, but mother had seemed fond of it and he thought she would like to have it again. The cross, Tatters understood; mother had told him all about it. He thought now of the day he had first noticed that little cross. The beads were in her hand and he, a little child of four leaning against her knee, picked up the crucifix, examining it curiously. With wondering eyes he held it up to her, asking in awe-struck tones:

“What did they do that to that Man for?”

Mother was crying with her face hidden on one arm on the table and did not hear the question until he had repeated it. Then she lifted him onto her knee and told him the story of the Cross. He could not understand it all, but one thing he did remember. It was God who died on the Cross and mother said God was in Heaven now.

She had said, too, that if little boys prayed hard enough to Him, He would give them anything they asked. Tatters had often asked God to send them food when he and mother had been so hungry, and almost always food had come. A kind neighbor would take pity on them or mother would find a little work and earn some money. Still, there had been days when he prayed for bread and none came, like that time when mother went to Heaven, but he supposed he had not prayed hard enough. He would pray hard now, just as hard as ever he could, and then God would help him in his search and show him the road that leads to Heaven.

All night, the child lay holding the small crucifix and praying with all his heart. His prayer was a simple one, but oft repeated:

“Dear, good God, please show me the way.”

Gradually, a feeling of happiness such as he had never known stole over him, and with the first signs of approaching dawn, he rose from his mattress, firmly convinced that before long he would have found the road he sought.

Stealing softly from the room without disturbing the sleeping woman, he was soon on the street speeding away as fast as his small legs would carry him. His one idea at first was to put as great a distance as possible between him and the old woman he had left. He wanted to avoid any chance of being found by her and taken back to his life of begging. On and on he ran until at last he was obliged to pause for breath and then proceed more slowly. He looked around carefully and was quite sure he had never seen these streets before, so he felt pretty safe from pursuit. He could now begin his search for the road to Heaven, but where was he to look? He would like to ask someone, but was afraid. He watched the people as they hurried past him too intent on their own affairs to notice the wistful face of poor little Tatters. He approached one or two persons, but they, thinking he was about to ask for money, shook their heads and hastened on.

The beads were twined around his wrist with the little cross hidden in the palm of his hand, and he kept repeating to himself: “Oh! dear, good God, show me the way, please show me the way.” All day long he tramped the streets, and all day his little heart was crying: “O God, show me the way.”

Evening was approaching and he was faint and weary and could

scarce see where he was going. Still, that pitiful plea went up to Heaven: "Dear God, show me the way." The streets had become more and more crowded and now he was in the midst of a bustling throng. People pushed against and jostled him as they passed, teams blocked the roadways and policemen shouted at him when he tried to cross. He was moving now almost mechanically and once or twice he staggered and leaned against the buildings for support. He was dimly aware that it was growing dark and that lights were appearing in the shop windows. He had long ago ceased to feel the cold, and somehow, he was no longer hungry; only so tired, so very tired. Still, he must keep on for God would surely show him the way soon.

Suddenly, the air was filled with startled cries as a runaway horse dashed madly through that crowded thoroughfare. Teams were drawn quickly to one side to let him pass and those pedestrians who were crossing the street fled for safety to the sidewalk; all except one, a small, ragged figure that stood, as if dazed, directly in the path of the on-coming horse. A warning shout, a clatter of flying hoofs and the runaway had turned the corner and was gone.

Kind hands raised the little form and bore it gently into a nearby store; pitying faces bent over him looking anxiously for some sign of returning consciousness, but their kindness and their pity came too late. A few hours earlier it would have meant so much to the lonely child; now he wanted it not.

One man touched softly the pale, thin cheek and said in unsteady voice:

"Poor little chap! What he must have suffered! Starved, simply starved;" and looked questioningly at the doctor who had just finished his examination. The latter shook his head and said sadly: "Dead, poor waif, and living and dying thus around us every day with none to care and none to help them."

A lady, gowned in costly furs, sobbed audibly, and tears filled every eye at the doctor's words.

But the child lay white and peaceful, the little hand still clasping the crucifix and the baby lips curved in a smile of absolute happiness. God had shown him the way and Tatters was safe with mother.

ISABEL WILLIAMS.

## UNDER THE SANCTUARY LAMP

### THE HILLS THAT JESUS LOVED. VIII—THE MOUNT OF TEMPTATION



HE quiet days of the Hidden Life are no more. The beautiful home among Nazareth's hills is broken up. Our Lord, at the age of thirty, leaves for good the abode of his growing years, and Mary is alone in her sorrow. The next time Her Son enters His native town the men of Nazareth will cast Him forth. "And all they in the synagogue hearing these things were filled with anger. And they rose up and thrust Him out of the city." What wealth of tenderness in the parting of Son from Mother! What comfort, too, the thought of that separation brings! Never were human hearts so intimately knit together. Eighteen years ago, in the busy, crowded Jerusalem, He had gone out from His Mother's sight for three dark days. The Egyptian darkness that lay on the Nile in the time of Pharaoh, was not as black as the sorrow which brooded over Mary's spirit. Then the parting was for three days. Now He goes forth never to return again, and no more shall the sound of His footsteps be heard in the home of His childhood and youth.

Mary, no doubt, as the Gospel seems to imply, will follow Him, at least at times, from place to place, abiding and tarrying with Him occasionally perhaps, but dependent commonly upon the kindness of their friends. At all events it seems certain that the loved home in Galilee is to know Him no longer, and its peaceful happy years have sped away forever.

One wonders if our Lady will think of that other parting three years hence, when from the cross He would bow his bleeding head, and with bruised and dust-stained lips speak a last farewell and leave her a desolate, heart-broken Mother at the foot of the cross on Golgotha.

There are separations, oh! so painful, in our lives—separations, too, only for a time, yet what a passion of grief they evoke! But when the parting is till eternity, when we stand by the death-bed of

the loved ones and yearn to take their place, then only those who have spoken that sad good-by can tell the keenness of the sorrow. Into all our lives this bitterness must come, and what thought can make it sweeter than the recollection of our Lord's pain and our Mother's courage?

Our Blessed Lord had come with the daily increasing throng to the banks of the Jordan and had been baptized by John. Some day, not now, but later, we may spend a holy hour with the Baptist. With what joy our Lord must have listened to the brave and stinging word of His Precursor. The Priests were not accustomed to speak, nor Scribe nor Pharisee to hear, such unmistakable utterances on the Sabbath in the synagogues. Such language had not been heard since the days of the Prophets, since the preaching of Isaías and Elias and Jeremias. The clear ring of John's voice vibrated along the shores of the river, and lashed the hypocrisy of Priest and Pharisee, rebuked the extortions of the Roman soldiers, and urged the people to prepare for the coming of the Messiah. Here was a man who spoke no sleek formalities, no honeyed words such as could be heard in any synagogue; but a man with the fire of zeal in his eye, with courage on his sun-tanned face, and courage deep down in his brave breast. "And John the Baptist came into all the country about the Jordan, preaching in the desert of Judea the baptism of penance for the remission of sin, saying: 'Do penance for the kingdom of heaven is at hand.'" When John had baptized our Blessed Lord, out from the opened heavens came the dove-like form of the Holy Spirit, and the Father proclaimed from on high of the carpenter's son of Nazareth, "This is my beloved Son in whom I am well pleased."

"And Jesus being full of the Holy Ghost, returned from the Jordan, and immediately was led by the spirit into the desert, to be tempted by the devil. And He was in the desert forty days and forty nights; and He was with beasts, and He did eat nothing in those days." The battle is on and the struggle has begun. The immediate preparation for His public life has been taken up—not for His need but for our example—and our Blessed Master goes forth to the wilderness to fast and to pray. His soul, ever united to the Godhead, is even more than ever filled with the deepest emotions and holiest feelings. For forty days He will shun the

haunts of men, weaken His body with total absention from food and drink, and notwithstanding the pangs of hunger and the burning of thirst, He will commune unceasingly with His Heavenly Father.

The same must every soul do, in a measure, who would effect aught for souls and for God. Whoever will touch and influence for good and sanctify the lives of others must first sanctify himself. And who is there among our readers who does not wish to lift up the fallen, heal the bruised, and take the burden off saddened hearts? The great levers for effective work in the spiritual world are prayer and self-conquest. Unless our words come from a heart that from time to time goes out from the haunts of men and mounts to the throne of God, then our words will not be hot and will not burn into men's lives. Unless we come from the audience-chamber of the King, we cannot give His message. Unless we listen in silence from time to time, at fixed intervals, to the voice of God, and banish idle and frivolous thoughts and purposes, we shall never speak words of weight which could tell in the lives of those who could be enlightened and strengthened by our efforts, if we only rang true to the call of God in whatever state we occupy. How easy were it for us to go to the desert of His Tabernacle, especially during this holy season of Lent, and hear His voice and receive His message. How sad to think that there are sad hearts we could console, weak spirits we could strengthen, timid souls we could make brave, heavy burdens on lives we could lift, yet in this labor of love for the Master we are found wanting because we will not conquer ourselves, and will not go out from the haunts of pleasure, from time to time, to the desert of His Tabernacle. Oh! the joy of being with Him once the soul "tastes and sees how sweet the Lord is!"

Out into the desert our Lord was led by the spirit. The scene of His temptation and fasting has been placed by tradition on a mountain west of Jericho. No wilder or more desolate region can be found in all Palestine. Along the hillsides and ridges there is nothing but a stunted, starved growth upon which famishing animals brouse and barely eke out a suffering existence. Here truly, on every side, the struggle of nature between life and death is keen and fierce. Not so hard or hopeless as the struggle of the soul which tries to satisfy itself upon nourishment of earthly aims and purposes, upon worldly pleasure and gratifications, and neglects the



food of life which lives and maketh live. On these arid and desolate peaks our Blessed Saviour fasted and prayed for forty days and forty nights.

He could look down upon the heavy cobalt waters of the Dead Sea, sadly redolent of the memories of Sodom and Gomorrah. Off in the distance to the east, high above the waters on the cliffs, our Lord can see the marble palace of Herod, with its tower and pinnacles gleaming in the morning light which streams above the hills of Moab. Will He think of the dungeon beneath its feasting and dancing hall, where three years later the Baptist will be a prisoner listening to the dirge which the waters of the sea will play as they strike the rocks? No doubt the scene in the festive hall will stand out clearly before His mind. The dancing maiden, the voluptuous music, the half-drunken revellers, the scheming mother, the wicked king and the head of the Baptist, all will appear distinctly before Him. He will call to memory the words of John: "He must increase, I must decrease." Over this picture of sin His Sacred Heart will sorrow. Does any act of ours, any participation, especially in the holy season of Lent, in wordly amusement, add to His pain and scandalize our Catholic friends and acquaintances? Oh! for more of the courage, penance, and prayers of the Baptist, and it would be so easy to climb during this Lent the steep hills near Jericho and spend the holy season with our suffering Master.

From His cave-shelter on the heights He can look over to Mount Nebo beyond the Jordan. Thence Moses with dying eyes gazed upon the Land of Promise which he might not enter. "Then Moses went up from the plains of Moab upon Mount Nebo to the top of Phasga over against Jericho; and the Lord showed him all the land of Galaad as far as Dan. On this mountain Moses died and was buried in the land of Moab over against Phogor, and no man hath known of his sepulchre until this present day." Our Blessed Saviour was the Lawgiver of the New Law, and "His sepulchre will be glorious." He will lead His people not from the slavery of Egypt, but from the slavery of sin. He will not feed them in the desert upon a manna, which they will eat and die, but upon a manna which will give life and give it more abundantly. He will not guide His people to a promised land bounded by the Jordan and the Great Sea, but to a kingdom to which there are no limits, and of which there is no end.

Below Him and beyond Jericho flows the Jordan through the

valley in its winding course from the Lake of Galilee to the Dead Sea. The place can be seen where the Israelites crossed the river under the leadership of Josue and Caleb, the only two left of the vast multitude who came out of Egypt. There, below, the river stopped and from that point the waters flowed on into the Dead Sea; those above stood still and piled up like a high wall of glass while the people of God crossed dryshod to the other bank. At that place they built a memorial of their gratitude with twelve stones, which may remind our Blessed Saviour of the twelve Apostles He is soon to choose who will build the Church of God in their blood.

"And He did eat nothing in those days." No food or drink for those forty days crossed his lips. He fed the birds of the air, and the multitudes in the desert for forty years, and Elias He fed, so that for forty days and forty nights he walked unto the very mountain of God. Daniel he fed in the lion's den and on the lake-shore He will feed the five thousand who will follow Him around the lake and listen to His voice and look up into His face. He "cannot send them home hungry lest they faint by the wayside." He will feed the souls of His Apostles on the night before His Passion, and the memory of that gift they will renew daily. He will sit at supper with Cleophas and his companion at Emmaus, and they will know Him in the breaking of the bread. On Tiberias' shore at the dawn He will bid them "come and dine," but He Himself "did eat nothing during those days."

And now at the opening of the holy season of Lent what are we to do for the Master who fasted for us? From the desert of His Tabernacle He looks into our hearts and asks for the conquest of our sensuality. Are we curbing and checking it? Not merely in those things where to yield were sinful, but in many little indulgences which, without sin, we might enjoy? Are we to be the pampered soldiers of a crucified Leader? Many of us dine frequently with Him at His altar at the dawn; does this spiritual banquet find us daily more detached from the pleasures of the senses, less eager for comforts, climbing steadily up towards His Blessed Mother at the foot of the cross? May Lent's ending see us at His pierced feet looking up with love into His suffering face.

JNO. H. O'ROURKE, S.J.

*(To be continued.)*

## "THE TEST OF TRUE WORTH"



MUST have my way in this matter, Martha;" said John Merton a little impatiently, "you had your way with Sylvia and sent her to a convent and now I shall do as I like with Frances. She shall go to Naharrow and be educated properly; I do not believe in nuns and religious undertaking to instruct people of the world. What do they know about modern thought and action? Pshaw! It provokes me to think of their presumption. I am almost sorry I let you send Sylvia to school there, but as she graduates next year it's too late to make a fuss about it now. However I will do well by Frances, and she shall be able to hold her own when she makes her debut." Mrs. Merton compressed her lips but said nothing; she knew it was useless to argue with her husband when he was in that frame of mind; and she resolved to wait until he was calmer and then quietly reason with him.

At that moment the door opened and Frances entered the room. She was a pretty girl, with soft, brown eyes and a great mass of dark, wavy hair, which was forever falling in mischievous curls over her broad, low forehead.

"I daresay I am late again, mother dear," she cried gaily, "but you do have breakfast so frightfully early that I never can manage to be on time."

"But Frances," said her mother gently, "you know we must have breakfast early as your father starts for the office at eight o'clock."

"What a wicked father you are to inconvenience us all in this way," cried Frances merrily, as she patted his cheek in passing to her place.

With the entrance of Frances, Mr. Merton's ill humor vanished into thin air, and he was soon talking as freely and genially as though nothing disagreeable had happened. It was easy to see he idolized this merry daughter, and that she in turn was equally fond and proud of her handsome, intellectual father. Sylvia the only other daughter was at the Sacred Heart Convent, a boarding pupil, and was consequently away from home a great portion of the time. Mr. Merton was a Protestant, and the anxious mother, fearing lest the children imbibe certain of their father's laxer religious views, thought

it best to have them educated at a convent where they would be constantly under the best and most elevating influences. She had won her point with Sylvia and now she was equally anxious that Frances should have the same advantages. But Mr. Merton was decidedly opposed to the idea, having contracted a sudden and unreasoning dislike to convent schools, and Mrs. Merton, knowing this, felt extremely solicitous about the future. Frances was gay, light-hearted, thoughtless, and sadly in need of the quieting influence of the convent to curb her restless spirit, and the wise mother resolved to obtain that influence for her at any cost.

Mrs. Merton was aroused from her meditations by hearing Frances say wonderingly, "Mother, what is the matter, you are not eating anything and you are so quiet?"

The mother smiled cheerily into her daughter's upturned face. "I was just thinking, dear," she answered, "and for a moment I forgot where I was."

Then, to evade further questioning she began to discuss her plans for the day and to hide the distress she really felt.

During the days that followed she had many a serious talk with her husband, but all to no avail. He waived aside her every objection to Naharrow; and when she persisted in her own views, he got angry and left the room. For several days he maintained a sullen silence, and rejected with scorn all her overtures of peace, "When you are willing to do as I desire," he would say grimly, "I will show you as much affection as formerly but not until then."

At last much against her will Mrs. Merton yielded, and Frances was sent to Naharrow. At first her letters home were frequent and tinged with a very evident homesickness, but as the months wore on she became more satisfied, and when she returned home for the Christmas holidays she spoke enthusiastically of the dear old college, as she now termed it. Mrs. Merton's heart sank as she realized her daughter's growing fondness for her new life, and all the more so as she saw certain traits of selfishness cropping out in her character, which before had been almost unnoticed.

During the second term nearly all of Frances' letters contained appeals for more money, "I must have something to spend," she complained, "all the girls here have plenty, and they think I am poor because I have so little. Be sure and send me more by return mail."

"Frances seems to think of no one but herself," sighed Mrs. Merton as she read one of these brief notes, "she does not seem to realize that she is as yet but a schoolgirl and wants as free a purse string as the wealthiest debutante. Oh, if she was only at the convent! Then I should feel safer about her, but now,"—she broke off suddenly, as her husband entered the room. The subject of Frances' shortcomings was tacitly avoided by both, as it usually ended in a war of words concerning the evident effect of college education; and no good ever came of the discussion.

She realized now when it was too late the mistake she had made in marrying one who was not of her own Faith. She had to fight her battles all alone and could not appeal to him for help in anything bordering on the spiritual in her children's lives. She was of one Faith, he of another, and disagreeing in the great essential truths of salvation, they had no common ground on which to reason, save merely human motives, and these tended not to their mutual help, but rather forced the conviction home that they were as far apart as the poles in their aims and aspirations.

Much against her mother's wishes, Frances continued to go to Naharrow until her course was completed, when she came back home all glowing and eager for her approaching debut.

"Do let it be soon, mother dear," she begged, "I am simply wild to get into society, and really enjoy life. It's awfully dull here at home and I long for a jolly life."

"But, Frances," interposed her mother, "you must remember that it is Sylvia's turn first, and she has not yet come out."

"Oh, very well!" broke in Frances, with a pout on her pretty lips, "never mind, I suppose I shall always have to take second place, and bow down to Sylvia as she is the elder. You all seem to think her so superior, just because she won prizes at her graduation and I did not; but you seem to forget that at Naharrow, we had other things to do besides study. She was shut up in a convent all day and had to pore over books, but we could go out and have a good time, and we did." She broke into a merry laugh as a sudden remembrance of some of her frolics flashed across her mind.

At that moment Sylvia entered the room, and with her coming the conversation turned to different channels.

One evening, just at dusk, Mr. Merton let himself in with his

latch-key, and stumbled, rather than walked, into the library. With a low groan he threw himself into a chair, and buried his face in his hands. How could he break the news to his wife and daughters! He was a bankrupt, and during that day had lost every cent of his fortune.

The horror of it came over him with appalling vividness, as he sat there in the dim, gloomy room; and the crackling flames from the great hearth-fire seemed to leap and writhe toward him in wicked spite. He seemed to see failure written in the glowing embers, failure in the dancing shadows on the wall, and from every dark corner thousands of malicious faces seemed to peer at him in scorn and mockery. How could he bear it, the galling poverty, the shame and disgrace, and the bitter, up-hill fight to wage all over again. In his agony he groaned aloud and clenched his hands in dumb despair.

“Why not end it all?” was the thought that flashed across his mind; a moment’s pain and it would be all over. He took a tiny phial out of his pocket and looked at it. A few drops of what it contained,—and he would be beyond all the pain and suffering this world could inflict.

Could he do it? He hesitated a moment with the poison in his hand, and then, with an air of sudden determination, he uncorked the bottle and poured a few drops of the liquid into a glass that stood on a table near by and raised it slowly to his lips.

Yes, rather death a thousand times than the taunts and bitter scorn the world would fling at him.

There was a light step in the hall outside and a sweet voice humming a snatch of song, and in another moment the heavy draperies were drawn aside and Sylvia entered the room. She paused on the threshold a moment dumfounded at the scene before her. Her father was standing before the fire, with a glass of ruddy liquid in his trembling hand, and a half-emptied phial with an ominous red label standing on a table beside him. Surprised at his daughter’s approach Mr. Merton started as if he had been shot, and his eyes grew distended and unnatural as he shrank away from the light.

In a sudden flash of comprehension Sylvia darted forward, and snatching the glass from his palsied hand threw it into the flames.

“Father, what would you do?” she cried in a voice she could hardly recognize as her own. “Would you take your life? What

has happened?" He did not answer, and his eyes wandered to the phial on the table. Following his gaze Sylvia reached forward and threw the dangerous liquid into the fire. The flames hissed and crackled over its prey, and the venomous label stood out in bold relief for an instant, before the fire claimed it, too, for its own. Mr. Merton watched his daughter in a dazed, helpless way, and as she turned from the fire, he sank into a chair, white and speechless.

Sylvia, too, was very pale, but there was a tender light in her eyes as she went to his side. "Father, what has happened?" she questioned again, and there was a wondrous appeal in her eyes, as she voiced her entreaty "Can't you tell your daughter?" she went on gently and persuasively; "It cannot be so bad as long as we have each other, tell me."

There was a moment's silence, and her heart beat fast as she waited for his answer. At last he broke out, in a voice hoarse with emotion, "I am a bankrupt, practically a beggar, a pauper; the shock came to-day, my creditors pressed me too hard and I could not pay, and they claimed all I had. What is life worth with such a black future ahead as is mine, what is it worth?" he reiterated fiercely, "Nothing! Rather death a thousand times!" Sylvia stooped forward, and pressed a firm, cool hand on either side of his burning temples, "Father dear," she murmured gently, "you are not yourself, that you talk in this way; God permitted this to happen, and He will show us the way out of it again. Where is your courage?" she added cheerily, "thousands of men have built up their fortunes again after a failure of this kind, why cannot you? Let us face the future bravely, and with God's help we will conquer in the end." The drawn lines about his mouth relaxed a little of their intensity as she spoke, and her courage braced his own, almost unconsciously. A calmer feeling crept into his heart, and for the first time since the failure, he was able to see a glimmer of hope in the gloomy future.

Mrs. Merton was stunned at first by the suddenness of the news, but she rallied bravely and helped to cheer and comfort her husband in his great despondency. "At least," she would remark to Sylvia, "we have our Faith to comfort us, but he has no such consolation, and depends on the comfort we can give him."

To Frances the news was a crushing blow to all her hopes for

the future, and she went about the house with a mind deeply depressed, and constantly fretful and complaining about the bitterness of her lot. She was little or no help to Sylvia or her mother; and when the time came for them to leave their beautiful home for less commodious quarters, she intensified their suffering by her selfish indulgence to her own grief. Sylvia started out to give French lessons and by her earnings helped to aid very considerably in the support of the family.

But Frances moped all day, giving a hand now and then to some household task, but wearing the while the look of a martyr. "I can't teach as Sylvia does," she would say, "I don't know enough, there were lots of studies I dropped at Naharrow; the course was elective; and so, I took the easiest studies possible; so don't blame me for not earning any money."

It was one dreary day in November that the crisis came. Sylvia returned home after a hard day's work to find her mother in tears, and Frances sullen and defiant standing before her.

"Sylvia what do you think has happened?" cried her mother brokenly, "Frances tells me she has become engaged to Barrett Dean, and you know as well as I that he is a professed Atheist.

"But he is wealthy, mother," broke in Frances, "and I am poor, and if I marry him, I can have all the luxury and ease I desire. As regards his being an Atheist, I don't think that matters much, I begin to think it makes very little difference what creed a man professes, provided he leads a good sort of life and is respected by the world."

Mrs. Merton's heart sank as she heard her daughter speak; she had never realized so forcibly before how lax Frances had become in her Faith. She knew indeed, that she often omitted her First Friday Communion, and that she had grown to think Sunday Mass, a matter of convenience, a proper custom somewhat indispensable; but she had never heard her state her feelings so strongly before, and for a moment she felt dazed and shaken.

Sylvia was the first to speak, "You don't mean what you say, Frances," she pleaded, "really you will not marry this man and endanger your Faith, O Frances, you did not mean what you said?"

Frances was silent. When at last she spoke, it was to remark pettishly, that she could not be expected to feel the same about such



matters as Sylvia, because they had never had religious instruction at Naharrow, whereas at the convent they had. A sigh from Mrs. Merton, was her only response, and after a few moments Frances got up and left the room saying she did not care to be further disturbed about the matter, that she was old enough to know her own mind, and would do as she pleased.

Frances persisted in her determination to marry Mr. Dean, and early in April, the ceremony was performed by a Protestant Minister. True, Frances herself shrank from this last act, which would bar her so completely from her own, but in the end her love of wealth and high standing prevailed and she yielded to his wishes.

This was the crowning sorrow of all to Mrs. Merton and Sylvia. Even Mr. Merton felt much distressed at the changed spirit and disposition of his best-loved daughter, and though he would not have confessed it for worlds, still deep in his heart he regretted having sent her to Naharrow to be educated. His gentle, convent-reared daughter, had given proof of the sterling worth of her education, while Frances the pet and darling of his heart, was vain, selfish and worldly, as a result of being cast into the chilling atmosphere of mere secular education, at a time when she most needed the glowing warmth of Catholic surroundings, to strengthen the Faith of her childhood.

MARY ADELAIDE GARNETT.

#### HOLY THURSDAY AND GOOD FRIDAY



"I thirst," the wail the Saviour heard  
From grovelling, sin-enthralled throngs:  
"My blood I give to heal your wrongs,  
My blood to drink;" His kindly word.

"I thirst," the dying Saviour's cry,  
Who comfort craves from creature hand;  
And bitter gall from every land  
His only drink. Lo! man's reply.

JOHN P. MEAGHER, S.J.

## WHISPERINGS FROM THE CARIBBEAN

A TREMOR OF THE JAMAICAN EARTHQUAKE OF JANUARY 14, 1907.



ARK to the Caribbean's mournful dirge! It is Wednesday night. The earthquake was on Monday afternoon. Judging by the course Orion has made across the skies, the hours of darkness must now be well nigh spent. Yes, there is the Southern Cross just rising above the water front, its splendor dimmed by the cloud of smoke and steam ascending from straightened Kingston.

The noontide rays of the tropical sun have searched the ruin's heaps, and brought corruption on the mangled bodies of man and beast alike. All yesterday and the day before the city carts passed along these streets and the half-burnt remains of human forms were cast into them. Then out to the open fields they hurried the grewsome freight to give the dead at least an unmarked grave.

Even the crudest burial has now to be foregone, and so the charred and putrefying forms are dragged from the smouldering debris, and piled at the intersection of the streets. With the aid of turpentine and torch, there quickly rises from each thoroughfare a glint of light, and then a ruddy flame which turns to a murky angry glare as sputter and crackle the writhing victims on each ghastly pyre.

Oh! the odor of that burning flesh! It stifles, nay it sickens unto death, and weak in body as you gaze upon the brownish cloud, and mark the brighter spots that clearly speak the human torch beneath, back through the centuries of time you pass, and far beyond the Caribbean hold your way, until you stand by Nero's side and watch the torches of resin-wrapped human forms that light the city streets. You think of all the happy martyrs entering the celestial portals in that hour, and filling heaven's courts with glad hosannas as at the feet of the Lamb they lay their fresh palms; and your sorrow turns to joy, for all the horror of that scene is but the prelude to never-ending gladness of eternal realms.

But stay! The Southern Cross shines not on Rome. Yon distant murmur of the waves is not the Tiber fretting at its banks: it is the Caribbean, that moans her loss, and pounds and rages at the out-

reef, as if it fain would wipe this ugly scene from off the wasted plain, and deep within its breast engulf the remnants left by devastation's hand, even as of old it overswept the former town that sank from sight far down amid the green and watery wastes.

No! this cannot be Rome. Nor are these pyres, that light the city's streets with baleful glare, the sacrificial altars of the saints. Poor souls! How few of them had even a chance to think of God; how few of them raised up their hearts in fervent prayer; how few turned back from sin and humbly struck the breast in sorrow. Taken in the midst of sin, unrepentant, all unshriven, and hurled of a sudden into a dread eternity, for most of them it was an instant's change from life to death, a tottering step from the flesh to the spirit world, a passage into the uncertain hereafter without a guiding hand to lead the way.

The mountain breeze that seaward sweeps the cries and tearful moans of all those homeless ones that cluster by thousands upon the city's square, has suddenly grown colder and chilled your blood, and as a shudder passes over your frame, well do you clasp your hands before your eyes to banish if you may the dreadful dream.

But stand here yet a while and summon back the soul of that poor wretch whose body writhes and twists in the flames before us. Conjure her back from the spirit world, back perchance from the depths of hell, and bid her creep into that corrupting mass of flesh and bone that was her earthly temple but two days since, and mark how joyfully she returns to that body, swathed as it is with flames, and hear her beg to pass her eternity of torture there in the very midst of the sputtering crackling pyre, beneath the heap of sizzling putrefaction.

Scientists tell us that at twenty miles below the surface of the earth the temperature reaches 1760° Fahrenheit and at 50 miles it is 4000°. Yet this cannot be hell. At the earth's centre it may be 20,000°, and yet not hell. The poet describes as an awful punishment a man bound face to face, mouth to mouth with a corrupting corpse, and yet not even this compares with hell.

Close by the ancient city of Jerusalem was Gehennah, the Vale of Hinnom, "the Valley of the groans of children." Here the idolatrous kings of Juda raised to Molock a brazen image, the form of a man surmounted by the head of an ox. A hollow figure constructed with cunning ingenuity so that the flames from a furnace beneath might

raise the metal to a white heat. Thither flocked the worshippers of the Prince of darkness, to place their own children on the out-stretched arms of the idol, while with the tumultuous sound of trumpets, timbrels and other harsh instruments they strove to drown the pitiful shrieks and cries of their little ones. As the childish forms writhed in agony, extending their tiny hands in pitiful supplication to the very mothers who watched unmoved the awful tortures of the innocents, as the guileless babes squirmed from the burning grasp of the brazen monster only to fall into the raging furnace beneath, the mad revel and dance of the devotees of Satan burst forth with renewed violence and shouts of gleeful mirth and frenzied laughter greeted each expiring childish wail. Yet what is this to the charnal pit of hell?

JOSEPH J. WILLIAMS, S.J.

#### THE TREASURE OF HIS BLOOD



ACH moment Thou art crucified,  
 They nail Thy dear Hands to the wood,  
 They spill the treasure of Thy Blood,  
 They pierce Thy Heart ere Thou hast died.

More cruel than the Jews are these;  
 They hated Thee, but knew Thee not;  
 These mock Thy Heart's kind agonies,  
 Thine age-long benefits forgot.

When shall the Resurrection be?—  
 O bid Thy glory rend the tomb!—  
 When shall Thy slayers dread their doom?  
 When shall Thy just be saved and free?

EDWARD F. GARESCHÉ, S.J.

## SHOWERS OF THE SOUL



T is the time of shower and rainbow. Those dismal wintry rains, that seemed to obscure all hope of future sunshine, are past. Now the rain bears hope in every drop that falls. There is hope in the blossoms that are to be; hope in the sweet scent that will afterward pervade the air; hope for a glorious sunburst in the skies. Let the rain drench the earth; its fall foretells a season's fruitfulness. The greyest mist on the meadow will soon give place to a gentle springtime breeze. The darkest cloud before the sun is but a veil; a little while, and we shall see its face again.


There is a rain that wells up from human breasts and falls from human eyes,—the world-old rain of tears. We have heard of the wintry tears of irreligion and cold despair, but they fall not, we trust, on the cheeks of those we love. We have seen the tears that affection forces to the eye; doubtless we have felt them in our own. But the best tears we have ever known are those which rise from the heart that shrinks from sin. These are the showers of the soul. Behind them there is always hope—hope in a merciful pardon, hope in the fragrance of the after consolation, hope in the warmth and brightness of an eternal Sun.

In these latter Lenten-days the Church has been once more painting on our memories the sweet, sad picture of man's Redemption. It was in this time that "the Son of David" shed tears over the city that was soon to slay Him. Later, flowed the tears of Peter, which legend tells us dug furrows in his hardened cheeks. Then—Calvary, and the "mother weeping." And when all is over, there is Magdalene "standing at the Sepulchre without, weeping"—weeping in love, but in remembrance, too, of what she had done to her dear "Rabboni," ere she washed His stainless feet with her tears. Everywhere there are tears for sin, but everywhere, too, *there is hope in every drop that falls*. There is hope in the fruits of Friday's sorrow, hope in the sweetness of the coming joy, hope in the glorious sunburst of a glorious Resurrection.

So in this season of nature's showers, may those ever hopeful showers of the soul fall for us.

RICHARD A. FLEMING, S.J.

## AN APRIL GLEAM

 H, the welcome sunshine!  
Let it dance all day,  
Chasing all the shadows  
From my soul away.

In its warmth and splendor  
Shall my heart expand,  
Bursting from its prison  
Like the frozen land.

Thou, my loving Saviour,  
Thou the sunbeam art  
That shalt melt the winter  
Of this icy heart.

Enter, then, and make me  
Thine, forever more,  
And Thy tender mercy  
Shall Thy child adore.

JOSEPH P. GREEN, S.J.

## THAT OTHER MAN

### A TRUE STORY.



ED was Mrs. Barnet's eldest, and although, or perhaps it was because, he had given her more trouble than all the rest of her children put together, he was his mother's favorite.

His father worked on the railway, and if Ted had only been steady he might have got on well in the same employment, but do all they would his parents found it impossible to keep him out of mischief. He neglected his work, got into scrape after scrape and at last lost his place. His only chance of making a new start lay in getting quite away from his bad companions, but his mother saw the dangers that lay before

him as well as the possible advantages, and to her the parting was very bitter. Eighteen years before when she married John Barnet he had promised her—for he himself was a Protestant—that she should bring up the children in her own religion, and the poor creature imagined that all trouble on that score was at an end. But when lads see their father going to no church or chapel, it cannot be wondered at that they begin to think religion is not necessary for men and that such things may be left for the women and children. This had been the way with Ted. To John Barnet and his friends Sunday was a day to lie in bed, or a day on which to amuse oneself. Gradually, after he left school Ted began to give up going to Mass regularly. His prayers were forgotten and he no longer went to the Sacraments.

He was fond of his mother, but fonder still of his own pleasure, and when he put aside the moral obligation and it came to going to Mass to please her or staying away to please himself, there was no doubt as to whether right or wrong would win. Even when he was leaving home he had left the house half an hour or more before the train was due to start, rather than listen to his mother's last words of advice and entreaty.

Mrs. Barnet's heart was heavy and her eyes brimmed over with tears as after Ted's departure she made her way to the attic where the boys slept, the attic filled as it was by John and George and Joe; yet that would always be empty in her sight until her black sheep came home.

Last night, when all the household were asleep, she had crept up those same stairs, and kneeling at Ted's bedside, she had begged with tears God's protection for her boy, and over his head she had slipped a pair of scapulars and a badge, so that the Sacred Heart might keep guard over him, and that our Lady might intercede for him.

And Ted, waking up, had promised, half asleep, to wear these things until he came home again. The room was bare enough for the whole contents to be taken in at a glance, but there had been no attempt at concealing the object that met Mrs. Barnet's eye as she opened the door. Flung on the table were the scapulars and the badge of the Sacred Heart that she had given to Ted. "He forgot them for sure," she murmured, not owning even to herself

that he had broken his promise. "If he could only get them now he'd not forget again."

But Mrs. Barnet's walking powers were not what they had once been, and there was no one to send after Ted, for the children were away at school.

It was nearing mid-day, and as she stood wondering what could be done, little Maggie Connor came out of the house, over the way, with her father's dinner on her arm.

"Is it up to the works you're going, Maggie?" Mrs. Barnet inquired anxiously.

"No then, ma'am," replied the child. "He be working in the engine house to-day and bid me bring the dinner to him there."

"Look then," said Mrs. Barnet. "Ted has forgotten his scapulars and his badge. As you are going to the station, will you hurry quick and take them to him before his trains starts?"

"To be sure I will, and welcome, ma'am," and without further delay the little girl ran off, for she thought it would be a dreadful thing for Ted to go without his scapulars and his badge.

The train was already in when she reached the station, and the platform was sprinkled with people, but no Ted was to be seen. At last, when she reached the top of the train, she saw him in the carriage next the engine.

He had just begun to realize what leaving home meant, and the sight of Maggie's familiar face was welcome.

"Hullo, Maggie," he cried. "Are you looking for your father? You didn't expect to see me, did you?"

"I did then, Ted," answered the child, "for it's you I'm looking for."

But now that she had found him, she remembered that he had given up going to Mass, that perhaps he didn't want the badge, and what would he say if she gave it to him before all these people—the carriage was almost full.

"And what do you want me for?" asked Ted.

"I can't tell you in there," she whispered. "Come out here till I tell you."

"Come out and lose my seat—catch me! Tell on, can't you; no one will hear."

"They will, Ted. They're listening and maybe they'll laugh,"



she add, knowing that ridicule is the one thing a boy can't bear.

Unwillingly, with much grumbling, Ted got out of the train and followed his little guide out of the stream of people.

"Your mother bid me give you this," she said in a low voice, and her heart was beating, for she feared that he might get angry and turn upon her; "and she said, 'Tell him, for God's sake, to wear it.' And you will take it, won't you now, Ted? Don't you remember when the Apostleship of Prayer was started how the priest said that the Sacred Heart had saved more people, body and soul, than he could tell?"

The words, the solemn ceremony when nearly all the congregation were enrolled, came back to Ted.

"Give it here then and don't preach," he cried gruffly, snatching at the scapular. Then he turned from the girl, and hurried back to his seat, but to his dismay he found it taken. He had reason later to remember that other man who sat in it. At the time he only saw that the door was locked and that there was no room for him. Angrily he strode from one full carriage to another, till at last, just as the train was starting, he managed to get a seat away down at the very end.

Hot and uncomfortable, he was sorry he had ever left his first chosen place. There at least he had a corner to lean against and in looking out of the window he might have distracted his mind from the thoughts that the girl's words had called up, but before the journey was half over he had reason to thank God for having made the change.

They were nearing a manufacturing town. Tall chimneys dyed the sky with their inky fumes. Furnaces blazed and roared. Railway lines crossed each other in such a manner that it seemed impossible for the hundreds of daily passing engines to find their way amongst them.

The train was going at its usual speed, when suddenly, without the slightest warning, there was a check. The world seemed to Ted to be swaying backwards and forwards. There was a rushing sound, a crash as of thunder and then a standstill, but with a shock of such violence that people were thrown one on the other. Boxes and bundles fell from the nets, people screamed in terror. For one brief instant death stretched out its hand over the four hundred

souls that were in that heavily loaded train. Then it passed away, holding still some ten or more victims in its grasp.

For one instant Ted Barnet saw his whole past life before him, its failings, its lost opportunities—what might have been. Then someone opened the door and the lad crept out from under the weights that had threatened to smother him. He lived for many a long day after that, but never could he forget the sight that met his eyes.

Two engines, locked together, smashed to pieces, utterly wrecked, lay on one side of the rails. The foremost goods trucks of the one train were so firmly welded to the first two carriages of the other that as yet the full number of the injured had not been found out.

Down the line all was noise and confusion, but there was a hush round the ruined carriages, broken only by the groans of the sufferers and the unrestrained sobs of those from whom death had taken their dear ones.

Forgetting that those around him might need his help, haunted by one idea, Ted pushed his way forward. He must see the man who had taken his seat, the seat where he himself would have been had he not left it to get his badge.

But he never saw that other man. What remained of him was covered by some kindly hand, and seeing others from the same carriage, Ted could guess. God's gifts are freely given, and a no more than ordinary return was asked of Ted for this extraordinary favor. Life went on for him outwardly as though the accident had never been, but inwardly the shock of it was ever present, helping him to do better in the future than he had ever done in the past; yes, and to do far better, for besides his own sins the boy always felt that he must try and atone for the unknown sins of that other man.

ALICE DEASE.

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*We would kindly ask subscribers to notify us promptly of any change in their address, as magazines are not forwarded like letters to new addresses. We frequently receive complaints which are due to the fact that we have not been advised of such changes. Both new and old addresses must always be given.*

## AN EVENING REVERIE

"And this our life, exempt from public haunt,  
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,  
Sermons in stones, and good in everything."



T is the evening hour. Out over the tall, silent trees the weary sun is slowly sinking down to rest, after toiling all day for men. To many a cheerless sick-room have his warm, glad rays brought welcome comfort and consolation; many a sunken eye has lightened to watch the merry beams now at play upon the all too familiar wall, now passing noiselessly from window to table, to desk, to shelf, to lonely chair; now stealing quietly along the tiresome bed until they wreath in fleeting brightness the wan face of the restless sufferer, and win from the pallid lips a smile of hope. Hope they whisper that fades not even in the dying; hope of health and life and hot blood coursing quick through throbbing veins. Now the sun, too, is dying, going to his rest, but, thank God, only for a day, only for the daily death meant by nature's all-wise God to teach us how we should die—die, as dies the sun—longed for, regretted by all, because all deeply miss our cheering company; die, too, when our work is fully done, when we have manfully run our course, never swerving an inch from the direct path of duty; die to rise soon again, for He who placed us here wills that we rise as He did, unlike the sun, never to die again.

And the thought comes ready to the mind that they are so many who look upon this golden sun in its beautiful setting, and who, like the poet, would fondly pray that it might be "immortal in its dying,"—so countless they who know not Him "who maketh His sun to shine upon the just and the unjust,"—uttering out of sick and desolate hearts the sad wail of little faith:

"Could we but know  
The land that ends our dark, uncertain travel!"

He has been so long a time with them and yet they have not known the One whose rays of grace keep love and life in cold, fainting

hearts. It may be that in His untold mercy, out from the dark, unlifted clouds, He sheds the light of the dazzling sun of faith on many a death-bed and in a flash teaches them who He is, what they are—the lesson His “glorious king of day” should have taught them on bright days and on cloudy. On cloudy! Ah, yes, even then, for full well we know that dark and rainy though it be, yet not forever will he remain behind those clouds, but will come forth soon again, strong in the divine strength of his Maker, radiant with His beauty, to put to hasty flight the darkness and the gloom, to reign supreme in sunny calm.

So, too, it is in our higher lives. The clouds of temptation may lower, the rains of doubt and overmastering despair may threaten to flood our souls, making us tremble for our safety; yet, we need not fear, for the Sun of Justice will come soon again to reward our hope, to put to rout the serried clouds, to change the gloom into gladdening sunshine, more welcome and consoling for the dark night preceding it, to send down upon our spirits warm rays of cheering love.

These are a few of the lessons the faithful sun teaches us as he wheels his untroubled course along the heavens day after day, a stranger to the thoughtless and unheeding, but to the thinking Catholic a sincere, life-long friend, telling comforting news, and above all reminding us that we must soon go home to Heaven, soon answer the evening call of Jesus Christ, the Light of the World.

“To me at least was never evening yet

But seemed far beautifuller than its day.”

EDWARD A. BROSAN, S.J.

## TREASURY OF GOOD WORKS

Offerings for the Intentions recommended to the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

|                              |         |                                  |         |
|------------------------------|---------|----------------------------------|---------|
| 1. Acts of Charity .....     | 712,408 | 11. Masses heard .....           | 414,992 |
| 2. Beads .....               | 861,522 | 12. Mortifications .....         | 807,756 |
| 3. Way of the Cross .....    | 801,381 | 13. Works of Mercy .....         | 331,671 |
| 4. Holy Communion .....      | 312,736 | 14. Works of Zeal .....          | 308,672 |
| 5. Spiritual Communion ..... | 431,469 | 15. Prayers .....                | 322,774 |
| 6. Examen of Conscience..... | 182,070 | 16. Kindly conversation .....    | 191,448 |
| 7. Hours of Labor .....      | 802,688 | 17. Suffering, Afflictions ..... | 393,553 |
| 8. Hours of Silence .....    | 266,796 | 18. Self-conquest .....          | 378,593 |
| 9. Pious Reading .....       | 338,909 | 19. Visits to B. Sacrament.....  | 403,722 |
| 10. Masses read .....        | 796     | 20. Various good works.....      | 420,663 |

General Total of Good Works, 6,522,389.

## IN HIS OWN AGONY



HE shadows o'er His bended body fall  
 From olive boughs within Gethsemane.  
 And deeper shadows, from the agony  
 Of sin's atonement, throw a darker pall  
 Of desolation and of pain o'er all  
 That midnight scene, when freely He  
 Though wounded for our sins, from all sin free,  
 Dire sorrow to His Heart for us did call.  
 What Pilate now upswings the scourge of scorn,  
 And cleaves with ruthless hate that sacred side?  
 Who sets the cross upon those shoulders torn?  
 With nails and lance who opes those wounds so wide?  
 Three hours on Calvary we well may mourn  
 Gazing on Him whom we have crucified.

JOHN F. X. O'CONOR, S.J.

## PROMOTERS' RECEPTIONS

Diplomas issued during the month of February, 1908, from the 1st to the 29th (inclusive).

| Diocese.         | Place.                          | Local Centre.                  | No. |
|------------------|---------------------------------|--------------------------------|-----|
| Baltimore.....   | Washington, D. C.....           | Marist .....Seminary           | 4   |
| Belleville.....  | Waterloo, Ill.....              | SS. Peter and Paul.....Church  | 1   |
| Boston.....      | Boston, Mass.....               | Immac. Concep....."            | 10  |
| Brooklyn.....    | Long Island City, N.Y.....      | St. Patrick's ....."           | 1   |
| Cincinnati.....  | Cincinnati, O.....              | Notre Dame .....Academy        | 5   |
| Cleveland.....   | Barberton, O.....               | Holy Family .....Convent       | 12  |
| Cleveland.....   | Canton, O.....                  | St. Peter's .....Church        | 1   |
| Concordia.....   | Hays City, Kan.....             | St. Joseph's ....."            | 4   |
| Dallas.....      | Forney, Tex.....                | St. Martin's ....."            | 10  |
| Detroit.....     | Jackson, Mich.....              | St. Mary's .....School         | 7   |
| Fort Wayne.....  | Fort Wayne, Ind.....            | Most Precious Blood.....Church | 3   |
| Galveston.....   | Marlin, Tex.....                | St. Joseph's ....."            | 3   |
| Great Falls..... | Glendive, Mont.....             | St. Juliana's ....."           | 25  |
| Harrisburg.....  | Lancaster, Pa.....              | Sacred Heart ....."            | 6   |
| Hartford.....    | Bridgeport, Ct.....             | St. Augustine's ....."         | 27  |
| Marquette.....   | Hermansville, Mich.....         | St. Mary's ....."              | 10  |
| New Orleans..... | Lafayette, La.....              | St. John the Evangelist....."  | 12  |
| New Orleans..... | New Orleans, La.....            | St. Stephen's ....."           | 2   |
| New York.....    | Newburg, N. Y.....              | St. Patrick's ....."           | 8   |
| New York.....    | New York, N. Y.....             | O. L. of Mt. Carmel....."      | 4   |
| New York.....    | New York, N. Y.....             | St. Augustine's ....."         | 13  |
| New York.....    | Riverdale, N. Y.....            | Mt. St. Vincent.....Academy    | 11  |
| New York.....    | St. Andrew-on-Hudson, N. Y..... | Jesuit .....Novitiate          | 3   |
| Oklahoma.....    | Tulsa, Okla.....                | Holy Family .....Church        | 1   |
| Pittsburg.....   | Allgeheny, Pa.....              | Good Shepherd .....Convent     | 1   |
| Pittsburg.....   | Pittsburg, Pa.....              | St. George's .....Church       | 1   |
| Richmond.....    | Alexandria, Va.....             | St. Mary's ....."              | 2   |
| Richmond.....    | Barcroft, Va.....               | Catholic ....."                | 1   |
| St. Cloud.....   | Collegeville, Minn.....         | St. John's .....Abbey          | 6   |
| St. Louis.....   | St. Louis, Mo.....              | St. Joseph's .....Church       | 5   |
| Savannah.....    | Macon, Ga.....                  | St. Stanislaus .....College    | 2   |
| Syracuse.....    | Syracuse, N. Y.....             | Immac. Concep.....Cathedral    | 25  |
| Syracuse.....    | Syracuse, N. Y.....             | St. Vincent de Paul.....Church | 75  |

Total number of Receptions, 33.

Total number of Diplomas issued, 301.

## THE CONVERSION OF A FAMILY



**A**BOUT the year 1870 Father Nash was the zealous pastor of a large district in which Catholics and Protestants were about equally careless of religious duties. Riding around on horseback to visit his scattered flock and urge them to attend church, he happened to hear one day of a family of eight members of which the father and the six children were unbaptized, and the mother, though piously raised in old Ireland, had fallen away from the faith entirely. He was told besides that he had better not call there, for that a zealous Irish priest one day had ventured to do so, and had been disgracefully driven from the house.

But he trusted in the protection of Mary, and her power with God to convert sinners. So he took courage and ventured on, paying a polite visit to the humble dwelling, determined if he could do no good, at least to avoid every word or act that might give offence. The woman happened to be alone at home when he dismounted in front of the cottage. He kindly remarked upon the neatness of a little flower-pot before the door, inquired whether the Lord had given her many children to cheer the home, and, approaching cautiously the object of his visit, suggested that it must be difficult for her with so many little ones to practise her religion as she might desire, especially as the church was so far away. With this remark she readily agreed, and added that the difficulty was the greater because her husband was not a Catholic and was bitter in his opposition to the Church.

In fact, before he left the cottage, Father Nash had learned from her own lips that the children were not baptized, and that she had long since ceased to practise her religion. But when he suggested it was not too late to mend matters, she answered firmly that that was out of the question. Mr. James, her husband, would never consent; and, as he might come home at any moment, it would be better for the priest not to provoke him by meddling with their family affairs.

So the Father prepared to take his departure; but he offered her first some little medals of the Immaculate Conception, one for each

of the children, and handed her a penny catechism that she might teach them the prayers at least.

He trusted that the Blessed Virgin would interest herself in behalf of the little ones that wore her medal. He had not long to wait for favorable results. The children, a few days later, were seen to wear the medals, and they told some Catholic children of the neighborhood that they were going to be baptized.

The next effort of Father Nash was to rectify the marriage of the parents; for, one of these not being baptized, their union was totally invalid. But Mr. James showed himself altogether unwilling at first to have any personal interview with the priest; his wife, however, had become eager to be reconciled with Mother Church, and helped the Father to arrange for a meeting of all three together. A dispensation was next obtained from the Bishop, and the marital consent of the parties was properly renewed. In preparation for the reception of the Sacrament, Mrs. James had gone to the church to confession, and the following Sunday she received Holy Communion.

During the two or three months that had elapsed from the first visit of Father Nash to their home, the three children that were of age were instructed by a pious neighbor, and all six were baptized together at the church, their father having become so far reconciled to our holy religion that he wished to attend the ceremony.

There matters remained for a couple of years, with occasional attendance of the mother and children at the church on Sundays, and frequent attendance at catechism lessons.

The seed had fallen on good ground; perhaps the fervent prayers of Mrs. James's mother in Ireland had obtained for her daughter a rich shower of graces. Mr. James, meanwhile, was favorably impressed by the visible happiness which religion had brought to his wife and children. Providence so disposed that he got a good job as a mechanic near the priest's house, where Father Nash zealously instructed him in the catechism, and in due time received him, too, into the Church.

CHARLES COPPENS, S.J.

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#### TO PROMOTERS AND ASSOCIATES

*As members of the League you should read THE MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART. The subscription price is only 50 cents a year. If you have not subscribed do so now, and, if you can secure a companion subscriber, it will be easy to remit one dollar. Otherwise remit by money order. A Sacred Heart Cross in rolled gold will be given to every new subscriber.*

**A Sequence of Sonnets**  
**On a Picture of the Sacred Heart**  
*(See Frontispiece, March, 1908)*

**THE FOUNTAIN OF GRACE**



SILENT before my silent Lord I kneel  
And gaze with awe upon His gentle face;  
On those entreating eyes that seek to trace  
In me some likeness of His love and zeal.  
O pleading palms, whose piercing did unseal  
The crimsoned fountain of my Saviour's grace,  
O Heart that stretches toward my love's embrace,  
What truths for me your torn, red lips reveal!  
"Give love for love," they softly seem to say,  
"All earthly things are vain; my love shines true,  
Sole light of joy along life's dreary way;  
And when night's shadows fall with chilling dew  
Upon the soul world-worn with time's brief day,  
Sole light, whose fire will weld our loves anew."

JOSEPH A. FORTESCUE, S.J.

**A VOICE THAT IS STILL**




THY Sacred Heart I see before me here,  
And as I gaze with longing eyes, I feel,  
Dear Lord, the joy and peace that always steal  
Into my soul whenever Thou art near;  
But ah, my gracious King, Thy voice would cheer  
Me more than all things else, as here I kneel,  
Praying that Thou wouldst let one word reveal  
The tender love of Thine that holds me dear.  
Yet though Thy sacred voice were sweetest sound  
That ever mortal ear has heard, far more  
Thy silence eloquently speaks to me.  
Thy ways are not man's ways; Thy love profound  
Cannot be told in words,—I'll count it o'er  
When I am with Thee in Eternity!

LEO A. DORE, S.J.



## Our Work and its Spirit

### *Our Sincere Thanks.*

UR readers will gladly join us in our sentiments of sincere gratitude to Monsignor Mooney, Vicar-General of the Archdiocese of New York, for his lucid and able explanation of the General Intention for this month. As the subjects of our General Intentions are approved of and blessed by our Holy Father, the Pope, their timeliness is evident, and the Directors and Associates of the League are accustomed to receive them as seasonable messages from the Father of all the faithful. Considering the present trials of the Church and the great grief that has visited her heart in the disloyalty or defection of sons who should have been the foremost to stand by her, the importance of this month's leading article is beyond all question. Directors who are accustomed to dwell upon the General Intention in the First Friday devotions, will no doubt find in the necessarily brief, but quite masterly treatment of this month's Intention, many suggestive reflections as well as a manifestation of a clear-minded, fervent and loyal faith which is not the least striking feature of this graceful and authoritative contribution to our pages.

### *Directors Who Are Zealous.*

**O**F the many letters that come to us none are more gratifying than the communications of Promoters who are heart and soul in the League themselves, but who generally ascribe the flourishing condition of the First Friday devotions entirely to their zealous Directors. They point with pride to rail after rail of Associates who approach the Holy Table, most of them wearing the badge of the Sacred Heart; and they also mention the large number of the faithful attending Mass on First Fridays, and the still larger number who make their way to the church for the night services. We are happy to add our own commendations to this chorus of praise, and to thank such Directors for their earnestness and their interest in the cause of the Sacred Heart.

Anyone who is familiar with the League must know that it is made up of the rank and file of Catholics; that Promoters who are acquainted with some, if not with many of their fellow parishioners, must do a great deal of the League work, especially in the way of rallying Associates to meetings; and that Associates display greater ardor the more they come to realize that their interest in the League must be personal and active. It would, however, be very far from right to suppose that the share of Directors in this work, and their credit and responsibility, should hold a second place. On the contrary, it is to them that the introduction of the League into congregations is due, and it is their spirit of prayer, their zeal for God's glory, their devotion to the Sacred Heart, that find a counterpart, an echo, a willing and enthusiastic response in the hearts of Promoters and Associates alike.

*To Be Borne In Mind.*

**A**S the question comes up from time to time, it may be well to state here that "any priest in charge of a parish or of any other body of the faithful can be a Local Director of the League, that is, a Director for some particular locality or for some limited group of the faithful, such as a religious community, a school, a sodality, or other society of Catholics, a hospital, a home, and so on. Only priests can be Local Directors in the real sense; when religious or seminarists not in Holy Orders take charge of the work they are Promoters, but not, strictly speaking, Directors."

The first duty of a Local Director will be to apply for a Diploma of Aggregation. He should then admit Associates and inscribe their names on the register. It is usually easy to select Promoters, but there is some little task implied in training them in the details of League work; while some time must be devoted regularly to presiding over their meetings and looking into their reports. It is only after about three or four months' trial that the Promoter's Cross is conferred.

*A Work That Stimulates.*

**T**HOUGH the training of Promoters is very simple, it is consoling to observe that there are hundreds and hundreds of Directors who spare no effort to make our Promoters eminently qualified to carry on their part of the League work. They not only

instruct them properly, using the Handbook as guide, but by directing the meetings of Associates, make it easy for Promoters to keep up in their bands the three degrees, even the Third Degree, that is, the Communion of Reparation, and the beautiful practice which so fittingly goes hand in hand with the Third Degree, the Holy Hour.

*The Lenten Prospect.*

**T**HIS number of the MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART will appear during the holy season of Lent, at a time, therefore, when church activities shall be various and plentiful, and at a time, also, when our Promoters will find an outlet for their zeal in the frequent opportunities that shall be theirs to meet the members of their bands. No doubt they will have made up their minds to make the most of such occasions for doing good,—for spreading the Kingdom. Being devoted to high ideals, the Lenten prospect will fill them not with dismay and distress because of the self-denial and mortification they are going to practise, but rather with the anticipation of that abundant joy which is certain to be the portion of every fervent Catholic at the close of Holy Week. Fervent Catholics spend happy Easters because during the preceding seven weeks they have conscientiously striven to put the world out of their thoughts and to take up company with God and the things of God. "This is the victory that overcometh the world, our faith." The world, then, that we are to forget and to overcome not only during Lent, but at all times, is the world that in those well-remembered words of St. John must be vanquished by our faith.

*Love Not the World.*

**T**HIS does not mean the world, God's visible creation, upon which the Author of all beauty has showered so much loveliness, carelessly, as it were, and from the very nature of His being, leaving beauty in His footsteps; nor indeed the world of men and women whom He loves and for whom His Sacred Heart was pierced on Calvary; but the world that does not hesitate to yield to the wicked enticement of the senses, to play fast and loose with what is unholy in thought or word, to be taken up with vanity, to act deliberately against conscience, and to be at peace with evil.

*No Sedentary Virtue.*

**T**HIS task is not an easy one surely, for nothing less than task it is, with many a sharp attack upon the easeful ways of human nature and many an anxious moment lest lower promptings should prevail and cause the wayward and feeble heart to be content with a kind of reclining or sedentary virtue. But when the thought of our Saviour risen from the dead comes before the mind, Lenten trials and Lenten tasks vanish, as mists before the sun, and the comfort of knowing that we shall have added to His joy floods the heart with a foretaste of heavenly consolation fully capable of cheering the courageous and stimulating the irresolute.

The main purpose which a true friend of the Sacred Heart will seek to accomplish during Lent, may be summed up in the words of the Preface which the priest says at Mass from Ash Wednesday to Passion Sunday. The prayer is addressed to the "Holy Lord, Father Almighty, Everlasting God, who by a bodily fast dost set a check on what is evil, uplift the mind, and grant strength and reward." And this Preface is replaced in Passiontide by that other strong prayer of valiant faith addressed to the same "Father Almighty, who didst establish the salvation of mankind in the wood of the cross, that life should thence arise whence death had sprung, and that the one who had conquered in the tree should in the tree also be overcome through Christ our Lord."

*A Work of High Faith.*

**T**HE Promoter who is determined to realize the full meaning of this prayer, need only be encouraged to hold fast to a fervent resolution, and by every means to strive to make Associates see the need and the advantage of heaping up so rich a store of grace and of merit as to win for them the securest and most sacred of Easter joys. This is a purpose of high faith and heroic resolve, for it denotes a lover of our Lord who looks down the list of good works enumerated in the Treasury with a mind and heart set upon its less attractive features, such as the way of the cross, mortifications, sufferings, afflictions, self-conquest, hours of silence,—hours indeed! when sometimes it is given us to experience that one grace-laden moment of silence may mean years upon years of peace and contentment and joy in the Sacred Heart.

*To Suffer with Christ.*

**P**RESUMING that Promoters will set the pace in deeds like these, which are holy, edifying and of good report, they must remind their bands that the Morning Offering makes mention of sufferings to be endured, and that Lent is a most suitable time to practise patience in respect of whatever afflictions of mind or body or social life our Lord sends to those who have been enticed by love to bind themselves more closely to their suffering Redeemer.

It is fairly certain that there shall not be much need this Lent to record self-chosen afflictions where work is scarce and wages are poor, for the times are hard and many of our Promoters and Associates shall have more than a good share of suffering to carry them back in spirit to the feet of the crucified Christ. How welcome to His Sacred Heart will be such trials patiently accepted as coming from His wounded hands. His whole life was one of poverty and suffering, and there is nothing that establishes a more intimate bond of friendship between Him and His faithful than the patient endurance for His sake of poverty, pain, disappointment and abandonment. But we are not going to forget that if we follow Him in suffering we shall also rejoice with Him in glory; and we are not going to forget that He is at our side, the strong, the kind, the forgiving and the consoling Christ of the Tabernacle without whom we are so little, so weak and so helpless. It is this remembrance of our Lord that sweetens the cup of sorrow and distress of whatsoever kind, teaching us at the same time that if we would be lovers and imitators of Christ, the only sure way to do so is to deny ourselves, to break our own will, to pray with fervor and with faith, and to trust and follow Him. May Jesus ever find a sacred dwelling-place in our hearts, whether they be bruised or broken or whole, a secure shelter from the hatred, the false friendship, and the ingratitude of the world, where He may take up His abode and in the fidelity of our affection be at rest.

JOSEPH H. SMITH, S.J.

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*Many of our readers have most generously assisted us in procuring new subscribers, and we are very grateful to them. THE MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART is now circulated very extensively. The good work nevertheless must be continued, so that our little magazine may reach, if possible, every Catholic home in the land.*

# Interests of Heart of Jesus

## THE INTERNATIONAL EUCHARISTIC CONGRESS.



THE following are the preliminary arrangements, according to the *Tablet*, for the coming International Eucharistic Congress at London. The proceedings will begin on September 9 and end on September 13. The solemn opening of the Congress in Westminster Cathedral will include the formal reception of the Papal Legate whom it is hoped the Holy Father will appoint to preside. An invitation has been issued to the Catholic bishops of the world. Already a large number have expressed their intention of being present. Great interest has been aroused, particularly in France, Belgium and Germany. Every day there will be High Mass and Vespers in the Cathedral, which will be reserved entirely for the members of the Congress. On the third day a special service will be held in the afternoon for all the Catholic children of London. The solemn closing of the Congress by a procession of the Blessed Sacrament, on Sunday, will probably attract the greatest gathering of Catholics ever witnessed since the days of Catholic England.

## THE MIRACLE AT FAVERNEY.

In addition to London's Congress, a second Eucharistic Congress is being organized, and will take place, in the latter part of May, at Faverney, in France, to commemorate the third centenary of the famous Faverney miracle. History bears witness to the wonderful event which the Catholics of France are preparing to honor by this public manifestation of faith. The miracle occurred during the Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament. Whilst the provisional altar upon which our Lord was being adored by the devout worshippers of Faverney was wrapped in flames and burned to the ground, the monstrance remained in the air for more than two days unsustained by any visible support.

## THE LEAGUE IN TEXAS.

"The Awarding of Crosses and Diplomas to ten Promoters took place on the First Friday of February at the Church of St. M——, in the south of X., which is about six miles distant from Torney. Every pew was well filled with devout worshippers, although most of them had attended the morning service and lived at no small distance.

"Our Rev. Pastor deserves great praise for his fervor and zeal in promoting this beautiful devotion. During the four months of his pastorate, he has done wonders. Among other things, an old man who had refused to see other priests and had neglected his duties for thirty-four years, has been won back to God and induced to join the third degree of the League. Besides this, men of all classes approach the sacraments more frequently, even monthly, who formerly were scarcely seen at the altar once a year. May the Sacred Heart bestow one of his special Promises on all the priests in Texas in their wide field of missionary labor!"

## THE SIGHTLESS SAINT.

"It gives me great pleasure to send you this subscription. Miss K. is blind and her chief pleasure is to have the children read to her, when they have leisure from their studies and domestic duties. I have just learned that her favorite book is the MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART read to her. Sometimes she has a copy sent her from a subscriber, but I want her to have one herself. She is the *saint of our orphan asylum*, there is no doubt of that. She has been blind for nearly fifty years, and has been in this asylum for almost sixty years, since its foundation in fact, having lost her parents in one of the early yellow fever scourges that visited this coast. Our Bishop and priests, and the Sisters of Charity, who are always with her testify to her sanctity and to the blessings she brings upon the house. I am happy to know that she enjoys the MESSENGER, and it is with great pleasure that I send it to her."

## A MODEL PROMOTER.

"Enclosed please find order for seven more MESSENGERS OF THE SACRED HEART and another dozen almanacs which I intend to distribute free, as I have done for the past two years. They will, I

hope, help on the Apostleship and stimulate some of our Promoters, whose indifference in the discharge of their duties lays upon me the burden, sweet as it is, of distributing a hundred leaflets a month and meeting the expenses incurred. I am, indeed, glad to make whatever little sacrifices are demanded of me to be enabled to continue doing what I have done in the past, as long as God gives me health and strength to work. Some day, I hope, the good done here through the Apostleship of Prayer will awaken greater zeal in spreading and encouraging it. It is hard, indeed, to keep up doing single handed a work for which the field is so great, especially when difficulties of all kinds meet you at every step; but I do not despair. As long as God spares me I shall not allow the Apostleship of Prayer to become here a thing of the past, even though I have to do all the work myself, for I feel assured that as the darkest hour of the night is the hour before dawn, so it will be the case in our struggling League Centre."

#### A LEAGUE CENTRE IN SAN FRANCISCO.

"We are pleased to let you know that devotion to the Sacred Heart is again flourishing in our parish of Saint ———; also in our school, situated in the centre of the burned district. It is truly edifying to see the number of men, women and children who approach Holy Communion on the First Friday of each month."

BAY ST. LOUIS, MISS., Feb. 19, 1908.

TO THE REV. EDITOR OF THE MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART.

REV. AND DEAR FATHER:

We have just suffered a crushing loss in our poor parish. The large church, built in more prosperous times, has been totally destroyed by fire. Our priests' home also has been burned to the ground. The amount of insurance on these buildings is less than one-fourth of their value, and very far from sufficient to rebuild them.

This is indeed a poor parish, poor in the goods of this world; and without help from their friends, its people cannot have a church large enough for their needs.

I am constrained, therefore, in the pressing necessity caused by this deplorable disaster, to appeal to your goodness, zeal and gen-



erosity to lend us a helping hand. Aid your now saddened and most unfortunate brethren of Bay St. Louis to rebuild their church and priests' house. Give what you can; and be assured that you can well spare any sum that you thus "lend to the Lord." Accept, also, the assurance in advance of our profound gratitude and our fervent prayers.

J. M. PRENDERGAST.

I most cordially approve of this appeal.

T. HESLIN,

*Bishop of Natches.*

Miss Georgina Pell Curtis, 2919 North Ashland Avenue, Chicago, Ill., is at work on an American "Roads to Rome," on the same lines as the English book of the same name. Miss Curtis asks through the MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART that all converts who are willing to submit to her their "story" (how they became Catholics, their reasons, and experiences), will kindly do so. All MSS. must be in her hands before July 1, 1908.

We take pleasure in recommending to our readers the *Extension Magazine*, published by the Catholic Church Extension Society of the United States, the Rookery, Chicago, Ill. This magazine prints stories descriptive of missionary life chiefly in our own country, though other fields are not omitted. Its purpose is to interest Catholics in the necessity of doing something to stop the leakage from the Church in this country, and also to make the Church known in parts of the land where Catholics are very few in number. In an interesting letter the editor of the *Extension Magazine* writes as follows:

"It has been estimated that in the past century 15,000,000 Catholics have fallen away from the Church. The principal cause for this defection is lack of churches and priests in the isolated places. Names that are Irish, French and Italian are no longer linked to Catholicity, and, needless to say, neither are the children of such parents Catholics. Protestantism is passing in the big cities. The remnant of strength of Protestantism is found in the places where Catholics are weak. Catholics, having no church and seeing a priest only occasionally, after awhile join the Protestant sects. The

Catholic Church Extension Society was founded to wrestle with this problem—to counteract influences that have worked, and are working, harm to the Church. It was organized only two years ago. The Protestant Church Extension Societies have been in the field for half a century or more, with the result that they have made splendid progress and terrible inroads on our ranks, drawing their strength and sustenance from our inactivity. We believe that once the Catholic people realize the seriousness of the situation, the missionary spirit will awaken in them.”

## THE LAST VISIT



GOOD-NIGHT, sweet Sacrament, good-night,  
 How happy I, to linger here  
 Where Thy great love disarms my fear,  
 And gladdens all my days,—  
 Good-night.

Good-night, sweet Sacrament, good-night;—  
 One little wish I humbly make,—  
 'Tis this, my King, asleep, awake,  
 My heart may beat for Thee,—  
 Good-night.

Good-night, sweet Sacrament, good-night,  
 Alas, I blush to offer Thee  
 This small return for gifts to me  
 This day. 'Tis all I have,—  
 Good-night.

Good-night, sweet Sacrament, good-night;  
 Fain would I kneel some minutes more  
 In prayer, to praise Thee and adore,  
 But I must say, good-night,—  
 Good-night.

FRANCIS DE S. HOWLE, S.J.



"Go and as thou hast believed, so be it done to thee."—Matt. viii, 13.

## THANKSGIVINGS

Total number of Thanksgivings for last month, 518,385.

### SPECIAL FAVORS.

#### A Miraculous Recovery.

*New York.*—"A religious of the Third Order of St. Francis in this city was lying very ill of cerebral meningitis. Medical aid availed nothing. The holy sacraments were administered, but, to the disappointment of all, no improvement took place. Five days passed in agony of mind and body; the stomach would retain neither food nor medicine. January the 2d was a trying and sad day for all. January the 3d was still worse. At 10 A. M. all hope disappeared, when suddenly a priest of the Congregation of the Holy Cross, Canada, rang the door bell. Upon entering he was told at once of the Sister's severe illness. He replied: 'How strange! I have just been presented with a large picture of Our Mother of Perpetual Help, which touched the miraculous one at Rome. I see the

Providence of God in this; I will apply it.'

"Having broken the seal, he took the picture from the case, and with it, blessed and touched the head of the Sister seven times, when, to the astonishment and wonder of all, she was instantly cured. Yes, it pleased the Sacred Heart of Jesus, through His own dear Mother, Our Lady of Perpetual Help, to cure the Sister at once. She who had to be kept in darkness, now asked for light, and continually cried out: 'I am cured, I am totally cured.' All praise to Our Mother of Perpetual Help who obtained this favor from the Sacred Heart of Jesus. May this be known to arouse confidence and joy in many."

#### A Favor from the Sacred Heart.

*Tennessee.*—"A young Protestant girl came to us last winter, remained

six months, and left without evincing any desire to embrace our Faith. After leaving the Convent she resided with her sister, and we understand was doing very well. The week before last we were shocked to learn that she had been shot by a man with whom she refused to elope. After shooting her, the murderer turned the weapon on himself and died instantly.

"The following day we received a message from the girl's sister, who is a Protestant, saying her dying sister was calling for us. We sent two Sisters at once, and the poor girl showed them her badge of the Sacred Heart, which she had worn over her heart since leaving the Convent. The bullet had struck this badge, and being turned aside, lodged in her lung. Her wound was fatal, but so convinced was she that she had been saved from instant death by the Sacred Heart that she desired the Sisters to bring a priest to baptize her. Her desire was complied with, and she received holy Baptism, and all the Sacraments in preparation for death. We have had her enrolled in the Scapular of Mount Carmel, and sent her a new League badge to replace the one which the doctors had removed from her wound, all saturated with her blood."

#### **A Crippled Limb Cured.**

*Rochester, N. Y.*—"Will you kindly have the following 'thanks' printed in **THE MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART**?"

"A poor girl of this city, crippled and bed-ridden for three years, was cured instantly by wearing a relic of Ven. Mother Barat and making three Novenas to the Sacred Heart of Jesus. After receiving Holy Communion the morning the third Novena ended, her crippled limb

straightened out, she arose from bed and walked across the floor, which she had not done for three years. She is full of gratitude to the Sacred Heart and came to our chapel to thank Him. She continues well."

#### **A Young Life Spared.**

*Cleveland, O.*—"A boy of fourteen was taken sick with pneumonia. On account of previous delicate health, little hope was had for his recovery. The physician declared that consumption had set in and would soon end the young life. A badge of the Sacred Heart was pinned to the boy's clothes, the devotion was explained to him, and publication, in case of recovery, was promised, together with a Mass. The boy is now well and strong."

#### **A Suit Won.**

*Cleveland, O.*—"A young business man in a small town was sued for a sum of money. The loss of the case meant ruin for him. Prayers and Masses were offered, and publication, in case of success, promised. The case was tried, and the judge, after a short time, acquitted the defendant, contrary to the expectations of all concerned. Thanks are offered the Sacred Heart for other signal favors."

#### **A Child's Wonderful Cure.**

*Covington, Ky.*—"A child of a member of the League was very ill, and his life was despaired of, when the badge of the Sacred Heart was placed upon him, and prayers said to the Sacred Heart for his recovery, promising publication if the cure was effected. After a few days he began to improve and is now on a sure road to complete recovery. The attending physician, who is a non-Catholic and knew nothing of the prayers that had been said, made the statement that

the child's recovery was a miracle. We feel deeply grateful to the Sacred Heart, and beg you to publish this cure for the honor and glory of the Sacred Heart."

### The Grace of Baptism.

*Taos, N. M.*—"After thirty years of constant prayer for the conversion of my relatives, I am pleased to record the conversion of at least one of them, my brother-in-law. On hearing that he was stricken with paralysis, I prayed more earnestly than ever for the grace of his conversion and promised, to the honor and glory of the Sacred Heart, to have the favor published. This morning I received the happy intelligence that he had, of his own accord, applied for baptism. How can I ever sufficiently prove my gratitude to the Sacred Heart for this wonderful favor, granted to a man who had put so many obstacles in the way of his conversion? May this extraordinary favor lead to the complete conversion of my sister and her daughter, both of whom have been baptized. Asking fervent prayers for all, I assure you I shall never cease to spread this beautiful devotion."

### The Badge on a Wound.

*Brunswick, Ga.*—"On Christmas day I was accidentally shot and, being some miles from the city, I was taken home in a dying condition. The physician declared my recovery impossible, and as there was no hope that I should live through the night, extreme unction was administered and the last absolution given me. The Sisters placed a badge of the Sacred Heart upon the wound, promising public thanks in the MESSENGER, should our fervent prayers be granted. My improvement was marvellous. The doctor, who is not a Catholic, frankly admits the cure to

be miraculous and the effect of prayer. Praise to the Sacred Heart!"

### Sickness Averted.

*Esopus, N. Y.*—"A laborer here was very ill. He was threatened with pneumonia; in fact, congestion had already set in. After a few prayers to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, with a promise of publication, he became much better, and the dreadful sickness was averted. All praise and thanksgiving to the Divine Heart of Jesus for its unbounded goodness and love towards us."

### GENERAL FAVORS.

For many of these favors Mass and publication were promised; for others the Badge or the Promoter's Cross was used; for others the prayers of the Associates had been asked.

*ALABAMA.*—*Mobile*, the safe return from a journey.

*CALIFORNIA.*—*Monterey*, the overcoming of many severe temptations, peace of mind and heart, the grace of a good general confession; *Saratoga*, the placing of a motherless child in a Catholic institution, the return to the Sacraments after eighteen years of neglect; *San Francisco*, the sudden and complete cure of a bad sore throat.

*COLORADO.* — *Denver*, employment secured for the father of a family, relief from severe pain in the head.

*CONNECTICUT.* — *Danielson*, speedy relief and cure from nervous trouble, complete relief from acute pain in the head; *New Haven*, recovery from illness; *New Milford*, a friend's recovery; *Waterbury*, preservation from danger, success in examination; *West Haven*, a position obtained.

*DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.*—*Washington*, a recovery from illness, restoration to health and happiness of one afflicted with melancholy.

GEORGIA.—*Augusta*, recovery from a very serious accident.

ILLINOIS.—*Bloomington*, the recovery of children from a severe illness; *Chicago*, a husband's cure of rheumatism and intemperance and his securing employment; *Earlville*, recovery from severe cases of sickness where medical aid was unavailing; *Elgin*, a relative's recovery from scarlet fever; *Jacksonville*, restoration to health; *Jerseyville*, the cure of a sore knee and relief from pain in the eyes; *Ottawa*, a wonderful conversion after years of prayer, cure of a malignant disease, peace of soul in heavy trial, the averting of a serious operation, relief in a case of severe nervous trouble; *Rock Island*, cure of a very severe ear and throat trouble, the securing of an advantageous locality for a struggling physician, cure of throat trouble.

IOWA.—*Graf*, preservation from diphtheria.

KANSAS.—*Kansas City*, a satisfactory settlement in court for damages.

KENTUCKY.—*Louisville*, the rather unexpected healing of a wound; *West Park*, an unexpected recovery.

LOUISIANA.—*Hohen Solms*, speedy improvement in health of a child; recovery from typhoid; *Mix*, recovery without operation; *New Orleans*, the cure of a very painful sore, the securing of a position after eight months of prayer.

MARYLAND.—*Pomfret*, preservation from accident in storm; *Woodstock*, success in a difficult examination for a position, special help in studies.

MASSACHUSETTS.—*Adams*, relief from pain; *Boston*, employment obtained for a father of a family; *Ware*, a cure from intemperate habits; *West Winfield*, relief granted to a person suffering in body and mind.

MICHIGAN.—*Chelsea*, the recovery

of a friend's husband; *De Tour*, relief from great suffering; *Escanaba*, a son's return to his religious duties after several years of neglect.

MINNESOTA.—*Brainerd*, the giving up of intemperate habits; *Hopkins*, relief from pain; *Minneapolis*, the wonderful recovery of a sum of money.

MISSOURI.—*Florissant*, success in an undertaking, conversion and happy death of a father who had neglected his religious duties for thirty years, reconciliation in a family; *Kansas City*, the obtaining of a good position in time of greatest need; *Kirkwood*, success in examinations; *Potosi*, the giving up of intemperate drinking; *St. Louis*, a person's recovery, the conversion of two persons, the speedy cure of a child, a favor with reference to examinations.

NEBRASKA.—*Benson*, a child's recovery, relief from throat trouble; *Sioux*, improvement in health.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.—*Ashuelot*, relief from severe pain.

NEW JERSEY.—*Englewood*, a relative's recovery; *Glen Ridge*, recovery from a sore throat and very severe cold; *Jersey City*, cure of a well-developed case of peritonitis, relief from troublesome pains around the heart, the cure of a sore knee; *Lake-wood*, the receiving of Holy Communion the first time in seven years, the keeping of a position; *Morristown*, the securing of a position; *Ridgewood*, recovery from a physical ailment; *West Hoboken*, recovery without operation from a severe illness, reform of a person addicted to drink.

NEW YORK.—*Albany*, a brother's reinstatement at work; *Astoria*, the return of a husband to the Sacraments; *Binghamton*, reconciliation between husband and wife; *Brooklyn*, a brother's reconciliation with

God before death after twenty years of neglect of the Sacraments, the recovery from two ailments, a position obtained, the cure of a very sore finger, relief from scruples and nervous trouble, the successful building of a house, the speedy cure of a mental trouble of long standing, a father's conversion, relief from very severe pain, desired class obtained by teacher at a school; *Buffalo*, relief from dropsy and rheumatism, a son's cure from the use of intoxicating liquor; *College Point*, restoration of peace and friendship; *Kingston*, a friend's conversion; *New York City*, an increase in salary, a conversion, the cure of a serious eye trouble, the saving of a friend from the effects of bad company, the cure of a severe illness, a mother's recovery, a happy marriage, success in a teacher's examination leading to promotion; *Ogdensburg*, relief from eczema, reconciliation and peace in a family; *Poughkeepsie*, a sister's recovery from a serious illness; *Saranac Lake*, success in commerce; *Towanda*, the obtaining of a good position; *Utica*, cure of acute indigestion, dizziness, nervousness and mental anxiety; *Whitehall*, success in an examination.

NORTH CAROLINA.—*Raleigh*, recovery of a very sick child.

NORTH DAKOTA.—*Brocket*, a brother's complete recovery.

OHIO.—*Canton*, resignation in a great affliction, reform of life, improvement in health, much-needed help and success in business, a reconciliation; *Columbus*, the sparing of a mother's life, the reception of Holy Communion during illness, the gift of faith; *Dayton*, the success of an undertaking; *Ellenora*, a dangerous ailment; *Mt. Angel*, the complete recovery from the effects of a dangerous accident; *Massillon*, preservation from diphtheria; *Woodfield*, the set-

tlement of a difficult business matter.

PENNSYLVANIA.—*Builer*, two recoveries; *Freeport*, a husband's relief from severe pain; *Philadelphia*, a grace for a brother, success in an examination, a mother's restoration to health, cure of a painful trouble, the obtaining of a position; *Pittsburg*, relief from asthma.

RHODE ISLAND.—*Providence*, the satisfactory settlement of a serious business trouble.

TEXAS.—*El Paso*, cure of a nervous trouble, employment obtained, relief from heart trouble, the safe return home of a son.

VERMONT.—*Middlebury*, success in examinations; *Rutland*, a cure obtained without operation; *West Rutland*, speedy recovery from severe illness.

WASHINGTON.—*Seattle*, the return to the faith of a mother of a family after twelve years of negligence, remarkable success in a temporal undertaking which has brought great glory to the Sacred Heart, the perseverance of a convert, the withdrawal of two young girls from dangerous surroundings and improvement in their dispositions.

WEST VIRGINIA.—*Wheeling*, an uncle's almost despaired-of conversion before death.

WISCONSIN.—*Berlin*, a husband's conversion to the faith, the obtaining of employment; *Greenleaf*, partial success of an operation; *Manitowoc*, temporal help in two instances; *Milwaukee*, the baptism of an octogenarian before his death; *Mineral Point*, the recovery of a friend's child from a severe illness; *Thompson*, remarkable relief and speedy cure obtained through application of the Badge in a case of blood poisoning.

Thanks are also expressed by Promoters and Associates for many other spiritual and temporal favors.

## BOOK NOTICES.

*Tota Pulchra.* The *Althea Press*, Sharon Hill, Delaware Co., Pa. 40 cents per copy; \$1.00 for three copies.

The *Althea Press* of the Convent of the Holy Child at Sharon Hill, Pa., has published under the title *Tota Pulchra* a very artistic booklet in honor of our Lady. It comprises a series of short extracts from the Sermons of the Fathers of the Church, selected from the English translation of the Roman Breviary. The extracts illustrate the life and glorious prerogatives of the Blessed Virgin and are arranged in the order of her principal feasts. The decorations are originally designed, and printed in our Lady's color.

*A Method of Conversing with God.* Translated from the French by I. W. of the Society of Jesus. Edited by W. A. Phillipson. Benziger Bros.

St. Ignatius himself, who so cultivated and inculcated speaking with God "as one friend speaks to another," would be delighted with the method described in this master-key of heaven. It is the work of one of his loyal sons, done in days when, as usual, his Society was hard pressed and the comfort of an honest, straightforward talk with God must have been the one ray of sunshine creeping into ever-deepening shadows. Need we do more than add this rich endorsement from the preface: "It met with a favorable reception from the persecuted Catholics of England, into whose souls it carried light and consolation *two centuries ago.*"

*The School of Death: Outlines of Meditations.* Translated from the

Italian of the Right Rev. Luigi Lanzo by the Rev. George Elson, I.C. Benziger Bros. Price, 70 cents.

The class opens with a short meditation on the famous text of Ash Wednesday, and ends with some encouraging considerations on death's lesson of perseverance. The book is full of hope, light, peace and refreshment. No doubt death will lose many of its terrors for the devout student of this work's numerous quotations from Holy Scripture.

*The Bond of Perfection.* By P. M. Northcote, O.S.M. Benziger Bros.

Charity is, of course, the subject of this little work, and, with the author, we hope that many may be encouraged as well as animated to prosecute more diligently the holy quest of the divinest thing on earth. Whoever reads the book carefully and responsively should find at the end a few ample folds added to his fragrant and honorable "cloak."

Pustet and Co., Barclay St., N. Y., publish a manual of the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin and Prayer Book, compiled by a Jesuit Father. This book of 156 pages contains Sodality rules, forms of admission, etc., with most of the common prayers found in small pocket manuals. Retail, 25 cents. Per dozen, \$1.80.

We have received from the Sisters of Mercy, Providence, R. I., the words of the Benediction praises, *Blessed be God*, etc., set to music, which may be sung in unison or in four parts. The card sells for \$3.00 per hundred.



*In the Palace of the Polish Prince.*

A Musical Drama in Five Acts for Pupils of Convent Schools, Church Societies and Clubs, with complete score, \$1.00. The Meany Co., 108 W. 11th Street, New York.

The member of the Presentation Order who composed this musical drama deserves the thanks of all for whom her work was intended, for the sweet and genial manner in which she lilted out and relates a very picturesque and attractive story. The plot though slight and trivial is not extravagant, and the dialogue is bright and cheery with many sly and evidently knowing thrusts at "childish" vanities. The fiction fits fairly well, and though it is only by crawling that some of the characters get out of difficulties, yet they do so, after the manner of philosophers, with marvellous grace and wonderful ease. Perhaps it might take long to render the entire drama, yet we can well imagine the task could be accomplished without fear of a premature emptying of the benches.

*Tironibus.* By Harold Henry Mure. B. Herder, St. Louis.

This is a little and cheap book containing morsels of commonplace advice to church students. The author touches on soaping, diet, fresh air, stationery, subscriptions and books. About books he says: "To treat a book well, we need to have respect for books in general. Some of the books which pass through our hands will find their own road to the limbo of the unread."

*Daily Mass: The Mystic Treasures of the Holy Sacrifice.* By the Rev. J. McDonnell, S.J. *The Irish Messenger*, Dublin. Price, One Penny.

This little book has been carefully prepared by a very zealous lover of the League of the Sacred Heart, and not one of our Associates but would

find it most useful and consoling. The object of its pages is to set forth as adequately as may be within a narrow compass, an accurate idea of the sanctifying value of the Holy Sacrifice. The mysteries of the Mass, the ends for which it is offered, and its abundant treasures, are explained in a succinct way, with many striking examples to illustrate the power and excellence of Holy Mass. Fervent catechists, as well as those who have charge of the young in convents, academies, and colleges, are often distressed at the incorrigible moral money-changers who distract them at Mass by their far-away looks and inattention. We can heartily recommend this book for the instruction and correction of such careless innocents.

*Our Little King: The Childhood of Christ.* By Katherine Frances Mullany. The Sunday Companion Pub. Co.

'Tis well to impress deeply upon the minds of our little ones the story of Our Lord's early life. This book of less than fifty pages will help good mothers and guardians to do that sweet and all-important work in an easy and interesting manner. The language is simple and short-syllabled, with plenty of imagination and a chatty, brisk style.

*Devotions of St. Bede and Other Ancient Prayers,* Arranged by Abbot Gasquet. Benziger Bros. Price, 50 cents.

These devotions are mainly drawn from the Psalms. They are arranged under various headings such as *The Cry of the Soul*, *Prayer for Strength*, *Petition for Pardon*. The selected verses of the Psalms are taken, not from the Vulgate, but from St. Jerome's translation from the Hebrew.

# OBITUARY

## BE BRAVE!

Faith for a space in the promise  
Omnipotence pledged and sealed;  
Patience with wounds made by sorrow  
That Jesus in others healed;—  
Are the heritage left by the Master,  
To you and to me for a test  
Of our worthiness, fond heart, to enter  
The blissfuller rest of the blest.

OWEN A. HILL, S.J.

Barret, P., San Diego, Cal.  
Bartel, Charles, Vincennes, Ind.  
Bass, Mrs. Mary, Vallejo, Cal.  
Bearney, Mrs., Wyoming.  
Camp, Susan, San Francisco.  
Clare, Mrs., Philadelphia, Pa.  
Clohesy, P., El Paso, Tex.  
Commyns, Mrs., Pensacola.  
Conway, Johanna, W. Brookfield.  
Cummings, Loretta, Middletown, O.  
Daly, Mary, Hartford, Conn.  
Deppen, Mary, St. Louis, Mo.  
Dolan, Alice, Jersey City, N. J.  
Donovan, Very Rev. T. B., Baltimore.  
Donovan, Madeleine, New York City.  
Dorey, Maurice, Vincennes, Ind.  
Dunn, Catherine, Ripley, Ont.  
Egan, Maria, Jersey City, N. J.  
Egan, Mary, Hartford, Conn.  
Egan, Wm. J., Buffalo, N. Y.  
Ernestine, Sr. M., San Antonio, Tex.  
Eschbach, Emma, Vincennes, Ind.  
Flaherty, Edward, Oakland, Mo.  
Gagen, James, Troy, N. Y.  
Gerard, John, Jersey City, N. J.  
Gillen, Miss, Paterson, N. J.  
Goodyear, Helen, El Paso, Tex.  
Graff, Dora, Woodville, Miss.  
Haigney, Bridget, Brooklyn, N. Y.  
Halter, Lambert, Vincennes, Ind.  
Herbert, Helen, Jersey City, N. J.  
Hickey, Dora, Buffalo, N. Y.  
Hughes, Thomas, Hillsboro, Tex.  
Iglehart, Agnes, Davidsonville.  
Kelly, Sally, New York City.

Leahy, James, Douro, Ont.  
Lemay, Mary, Globe Village, Mass.  
Lennon, James, Brooklyn, N. Y.  
Lewing, Elizabeth, Middletown, O.  
Lynch, Caroline, Dubuque, Iowa.  
McCabe, Mary A., Boston, Mass.  
McCarthy, Bessie, New York City.  
McKellin, Rachel, Watertown, N. Y.  
Mackin, Sr. M. Baptist, Brooklyn.  
McMahon, Laurence, Princeton, N. J.  
McNally, Peter, Brooklyn, N. Y.  
McQuade, Edward, Trenton, N. J.  
Maschinot, Mrs. M., Newport, Ky.  
Meads, Annie, San Francisco.  
Meagher, Mary, St. Louis, Mo.  
Megan, Celia, Moline, Ill.  
Moore, Bridget, Holyoke, Mass.  
Murphy, Mary, St. Louis, Mo.  
Mylotte, Miss H. L.  
Nichol, Joshua, Toronto, Ont.  
O'Shaughnessy, Elizabeth, Chicago.  
Phillips, Mrs. Philippine, New York.  
Pohley, Joseph, New York City.  
Quinn, Mary, Hartford, Conn.  
Reardon, Rev. P. E., White Plains.  
Recker, Elizabeth, Vincennes, Ind.  
Risden, Joseph, Chicago, Ill.  
Rountree, Hugh, Jersey City, N. J.  
Saettle, James, St. Louis, Mo.  
Seamon, R. C., San Francisco.  
Sell, Loretta, Cumberland, Md.  
Steinhardt, A. C., Rochester, N. Y.  
Tongas, Eusebe, Lachine; Quebec.  
Tracy, Anna, St. Louis, Mo.  
Wagner, George, Rochester, N. Y.

R. I. P.

Kind reader, pray for their souls and the souls of all the Faithful departed.

# CALENDAR OF MONTHLY INTENTIONS

## APRIL, 1908.

### THE MORNING OFFERING

O Jesus, through the Immaculate Heart of Mary, I offer Thee my prayers, works and sufferings of this day for all the intentions of Thy Sacred Heart, in union with the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass throughout the world, for the intentions of all our Associates and in particular for **the Integrity of the Faith.**

| DAYS.  | FEASTS AND PATRONS.  | VIRTUES.                   | PETITIONS.                        |
|--------|--|----------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| 1 W.   | St. Valerius (C. 6th Century).   | Hatred of Sin.             | 518,885 for thanksgivings.        |
| 2 Th.  | St. Francis of Paula, C. F. (Mimams, 1508) H. H.   | Fasting.                   | 350,360 for the afflicted.        |
| 3 F.   | <b>First Friday</b> —Most Precious Blood—St. Richard of Chichester, Bp. C. (1285) Pr. 1 Deg. | Zeal.                      | 315,065 for the sick, infirm.     |
| 4 S.   | St. Isidore, Bp. C. D. (1836)  | Perseverance.              | 252,781 for dead Associates.      |
| 5 S.   | <b>Passion Sunday</b> —St. Vincent Ferrer, C. (O. P. 1419)                                   | Thought of judgment.       | 212,677 for Local Centres.        |
| 6 M.   | Bl. Juliana, V. (1258)   | Devotion to Bl. Sacrament. | 207,037 for Directors.            |
| 7 T.   | St. John Bapt. de la Salle, C. F.  | Training the Young.        | 203,732 for Promoters.            |
| 8 W.   | The Annunciation (from March 25) St. Perpetuus, B. C. (404)                                  | Honor to Relics.           | 344,418 for the departed.         |
| 9 Th.  | St. Mary Cleophas (1st Cent.) H. H.  | Modesty.                   | 510,822 for perseverance.         |
| 10 F.  | Seven Dolors B. V. M.—St. Mechtildis, V. (1300)  | Love of the S. Heart.      | 344,256 for the young.            |
| 11 S.  | St. Leo the Great, P. C. D. (461)  | Zeal for Souls.            | 356,391 for First Communions.     |
| 12 S.  | <b>Palm Sunday</b> —St. Sabas, M. (372)  | Happiness in Suffering.    | 314,647 for parents.              |
| 13 M.  | St. Hermenegild, K. M. (856)   | Good Example.              | 269,548 for families.             |
| 14 T.  | St. Lidwine, V. (1433)   | Patience.                  | 318,616 for reconciliations.      |
| 15 W.  | St. Peter Gonzales, O. P. (1246)   | Spiritual Joy.             | 529,205 for work, means.          |
| 16 Th. | St. Benedict Labre, C. (1783) H. H.  | Poverty of Spirit.         | 593,626 for the clergy.           |
| 17 F.  | <b>Good Friday</b> —St. Anicetus, P. M. (168).   | Vigilance.                 | 521,762 for religious.            |
| 18 S.  | St. Eleutherius, Bp. M. (135) Bl. Mary of the Incarnation, W. (1613)                         | Right Intention.           | 348,171 for seminarists, novices. |
| 19 S.  | <b>Easter Sunday</b> —St. Leo IX, P. C. (1054)   | Promptitude.               | 293,924 for vocations.            |
| 20 M.  | St. Agnes of Montepulciano, V. O. S. D. (1817)   | Pray for Others.           | 837,661 for parishes.             |
| 21 T.  | Patronage of St. Joseph—St. Simeon and Comp. MM. (344)                                       | Mutual Encouragement.      | 232,153 for schools.              |
| 22 W.  | SS. Soter and Caius, P. P., MM.  | Kindness.                  | 247,960 for superiors.            |
| 23 Th. | St. George, M. (4th Cent.) H. H.   | Combating Evil.            | 505,154 for missions, retreats.   |
| 24 F.  | St. Fidelis of Sigmaringen, M. (1652)  | Spread of the Faith.       | 323,008 for societies, works.     |
| 25 S.  | St. Mark, Evangelist, (66) Great Litanies.   | Study of the Gospel.       | 376,370 for conversions.          |
| 26 S.  | <b>Low Sunday</b> —Our Lady of Good Counsel.   | Confidence in Mary.        | 357,792 for sinners.              |
| 27 M.  | St. Turibius, Bp. C. (1660)  | Diligent Labor.            | 337,895 for the intemperate.      |
| 28 T.  | St. Paul of the Cross, (Passionist 1775)   | Love of Christ Crucified.  | 311,766 for spiritual favors.     |
| 29 W.  | St. Peter, M. (O. P. 1252)   | Firm Faith.                | 294,799 for temporal favors.      |
| 30 Th. | St. Catherine of Sienna, V. (O. S. D. 1880) Pr. H. H.  | Kindness.                  | 717,601 for special favors.       |

PLENARY INDULGENCE.—Ap.—Apostle; P.—Promoters; C. R.—Communion of Reparation; H. H.—Holy Heart; A. I.—Apostle; Indulgence; A. S.—Apostleship of Study.





# MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART

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OUR LADY OF DELIVERANCE.

(See page 261.)

# Messenger of the Sacred Heart

VOL. XII.

MAY, 1908.

No. 5



## DEVOTION TO MARY

BY THE REV. HENRY A. BRANN, D.D.



T is easy to understand devotion to the Blessed Virgin, and difficult to limit its intensity or extent when one thoroughly apprehends and feels the meaning of "Mother of God." "O only begotten Son and Word of God who immortal as Thou art, didst for our salvation take flesh in the womb of the Holy Mother of God and ever Virgin Mary," is the forcible way in which the Greek Catholic liturgy expresses the mystery of the Incarnation from which Mary derives her almost infinite dignity and power. But perhaps the incomparable genius of Dante, inspired by faith, has in his immortal verse better and more briefly set forth the dignity of Mary than any uninspired writer. In the last canto of his *Paradise*, he calls her "the fixed limit of the eternal purpose." What a forcible compendium of all God's wonderful works, natural and supernatural, is expressed in these few words?

When God decreed to create the universe, visible and invisible, natural and supernatural, from mineral, plant and animal, from planet and star up to the nine choirs of angels; from the soul of Adam to the soul of Christ, from all the gifts of genius to all the endowments of grace and sanctity, He determined to stop at a limit; the limit was to be a creature containing all the perfections of inferior creatures and special perfections exclusively her own; a limit beyond which he would not go and could not go, a limit in which His omnipotence

would, so to speak, exhaust itself. This fixed limit was Mary. In accidentals a greater being God could create, but in dignity He has not made her equal. She is the Mother of His Eternal Son; the Mother of God, and beyond that honor we can conceive no higher. She is therefore "Theotokos," as the Council of Nicea called her, "Mother of God"; and this title is the source and fountain of all the glorious titles in the Litany and the primary cause of all the devotion to her in the Christian World.

Devotion is love; or rather, the product of love, and devotion to Mary is the consequence of the love of her divine Son for her and of her love for Him, and of her personal graces and virtues. She is inseparable from her Son. In the concrete one has to do violence to himself to think of her as separate from Him. At Nazareth we think of her as an immaculate soul enveloped in the light and inflamed by the love of God, when Gabriel said to her, "Hail, full of grace." From that instant she becomes physically and intellectually united to Jesus. Thenceforward we adore Jesus living in Mary; and can not separate them in our prayers. She rules the world from that instant, for the Maker of it is subject to her. She has given Him flesh and blood. His heart and hers are like two clocks set in unison. The blood from her heart flows into His. To her He belongs, body, soul and divinity. She calls Him "my Son"; and He calls and honors her as His mother. What love for Mary is inspired in us by the contemplation of her solitary life during the first nine months after Gabriel's message! Her virgin soul is aflame with love of the Three in One that have operated the miracle; her virgin body is luminous with the light of grace and fragrant with the odor of all the virtues. They radiate from her and exhale from her sweet perfume. Modesty, humility, faith and charity, grace and beauty—all are hers. In the long hours of the evening; through the labors of the day, she thinks of her Son and of God's goodness to fallen man. At night when she looks at the stars she sees the angels that move them looking down on her as the palace of their King, and she can hear what is to others inaudible, the heavenly choirs singing the eternal *Sanctus* and the eternal *Gloria* to her unborn Infant, the King of the Jews, the Emperor of the world, the Lord, Creator and Redeemer of heaven and of earth. What must have been the sublime thoughts and the awful sanctity of Mary as

she felt the divine infant throb in her bosom and remembered who He was!

And when she heard His first cry on earth, when she saw Him resting on her knees, looked into His eyes with a love made divine by the Holy Ghost, and met the flash of divine love radiating from the eyes of her Son; when she felt His heart beat against her own immaculate heart, and felt the clasp of love divine around her neck, how higher than the seraphim her soul must have soared in divine contemplation! What a picture, and how it fills us with joy, with love, and yet with grief when we remember how it was all to end. How the Christian mind travels from Bethlehem with a shiver to Calvary as from the sunny south to the frozen north. Yet it is the same divine love that produced Bethlehem and Calvary. The Heart of Jesus was the Sun of His whole life. That Sun rose at Bethlehem and set at Calvary. The heart of Mary was the moon, which received and reflected the divine light.

The two were inseparable in spirit from beginning to end, though often separated in body. They lived at Nazareth in the same house, dined at the same table, conversed together morning and evening; they prayed together. Behold Mary and the Child Jesus on their knees at prayer, sometimes when Joseph was in the shop working at his trade. It was then that Jesus told her all things and consoled her for the grief she would have to suffer. How they talked together of holy things on the road to Jerusalem, how she loved to listen to Him and how He loved to listen to her. The greater the mind the greater the capacity for love; His mind was infinite and hers was the next to the infinite; hence the intensity of their mutual love. All the theologians and fathers of the Church combined did not know as much of the science of God as Mary learned from conversation with her Son at Nazareth and at Jerusalem. When He was away from her on His three years' mission, how she followed His career; every pulsation of her heart responsive to every event in His public life. She heard of His miracles and saw many of them. But they did not surprise her. She knew Him. When people praised Him as the greatest prophet and preacher that had ever spoken in Judea, she smiled with pleasure, for she knew, as many of them did not. When she heard of the hate of Scribe and of Pharisee; of the insults of the mobs that would stone him; of the intrigues of



the high priests, of the politicians, of the Sadducees, and of the Herodians, how she trembled with fear, how she dreaded the hour when the dawn of His cruel passion would break over a sinful world, and her sorrowful soul should be pierced by the seven swords.

In what a horrible tragedy this love of Mother and of Son ended at Calvary. She that had sung the Magnificat in tones of joy when His birth was announced; she that had united her sweet voice to the joyous song of the angels on the first Christmas morn, now followed Him in anguish from Gethsemane, from Pilate's mocking court to Herod's and to Calvary. O loving Mother, how can thy heart bear it all and not break as His did on the Cross! They drag Him along like a malefactor, thy adorable Son; they insult Him, beat Him, scourge Him. Eternal Trinity, where was Thy lightning when the wretches spat on Him, disrobed Him, drove the crown of thorns into His brain, the nails into His hands, and stabbed Him to the heart! O the infinite patience of God that could withhold vengeance for these sacrileges; and O the infinite torture of the noble Mother who witnessed all. That sacred body now exposed to the multitude she had wrapped in swaddling clothes in the manger, that divine head had lain in her bosom, those hands had been entwined around her neck in love, and that heart had been made to beat by the infusion of her own blood. With Him from beginning to end, in mind if not in body, she had seen His triumphs and His humiliations, and every one of them was hers as well as His; for she was His Mother, and such a mother as the world has never seen since nor had ever seen before. And this is why we love her and why we are devoted to her. His Mother is our Mother, for He is our Brother.

How can any believer in the mystery of the Incarnation fail to love Mary, the chosen secondary cause of it all? Do those believe in the Incarnation, in the divinity of Jesus incarnate, who find fault with Catholic devotion to His Mother? To Catholics, devotion to Mary is an elementary consequence of belief in the divinity and in the humanity of Jesus Christ. He was a Divine Person and Mary was His Mother.

Then love her, honor her, all ye to whom heaven has been opened by her Son. Let the little child kneel at her shrine and say "Hail, Mary," for she is the mother supreme, the mother most perfect. In her all the tenderness, all the gentleness of the ordinary mother are

enhanced by the dignity of the queen. She showers her gifts and gives her love to all. Let the young maiden bring the tribute of flowers to her shrine, for she is the Virgin of Virgins, the only Immaculate Virgin, "our tainted nature's solitary boast." Let the matron bow to her, for she is the model matron, the model spouse. St. Joseph will testify to that. Let the architect build her temple, the painter try to make her picture, and the sculptor to carve from marble her statue, for her marvellous perfection and her virtues inspire his mind to draw the lines of beauty and guide his pencil or his chisel. Where there is no devotion to Mary his art will fail; for art fails where divine beauty is not the source of inspiration. The repentant sinner, too, can come to her in confidence. Magdalen knows that she will find sympathy and comfort at the feet of her, from whose flesh and blood were formed the divine feet that Magdalen washed with her tears.

How well even infidel genius understands this attraction of the Mother of Sorrows for the fallen woman. The most beautiful passage in the whole of Goethe's great poem is that in which his heroine, Marguerite, after her fall, comes with a heart filled with shame and degradation to the statue of the Mother of Sorrows in the niche in the prison wall, and pours out her sobbing heart in bursts of repentant passion: "Thou, thou alone, O heart-broken Mother, canst pity my cruel woe." Let every sinner come to her. She will help, for she knows what He suffered for sin. Her Son wills not the death of the sinner, but his repentance. The sinner may hang his head in shame, ashamed to look at her pure face; but she will hear him: "Holy Mary, pray for us sinners, now, and at the hour of our death." She will hear him; and therefore, O unbeliever! take not away from us our sweet Mother, the holy maiden Mother who gave us Christ. Without her we are unhappy creatures, weeping and mourning in this valley of tears. She is our life, our sweetness and our hope; devoted to her heart, we hope to find a place in the Heart of Jesus. Devoted to her, we believe that she will send Gabriel down when we leave this world to bring us up to the glory and happiness of the eternal court which she holds in heaven next to the throne of her Son, the Emperor of the universe.

Do you want to see the effects of this devotion? Then compare the purity of the children of Mary; the devout, religious men and

women who by vow have consecrated themselves to God; compare the married women who honor Mary and therefore never think of divorce, to those who have gone astray from the path of faith, and refuse to honor the Mother of God. Find a nation where shrines to Mary abound and the people praise her name, and you will find purity and piety always flourishing, in spite of Satanic efforts to destroy them by attacking the worship of the Mother of God.

HENRY A. BRANN, D.D.

O Jesus, through the Immaculate Heart of Mary, I offer Thee my prayers, works and sufferings of this day for all the intentions of Thy Sacred Heart, in union with the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass throughout the world, in reparation for my sins, for the intentions of all our Associates, and in particular for the spread of devotion to our Blessed Lady.

#### ARISE !



RISE with Christ alive anew,  
With life nor tomb nor death can chill,  
With cheery summons bidding you:  
"Arise."

Earth's brightest waters ne'er can fill  
The heart's deep urn with measure true.  
Draw from the sky-descending rill  
That flows from where, mid heaven's blue,  
The Lamb enthroned waits to thrill  
The heart that dares from earthly view  
Arise.

MARK J. MCNEAL, S.J.

## HILDA CARROLL'S COURAGE

(Continued.)



TODAY, things had come to a climax. Tired and troubled, pale and listless from the many long weeks of work in the stifling heat of the New York summer, the girl had pushed her table close beside the open window to try and gain what little air and coolness might be had. The busy, noisy hum of the crowded streets ascended to her ears, making her wish, with a feverish longing, for the quiet and cool of some green countryside. Other girls were now setting out with their friends for the summer holidays; but for her there would be no real holiday-time, no pleasant journey to the seaside or country, since even if her father were well enough to be moved, they had not the requisite means.

She was thinking thus, full of a new discontent that amounted almost to bitterness, when Mr. Chandler came in from his lunch. He walked over and stood beside her, resting his hand on the back of her chair. Hilda looked up questioningly, but her blue eyes fell quickly before the too-kindly gaze of his brown ones.

"You look so pale," he began in tender tones. "There is nothing wrong, I hope; you are not ill?"

A flush came into her wan cheeks.

"No, I am not ill," she answered. "It is just that I feel tired. It is so very hot these last few days, and it rather fags one out."

"You need a holiday. You must get away somewhere for a few weeks of rest and fresh air."

How she wished she could! But she only shook her head sadly.

"You know my people are very poor; we cannot afford to go away," she said, and suddenly flushed to a deeper color as she realized what meaning the words might have for him.

"But you will let *me* help you, you will let me take you away?" he said eagerly. Then, seeing the startled look in her eyes, his face took on a strange softness, a newly protective air, followed by a look of determination. After all he was a gentleman, a "white man"; whatever his lot in life might have been, might yet be, he would never wish to sully this fair flower, to bring a look of sorrow or shame into those innocent, child-like eyes. He leant tenderly over her and took one of her trembling hands in his.

"Hilda—may I not call you so?—don't you know I care for you," he said. "I want you to marry me—don't look so frightened, dear little girl. I suppose you know—you must have heard that I am—well, 'a man with a past,'" he smiled bitterly,—but believe me, the fault was not entirely mine. I loved my wife, would have done anything for her until she left me and went back against my wishes to the stage. I thought I could never care for another woman; but you, dear, seem to have healed the old hurt; you have somehow wound your way about my heart. Will you not atone—for that other—and give me back the happiness I had thought lost forever? We could be married almost at once, and get away somewhere where the fresh country breezes would soon bring back the roses to those pale cheeks. Won't you answer me, Hilda?"

The girl stood trembling, looking away from him with averted head and sorely troubled eyes. It would surely be a happiness to get away from it all, the stifling heat and smoke and dust and noise; the daily drudgery and constant care, the grumbling and privations at home. Mr. Chandler, with his wealth and good nature, could help them all so much! And this man—he was so good, so gentlemanly, so handsome, too—it would not be hard to love him. Was it not wonderful that he with his position and riches should stoop to ask in marriage a poor typewriter, she who had never before had an offer of marriage, or even a lover of her own? Oh, it was too wonderful; and yet, he was divorced, a Protestant—surely it would be all wrong!

"Will you not speak to me, dear?" Mr. Chandler asked at length, out of the deep silence.

"I—I don't know what to say, what answer to give," the girl faltered. "It is so good of you, and I feel grateful, shall ever feel most grateful for the honor you do me. But, Mr. Chandler—I don't think it would be right of me to accept that honor. Think of the difference in religion; besides—you are married already."

A fleeting sadness passed over his face.

"Just think about it, child. I do not ask you to decide now. But if you could love me, and be my wife, you would make a very happy man out of one whose life has been—well, anything but happy. Perhaps you would like to go home now and rest. You will promise me to consider it?"

Hilda promised ; it was so hard to refuse. But on her way home—she was not in any hurry, since her mother would not expect her for some hours yet—she went into the dimly-lit Catholic Church to visit that Friend and Saviour who had never yet failed her in any trouble or difficulty. There before the altar of His Sacred Heart she knelt long and humbly, praying with an earnest pleading for help and strength against this sweet and terrible temptation that beset her. Would she say anything of it at home? Her father, weak of intellect now as well as of body, must not be worried in any way ; her mother—Hilda felt only too sorrowfully certain that the latter, harassed by mercenary cares, would be altogether in favor of her accepting Mr. Chandler's offer. Perhaps she had best not speak of it at all. Saddened and heavy of heart, the girl went slowly home, still praying as she went to the dear Sacred Heart for the sure help and refreshment He had promised to all those who labor and are heavy burdened, and who come to lay their sorrows at His feet.

Still troubled and restless, she lay awake far into the night. The flickering light of the little lamp of the Sacred Heart which she always kept burning in her room, lit up rosily the soft lines, the childish, rounded contour of Baby Dermot's pale little face, lying on its pillow beside her. Disturbed by her restlessness the child stirred uneasily in his sleep, murmuring some broken sentences, then stretched out his feeble, thin arm and, still half-dreaming, caught Hilda's hand and kissed it, holding it long after close to his soft little cheek. He had often done this before, but somehow to-night, of all nights, the tender and loving appeal of the action struck deeper than ever into his sister's aching and lonely heart.

Drawing the little one toward her in a close, fond embrace, she found herself all at once weeping quietly ; with the tears came a blessed sense of peace and understanding, a new feeling of resolve. How could she ever again take little Dermot in her arms ; how could she look into his wistful, confiding eyes, or dare to kiss that innocent baby-mouth, if she did this foolish, terrible thing? This little, unwelcome, weakly child whom she at least so dearly loved, had often brought her blessings before ; to-night it seemed as though our Divine Lord had made this feeble small body, with all its pitiful appeal, the loving little half-unconscious spirit, the messenger of His love and holy will.

It was with a very pale face, but with a glad feeling of strength and right-doing that Hilda met Mr. Chandler as he greeted her on the following morning.

"I have thought it all out, and I have quite made up my mind, Mr. Chandler," she said, in reply to his questioning gaze. "I cannot marry you, much as I respect and like you. I am truly sorry, and most deeply grateful, but it would be all wrong, I feel sure. I cannot go against my conscience, against the teachings of my own faith."

He let his head fall in his hands, and sat silent awhile. When he looked up, his face seemed all at once grown haggard and old.

"I am sorry, too," he said, quietly. "Perhaps I was wrong—yes. I am sure I was wrong and selfish to ask you. After all, I could not really wish you to do anything that your honor or conscience would forbid."

"I have been thinking also," Hilda began bravely—she spoke with a sob in her throat—since remembering the struggling family at home, the storm of anger and perhaps tears which her announcement to them would evoke, it was not easy to do this thing—"I have been thinking that I should leave your employment. It would be awkward, perhaps not quite right, for me to remain longer."

Mr. Chandler's pale face flushed.

"Surely, you need not do that!" he cried quickly, and with a look of perturbation. "You have not any better position in view, have you? And the salary is sufficient to be a real help to you? I had always hoped it was." He seemed hurt, even mortified.

"Indeed, it has been the greatest help"—Hilda began gratefully.

"Then why need you leave? Surely you can trust me, child?" He stood up, drawing himself together. "See here, I have sense and manhood enough, I hope, to take defeat when I meet it, and now since you tell me your conscience forbids it, I promise you faithfully that from this day onward I shall never again trouble you with one word of love or marriage. You believe that, child?"

Hilda looked at him gratefully through eyes that were dim with tears.

"I do believe you," she said. How could she not? There was no doubting the honesty of his look and tone.

"Well, then, it's a bargain," he said, with the air of being done with the matter.

And a bargain it was. Mr. Chandler gave her some weeks' leave of absence, and doubtless it was through his good offices—though she could never be quite sure—that just at the beginning of these holidays Hilda received an invitation for herself and Dermot from Mrs. Barrymore, a kind woman, who had been her father's friend, and who also knew Mr. Chandler, to spend a few weeks with her at her farm-house in Kentucky. When Hilda returned, sunbrowned and strengthened, with the roses back in her cheeks, and a healthy light in her eyes, she found Mr. Chandler the same kindly, courteous man of business as of old, but with all trace of the lover in him seemingly disappeared.

Hilda, seeking honestly and earnestly only to do what was right and best, was profoundly relieved, feeling no slightest trace of feminine, if contradictory, regret or resentment of his new attitude of aloofness toward her. Perhaps after all she had not *really* cared, she told herself; for when a few months later she learned from Mr. Chandler's own lips that he and his frivolous young wife had at last been lovingly and entirely reconciled, she had the grace to feel nothing but the most genuine rejoicing in his evident happiness.

And when the following summer Hilda, in response to a second invitation from kind Mrs. Barrymore, went again to spend her holidays in the country, and big, handsome, good-hearted Tom Barrymore, her hostess' only son, asked her to be his wife, to come with little Dermot and live all her days at the farm, the girl felt gratefully that God had blessed her more than abundantly for any little sacrifice she had made in the past.

NORA TYNAN O'MAHONY.

## TREASURY OF GOOD WORKS

Offerings for the Intentions recommended to the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

|                              |           |                                  |           |
|------------------------------|-----------|----------------------------------|-----------|
| 1. Acts of Charity.....      | 2,915,324 | 11. Masses heard .....           | 1,804,200 |
| 2. Beads .....               | 1,072,687 | 12. Mortifications .....         | 1,290,448 |
| 3. Way of the Cross .....    | 720,542   | 13. Works of Mercy.....          | 2,167,038 |
| 4. Holy Communion .....      | 764,840   | 14. Works of Zeal.....           | 723,915   |
| 5. Spiritual Communion ..... | 986,279   | 15. Prayers .....                | 1,376,328 |
| 6. Examen of Conscience..... | 886,532   | 16. Kindly conversation .....    | 3,818,426 |
| 7. Hours of Labor.....       | 1,817,532 | 17. Suffering, Afflictions ..... | 1,460,632 |
| 8. Hours of Silence.....     | 2,301,030 | 18. Self-conquest .....          | 752,588   |
| 9. Pious reading .....       | 1,072,782 | 19. Visit to E. Sacrament.....   | 869,484   |
| 10. Masses read .....        | 2,698     | 20. Various good works.....      | 1,521,584 |

General Total of Good Works, 26,715,216.





VIRGIN MOTHER, thee the Prophet sang of, flow'ring  
 rod of Jesse's line;  
 Mankind falling, God uplifting, grace rejected and Re-  
 demption's sign;  
 Peerless Mother, pride of mortals, giv'n by Him who crushed our  
 foe in strife,  
 All thy borrowed light of sainthood shining out in many a hidden  
 life;  
 Thou that guardest martyr and confessor, virgin, pastor, lamb,  
 and sheep;  
 On whose breast the Ever-watchful, guiding vast creation, lay in  
 sleep;  
 Mother of the blessed Jesus whom the star-led wise men honors gave,  
 Mother of the Infant Saviour worshipped by the shepherds in His  
 cave;  
 Singer of God's goodness to His handmaid, glorying in the coming  
 years,  
 Kingdoms of redeemed, everlasting gladness and surcease of tears;  
 Thou that seest Godlike beauty 'neath the human semblance cur-  
 tain-veiled;  
 Pierced by sword prophetic, bravest watcher at the cross where  
 bravest quailed,  
 Proudest boast of sin-marred people, sunset cheering Egypt's exile  
 shore;  
 Beacon of the storm-tossed, Mother of the God who rules the  
 ocean's roar;  
 Now thy country stands no longer, fallen David's house and gloried  
 race,  
 Though thy maiden virtue shine resplendent ever in the world of  
 grace;  
 Now the hour of silence passeth and the hour of praise is holding  
 sway;  
 We who breast a storm as fearful as e'er swept the Galilean bay,  
 We salute thee and invoke thee, stainless ere thy prayer-crowned  
 life began,  
 Gifted by Divinest Bounty with all freedom from the bane of man.

EUGENE B. CUMMINGS, S.J.

## A SHRINE OF THE LEBANON



HE famous Lebanon is almost entirely Christian. Here and there are a few Druse villages; but the orthodox Mussulman generally stays elsewhere. Among the Christians of the Lebanon, the vast majority are Maronites; and the Maronites are in the East what the Irish are in the West,—steadfast Catholics in life and in death. The Maronite is the only Eastern rite that is not sundered by heresy. Even the up-to-date Protestant missionary, with his money and schools and medical supply, is as ineffective to-day in the Lebanon as he has ever been in Ireland. The priest, on the contrary, is the privileged character of the country; his *khûri* is to the Maronite all that the *soggarth aroon* used to be to the Irish. The little ones run after us to kiss our hand or to ask for a picture. The grown-up people have a special salutation for the priest only,—*mejdilla!* “Glory to God!” We answer,—*daiman!* “For ever!” The smiles and joyous faces that greet the priest at every village make him happy to be priest, thankful that God has preserved this Catholic people from Moslem fanaticism by the impregnable fastnesses of the glorious Lebanon.

One feature of the Catholicity of the Maronites is their tender devotion to our Lady. This devotion has led them to erect an heroic statue of our Blessed Mother, thirty feet high, that rests upon a lofty pedestal and looks out over the pretty Bay of Junie to tell the passers-by that Maryshields the Lebanon from heresy and Islam and infidelity. The same devotion also led to the establishment of a special shrine to our Lady of Deliverance at Bikfaia.

In the early part of the last century, the Jesuit, Father Ryllo, returned to Rome after mission-work in Mesopotamia. He was a powerfully built and a handsome man, and attracted much attention in his Oriental robes. Podesti, a painter of renown, begged the Father to pose for a picture of Solomon in Judgment. Father Ryllo yielded on condition that Podesti paint a Madonna for him. To this condition the artist consented.

Father Ryllo sent his precious Madonna to Bikfaia in the Lebanon. The Fathers there, not realizing the value of the picture painted on a copper plate about 16 inches by 12 inches, when their

chapel was completed, placed above the middle of the altar a painting of St. John Francis Regis, to whom they intended to dedicate the building. But the people were not satisfied, and while the picture of the Saint was being set in place, they cried out: "Hail to thee, Virgin Mary!" Our Lady was straightway chosen patroness of the chapel, and her picture found a resting-place above the middle of the altar. The good people used to say to the Superior: "Your Madonna is too small for the middle of the altar." His reply ever was the same: "Yes, she is small, but she is mighty." So thought the simple Lebanon folk, and their devotion to our Lady of Deliverance never lessened.

In 1845, the little chapel of Bikfaia was destroyed by a tempest. As the storm raged Mary's friends prayed. Scarcely had they left the shrine, than it was utterly ruined. The good Maronites deemed they had been saved from death by our Lady of Deliverance, and set to work at once to erect in her honor a more lasting place of worship. Mgr. Vilardell, the Delegate Apostolic, contributed 17,000 piasters; Emir Haïdar gave the same amount. A splendid church was built and named our Lady of Deliverance. It cost only 20,000 francs; but money went a long way in the Lebanon of those days.

Since that time the Church of our Lady of Deliverance has been gradually improved and much enriched. In a side-chapel, the walls and windows of which are richly veneered with sculptured marble, the miraculous picture is enthroned upon a handsome marble altar, on which are sculptured our Lady's symbols, the rose and the lily. The tastefulness of the decorations of this beautiful shrine help much the devotion of those who honor our Lady of Bikfaia.

Just outside the House of God, lie the remains of the devoted Emir Haïdar. He had always loved our Lady of Deliverance. During the conquest of Syria, by Ibrahim Pasha, the Emir was exiled to the Soudan and kept there in chains. On his departure from Lebanon for prison someone tauntingly remarked: "We shall see what your Madonna will do for you"; at his home-coming, he gave exultant answer, "You see what my Madonna has done for me!" The Emir was, later on, a pious and in every way a just governor of the Northern Lebanon.

When the new and massive church was completed, the devotion of **Bikfaia** and, indeed, of all the Lebanon, to our Lady of Deliverance

increased most remarkably. Tapers, jewels, *ex-voto* offerings, and the ever present faithful attested this devotion. Nor was the Blessed Mother forgetful of her clients. In 1860 the Druse began the massacre of the Christians in the Lebanon. Onward they came with fire and sword, and nearby villages were in flames. The armed fanatics were within an hour of Bikfaia. The Christians had no arms, nothing to protect them! Yes, they had our Lady of Deliverance! To her they prayed. A woman of the family of Emir Haïdar, in Oriental abandon, washed the altar-steps with tears and dried them with her dishevelled hair. Our Lady was true to her title and delivered the Christians of Bikfaia. The Druse were terror stricken and fled in confusion. Later on, when asked why they had fled, they recounted the apparition of a beautiful woman above the Church of our Lady of Deliverance; she ordered them away and they obeyed.

Bikfaia was also delivered from the soldiers of Ibrahim Pasha by the intercession of our Lady of Deliverance.

The great number of *ex-voto* offerings, some of which have been sent by the Syrians of the United States, show that even in distant lands they bear in their hearts the love of their Queen. Many miracles are recounted. Father Louis Cheikho, Dean of the Oriental Faculty of the Jesuit University of Beirut, told me that one of the students lay dying at the University from successive tubercular hemorrhages. The doctors had no hope of cure. The good Father, hurrying to Bikfaia, brought back the miraculous image, and applied it to the boy, who was completely healed and at once. A paralytic of seventy-six years of age, and a child with typhoid fever, were brought before the picture and straightway cured. The village was once saved from a plague of locusts by prayers offered up to its Madonna.

Many have been the miracles wrought by our Lady of Deliverance of Bikfaia; but her greatest miracle is the devoted faith of her clients. May she watch over the Maronites in this critical time. Thousands have gone to the United States, have thought only of gold and forgot God. Even in the Lebanon a new ferment is spoiling the mass. But the Blessed Mother will watch over them, and through zealous efforts in their behalf deliver them and their children from peril.

WALTER M. DRUM, S.J.

E A S T E R



AKE, O my heart, to what music  
Glad Easter in nature stirs;  
Lift to the risen Redeemer  
A song that can rival hers.  
From the East lol the day god in triumph  
Rides forth from the realms of night,  
And proclaims to souls seated in sadness  
The birth of eternity's light.

Soft as the dew on rose petals,  
This air on the spirit falls;  
Flower floss sprinkles the meadows,  
Or peeps from the crannied walls;  
And the peals of a glad resurrection  
Make melody mingled with hope;  
We are mariners after a tempest,  
All eyes for morn's russeting slope.

Life in this tomb is a shadow  
Of life that awaits us still;  
Death is the doorway to ages  
Of years on eternity's hill.  
For the seedlet and we, to awaken,  
Must sleep for a space in the earth;  
Die to-day, and we greet on the morrow  
Our second and realler birth.

Peace can consort still with sorrow,  
And light from the Christ's grave burst,  
Streamed o'er a neighboring gibbet,  
To finger its cross-beam first.  
God is peace, and His saints do but image  
Eternity's calm in their lives;  
Half suppressed is the mirth of God's servants,  
With penance for gaoler and gyves.

Exiles, with faces set homeward,  
 By Babylon's river brink,  
 Seated, we weep at remembrance  
 Of Zion and pensive think;  
 On the willows our instruments hanging,  
 No song breaks the stillness around;  
 But a music unheard teems with rapture,  
 Our hearts are not bowed to the ground.

Soldiers, we follow a Captain,  
 Who never yet knew defeat;  
 Life is His slave and death conquered  
 Is tied to His chariot seat.  
 Let the earth lift Hosannas to Heaven,  
 Creation with miracle ring!  
 Christ is God, and wide ope to receive Him  
 The gates of eternity swing.

OWEN A. HILL, S.J.

## UNDER THE SANCTUARY LAMP

### THE HILLS THAT JESUS LOVED. IX. THE MOUNT OF THE SEPULCHRE



IS sepulchre shall be glorious." Such was the vision which loomed up before Isaías' mind as he peered with prophetic gaze into the distant future. Surely that was a strange glory which the prophet saw hanging about the silent tomb of Mary's dead Son in the face of Calvary's hill. When on that dark Good-Friday evening the deed of blood was done, no sign of glory crowned that borrowed grave.

The Blessed Body all mangled and bruised had been laid away tenderly by the Mother of Sorrows in the cold, rocky vault. Gently had she placed that cruelly pierced head on its stone pillow, as if the happy days of Bethlehem had come back to her again. But thirty-three years ago on that first Christmas night the infant eyes

so like her own smiled back their thanks for her loving care; now those eyes are closed and asleep in death. Then she could see the heaving of the little breast and feel the throbbing of the Sacred Heart; but now that bosom is quiet and motionless and the Sacred Heart rent by the spear is still and beats no more. Then, in the cave on Bethlehem's ridge, as her Child sank to rest, she could kiss His tiny lips ruby with the precious blood; now in the death-cave in Calvary's side those lips are bloodless and white and from off them she has washed the blood and the dust of the much-trodden streets of Jerusalem.

Strange glory this which hovers above the tomb! How could there be glory after such shame? How could there be light after such darkness? There was a darkness in Egypt when: "The Lord said to Moses: stretch out thy hand towards Heaven: and may there be darkness upon the land of Egypt, so thick that it may be felt." There was darkness over Sodom and Gomorrah when God "destroyed these cities, and all the country about, and the inhabitants of the cities and all things that spring from the earth." At His death night seemed to have fallen upon the earth: "And it was about the sixth hour: and there was darkness over all the earth until the ninth hour. And the sun was darkened." But this hiding of the sun was as noon-day splendor compared to the desolation which swept over the Mother's soul and reigned in that tomb, when the childless Mother took farewell of her murdered Son. Surely there can be no dawn after such a night; no joy will ever spring through such sorrow; no strength after such weakness. Are smiles possible when tears of blood have been shed? Victory and triumph cannot follow such a defeat and such dishonor. There can be no life where death has been so complete, so cruel.

Yet the prophet had foretold that: "His sepulchre shall be glorious." Our Lord Himself, only a week before He died, had said from the steps of the temple: "And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all things to Myself." And on another occasion He had proclaimed His intention of destroying the temple of His Body and in three days rebuilding it. But when the sun dropped behind the Judean hills on that awful Good-Friday there seemed no indications that these prophecies would be fulfilled. There appeared no prospect of triumph and glory, but every evidence of defeat and shame.

Let us go, however, for a moment into the silent cities of the dead where the world's cherished ones lie buried; where the world's brightest, bravest and best find a last resting place. Tread softly and reverently over the green mounds under which repose their mouldering bones and hallowed dust. Delve beneath the grassy hillock of a pauper's grave. Draw back the bronze door creaking on its rusty hinges and guarding the cold, damp vault of wealth's favored ones. Dig deep down below the ground upon which have been erected the glittering marble shaft or the granite temple to the memory of the world's heroes; and grave and vault and tomb do one and all contain naught save scattered dust and crumbling bones. Upon humble slab, and stately column, and lofty mausoleum the same inscription is written, the same ending to the story of life is inscribed: "Here lies the body." No matter what thoughts their minds have conceived, their wills purposed and their hands executed, the ending of the last page of life's history is the same for all.

But at the first flush of dawn on Easter go into the garden and enter into that tomb which the prophet said would be glorious. In that open grave no scattered bones, no mouldering dust are found. Two of God's bright angels proclaim His epitaph and tell the tale of His triumph and the glory of His victory: "He is risen, He is not here." The day did not break as bright over Moab's hills, nor was the painting at dawn in the eastern skies as beautiful as was Mary's Son rising from the dead. "This is the day which the Lord hath made, let us be glad and rejoice therein" (Ps. cxvii. 24). But yesterday He lay bruised, mangled and dead among the people; to-day His wounds are healed and glow with Heaven's light, and He is alive with a life which shall taste death never more. "The stone which the builders rejected; this same is become the head of the corner. This is the Lord's doing and it is wonderful in our eyes" (Ps. cxvii. 22, 23).

In the grey of the early morning the Roman soldiers are still keeping their watchful vigil at the tomb so carefully closed with royal seal on Good-Friday. All is still and quiet in the garden and as hushed as is the grave in which Mary's Son is sleeping. As yet the smoke from the sacrifice of the morning victims in the temple has not begun to curl up from the chimneys. The angels in countless legions are gathering in adoration about the sacred Body still



wrapped in the grave-clothes with which Mary had lovingly swathed it. Thirty-three years ago, in Mary's bosom in Nazareth, the soul of our Blessed Lord had been united to His Sacred Body and "the Word became Flesh." Now the years are over and that same hallowed soul comes in triumph from Limbo. Surrounded by those "prisoners of hope," by His power as God and at the command of the Father, the Body and Soul are again united, and Mary's Son who was dead is alive again, to die no more. Swifter than eagle's flight or lightning flash He burst the rocky cavern and shines forth in all the glory of His risen life. That face which yesterday was covered with blood and disfigured, glows with the light that shone on it on Thabor and dims the glinting of the morning sunlight on the pillars and porches of the temple. Those eyes which yesterday were filled with mud and dust sparkle now with the lustre of ten thousand sun-touched diamonds. The five crimson wounds through which His life-blood ebbed away are bright with radiance of ruby and garnet, and tell the story of His tender love, which ever is unchanged. The sunshine of the smooth, placid lake is beautiful, the smile on the child's sleeping face is joy to a mother's heart, the peace in the forest before break of dawn is deep; but there is in nature no beauty, no calmness like that look of love on Jesus' face when on Easter morning He comes back to us. It is the look, perhaps, that Mary saw on Christmas night at Bethlehem; the expression which perhaps was His during the prayerful years of toil at Nazareth; perhaps it was like the glow upon His countenance which Peter, James, and John saw on Thabor, or which the angels witnessed as He prayed at night on the mountain-top. It is the Divinity Itself, hidden and obscured during the dark hours of the Passion, which now beams forth and flashes out with a radiance not of earth but of Heaven. How it fills our hearts with happiness to think of the joy which throbs and thrills in the Sacred Heart of our Risen Lord. We are glad not on account of ourselves, but on account of the Master, for His pain and suffering are over and His triumph and glory have come at last. We are glad for His Mother's sweet sake. For from the tomb He will go to her and wipe away her tears. As she has been the first and deepest in His pains, so shall she be the first and deepest in His joy. She had sorrowed with Him with a mother's sorrow, so now she is glad with a mother's gladness.

"Christ rising from the dead dieth no more. Death no more shall have dominion over Him." Our Blessed Lord's resurrection is not only a fruitful cause of joy to us, but it is the model of our own quickening into and in the spiritual life. In Galilee, on that beautiful spring day when He hastened from the lake to the little city of Naim, He met the sad funeral procession as it came out from the town's gate. He saw with sympathetic heart the poor, desolate widow crushed at the loss of her son. That young man was the support of her declining years, her one hope this side of the grave. With him gone, the light had gone out from her life and the smile from her face, for the staff upon which she leaned had been broken and shattered. Our Lord bade the young man arise, and He gave him back to his mother, and once more she lived anew in his new life. But that boy was to taste of death again, only, perhaps, after years, and once more he was to pass into the shadow.

On another occasion, directly after He had called Matthew to leave the counting-table and follow Him, "a certain ruler came up and adored Him saying: Lord, my daughter is even now dead; but come, and lay Thy hand upon her, and she shall live. . . . And when Jesus was come into the house . . . and when the multitude was put forth, He went in and took her by the hand. And the maid arose." The beautiful young maid just budding into girlhood He gave back alive to the desolate and heart-broken father, and the shadow was banished from that sad home. But the daughter of Jairus was also to see death again. It may have been only in after years, when her form was bent and the bloom had died upon her cheeks, when her step was feeble and tottering, that she was laid away in her grave, but certain it is that death again laid his cold hand upon her and stole her life away.

Once more we read that shortly before His Passion, when Martha and Mary sent Him word beyond the Jordan: "Lord, behold, he whom Thou lovest is sick." When He reached the eastern slope of Olivet, where Bethany nestled, Lazarus had been four days in the tomb. Standing before that marble slab behind which His friend was cold in death: "He cried with a loud voice: Lazarus, come forth. And presently he that had been dead came forth." But the life which had been requickened in that dead body was to die again, like the flame of a candle which has been relit. Lazarus was **again**,

when his days were done and the shadows had gathered, to pass into the darkness of his grave. Not so, however, with our Risen Lord, for "Christ rising from the dead dieth no more. Death shall no more have dominion over Him." In His glorious quickening into new life sin has lost its victory, death its sting. He shall see the tomb no more, taste death never again, but shall live in joy unspeakable with the Father forevermore. Thus, too, He is the type of our spiritual renewing, our resurrection of the spirit. With this Easter we have risen to a new and a higher spiritual life, of which neither the raising of the widow's son, nor the daughter of Jairus, nor the resurrection of Lazarus, is the type; but the resurrection of our Blessed Lord. We rise to die no more. The old passions and inclinations shall no more have dominion over us. Their victory is gone, their sting lost. We shall live the new life with our Risen Lord before our eyes, and thus we shall meet Him face to face on the greater Easter in the Kingdom of His Father.

JNO. H. O'ROURKE, S.J.

MANE NOBISCUM DOMINE



HE toilful day is nearly spent;  
The orb of light, near his descent.  
Beams forth the farewell ray.  
I pray when thus the daylight fades  
And evening walks the silent glades,  
"O Master, with me stay."

The day of life nears its decline;  
But few the hours that still are mine  
And I shall pass away.  
Whilst thus life's light fades from my eyes  
My heart with greater ardor cries.  
"O Master, with me stay."

GEORGE A. DEGLMAN, S.J.

## PEARLS FROM ROUGH SHELLS



HIS is a tale re-told; and it loses much in the re-telling. But, as you never heard Francesca Alexander reciting her verses in a sweet, soft voice, that made their rhythmic cadences seem like a song, accompanied, as they were, by the musical murmuring of water, rippling through Venetian canals, or slowly flowing by the shores of stately Florence, you must needs be patient with this poor prose, and pick the heart of her story from it, as one takes a pearl from a rough shell.

It was in Italy, and day was done. Already the soft, warm shadows of twilight were falling on the lowland and filling the little valleys; but on the high hills and mountain tops, the setting sun shed its full splendor, and in this golden glow the aged hermit sat. In the quiet evening, earth was resting; peace had laid her gentle touch upon the weary world's pulse, and it was still and calm. And peace had made her home in the hermit's heart, and lit his face with a radiance more lovely than the light of the setting sun. As his gaze travelled tranquilly over the tree-tops, across the plains far down below, and passed from earth, already dim in the growing dusk, to rest at last upon the western sky, still bright and beautiful, he thought: "Even so, Heaven remains, when this world fades forever from our sight."

This autumn day that—like his life—was ending in serene beauty, had seen his only wish on earth fulfilled; now he had but to wait, in peace, God's last great messenger; and so at eventide, in the sunset glow, he sat content. The last rays of sunlight seemed to gather lovingly about him and crown his white head with a halo, and make all the warm Italian landscape, soft, hazy mountains, dim valleys, shadows of land, splendors of sky, all a background, a frame for this solitary figure resting upon the heights.

And the beauty that shone from his countenance was greater than any visible thing, for it was the beauty of holiness. He was one of God's beloved servants. For over half a century, through the cold of winter and soft airs of summer, indifferent to both, the hermit had served the Lord, in solitude, striving by prayer and penance so

to purify and shape his soul, to make it so clean and fair that God might use it as a polished stone in His great temple. Fifty years had come and gone, with their snows and blossoms, storms and sunshine, since the hermit had left the world and found Heaven on the heights. Fifty years had passed since he had first climbed to this lonely place, far from the haunts of men, and built his cell, to live alone with God. Here for half a hundred years he had served Him faithfully in cold and hunger, day and night, until he seemed to live more in that other world than in this, and he spoke with angels. And though he hid himself in the mountains, his holiness was like a light set upon a high place, and spread over all that country, and the simple shepherds came for his blessing on their flocks, and all the people thereabouts felt their lives blessed by his living.

Time touched the hermit gently—for he was gentle—and nature seemed to love the sheltered nook where he had made his humble dwelling, so far remote, upon the heights; and the seasons did their best for him. Tender spring spread a green carpet of velvet moss upon the ground; lavish summer scattered generously her jewels—bright flowers—upon it; pensive autumn shook down many-hued leaves, making of them a gorgeous rug of eastern colors to lay before his door; and when grim winter came—lest the place look bare and bleak—he covered everything with his gleaming mantle, hiding the desolation under spotless, shining snow. Then, no sound of singing bird, or gurgling spring, or tinkling goat-bell disturbed the austere stillness; and nothing broke the smooth surface of the snow, save, haply, the track of some hungry lone wolf.

And so the hermit dwelt there, alone with God; and in the still silence he heard His voice; and in that ineffable intercourse he grew so holy, that he seemed more like the angels who visited him than the men he visited, when he went down to nurse them in sickness, to console them in sorrow to preach to them God's word—learned in the solitude.

When forty years with their frosts and flowers had gone by, he asked a favor of the Lord. He had long wished to know how he stood before God: what his life had gained for him, in His sight; and he earnestly begged God to show him a man equal to him in merit, one who in God's eyes was neither worse nor better than he. The angel that appeared in answer to his prayer bade him go to

the nearest town, where he would find a mountebank performing in the square. This man was his equal in God's sight.

Very slowly did the hermit descend the mountain; for his heart was heavy. Doubts, such as he had seldom known, weighed upon his spirit, and made the peasants that he met wonder at his troubled look. As he went reluctantly upon his way, he was asking himself over and over again, if this thing could be. Was he no better than a common acrobat, a cheap, trifling fellow who made a show of himself for money? Had his long life of self-denial and single-hearted service brought him no nearer Heaven than this? Could public mummers be ranked with God's faithful, silent servants? These and other darker doubts and miseries assailed his soul, and he hoped the angel's visit might prove to have been but a dream, and there would be no mountebank in the village square. But, as he drew near the place, with sinking heart, he saw a crowd and in its midst the juggler, gay in tawdry finery, making the simple folk gape and laugh. With searching, sorrowful eyes the man of God watched the poor fool at his tricks; and he saw that the face for all its paint and grimaces was a haggard, haunted face. In vain the old man sought to find in it some trace of prayer, some faint reflection of holy thoughts; there was none—though anxiety and weariness enough—and his last hope spread its wings and vanished. For he had thought that he might find in this mountebank, who was his equal in God's sight, some humble, self-denying penitent, or maybe some saintly man seeking so to hide his holiness; but the hard, haggard face belonged to none of these. The mountebank, feeling the sad, searching eyes fixed steadily upon him, grew more and more uneasy, and finally brought the poor show to an abrupt end.

When the crowd had dispersed, and he saw the noble old man standing there alone, still looking at him with sad, inquiring eyes, he covered his gaudy dress with a ragged cloak, and coming straight to him, said simply:

"Father, do you seek me?"

"Yes, my son, 'tis you, indeed, I seek. Come with me to some place where we can talk undisturbed; for my heart is troubled, and you only can bring back its peace."

Bewildered, but obedient, the juggler followed and listened humbly, when the hermit said:

"Now, my son, I beg you, speak the truth. Tell me what your life was before you came to this. For you have not always been a mountebank."

A startled look came into the weary eyes, and the worn young face, cleansed of its paint, grew sharp and white as he slowly answered:

"You are right, Father. And since you ask me so, I shall confess. But, doing so, I put my life in your hands. Keep my secret, or I am lost. Until a year ago I was a bandit; one of that desperate, notorious band—why, even you must know." He paused.

"Go on, my son, go on. That is not all. It cannot be. Think well, and tell me all the good deeds you have done. I cannot leave you until you do."

"Why, Father, all my life I've been a robber. Your life has been all holiness; mine, alas, all sin. Only one good deed do I recall; and that was little enough; yet it changed my life."

"Tell it, my son; tell it all."

"It's only this: a year ago, I saved a woman. Some of our reckless band had kidnapped a nun—in sport, perhaps; but when they brought her to the camp I wished I were away; she seemed so young, so innocent, so exquisite a thing. Yet when she looked at me, with appealing, frightened eyes, and tried to speak, I roughly told her to be still and turned away. But her look had hurt, somehow, and troubled me, like an old wound, and I could not forget it. So, when it came my turn to watch that night, I went and whispered to her that if she trusted me I'd take her back to her convent. She said she trusted. She trusted me! So I took her home. It was not easy, but I knew my men, I knew my horse, and I knew the country. I managed to get her away noiselessly, and as day broke I brought her, in safety, to her convent. As the nuns took her in she turned, and looking at me, oh, so kindly, said: 'God will remember.' That's all, Father. Of course, I could not go back. I've had to hide, to go from place to place, to earn my bread. I knew some juggling tricks, and so I took up this life. I go about, joking, dancing; you see me in gay crowds, making them laugh. But I'm a most unhappy man, and it's a lonely life I lead."

"Thank God, my son! Thank Him and praise Him, and be of good heart. How wonderful are His ways! How unsearchable!

His mercy how great to you—to me! In my pride, my blindness, I thought myself better than you, my son. And in God's sight we are the same. He forgives my pride, and makes me your equal."

"Father, what is this you say? What do you mean? I? You? A saint? A robber?"

"Even so, my son. God's judgments are not ours. It is as the angel said. In God's sight, your one unselfish deed is worth my forty years of peaceful service. Be of good courage, son; the Lord is faithful; and He has said that He will repay the least kindness done to one of His little ones. As His child said: 'He will remember.'"

"Can it be? . . . The woman spoke as if she knew . . . Father, take me with you! Help me to amend my evil life!"

And so he did. For two short years they lived together in penance, prayer and love. On still evenings the shepherds heard a young voice praising God, in harmony with the old one; and then it was silent. He who had sinned and sorrowed most went first to receive his reward. Perhaps, because he had a holy woman's prayers.

After that, ten tranquil years passed peacefully over the hermit's head, leaving it as white as their forgotten snows. He was a very old man now, beautiful in holiness. On this autumn day, as he sat in the sunshine, memories of the past floated across his mind, as the leaves drifted through the still air; and once again he wished to know what progress he had made; once again he prayed that he might see some one whose soul was equal to his own, in the sight of God.

The forest leaves glowed like coals of fire; and suddenly among them, like a still white flame of living light, an angel stood, and showed him where he would find the answer to his prayer. The hermit would have rejoiced to be sent to one of the noble monasteries on the lower hills, or to some convent on the plain, or a church, to find in a lowly praying brother, or simple priest, his own soul's measure; but none of these did the angel show,—only a little farm-house, half hidden among the trees, where two humble old women lived and worked and were as dear to God as he. The heavenly visitor bade him seek them; then he vanished, and the place was as before.



When the two women saw their mountain Saint coming toward their poor home, their joy and wonder were great; and the one left her busy spinning, the other, the fagots she was bringing from the forest, to beg his blessing. When he told his errand: that he wanted to know what pious deeds they did, they were silent and abashed. He had to urge them gently before one spoke and said: there was nothing to tell; for they were only two poor farmers' wives, who had to work so hard for their families they had no time for works of piety. Both had married young, had many children, and had always tried to make husbands and children good and happy. Sometimes things went badly: there had been sickness and death, and want, and many cares; but they had always helped the men with cheerfulness, and cared for the children with love, and done what they could. When a sheep was killed, they only kept half; for there was always some one poorer than themselves; and—this might not seem much, but in the day's work it counted for something—they had lived together, she and her sister-in-law, in harmony, for forty years. In all that time no unkind word had passed between them. Not much, when all was told; but of some account, perhaps, in a long life of temper-trying care and toil.

A new light broke upon the hermit's mind, shining in his eyes, illuminating his beautiful old face; and it did not fade as he climbed to the heights on which he dwelt, but grew ever deeper and brighter like the sunset glory in the western sky. His gentle heart swam in a sea of perfect peace, lit by faith, and hope, and love; for he knew now how "the greatest of these is charity." He thought, with thankful joy, of the unknown, undreamed-of hosts of hidden servants, who wait on the Lord on earth; ignored, perhaps despised, by men, but whom "God will remember." Deeper he sank in the sea of peace, while he pondered how: "All service ranks the same with God." The one single deed of a desperate bandit; the life-long devotion of uncomplaining wife and mother were as pleasing to Him as fifty years of solitude and prayer.

And as evening drew a veil over the valleys, where a little light shone, here and there, like a strayed star, he smiled serenely to know, at last, that God's saints are not like these, a scattered few; but countless as the innumerable leaves of the forest that the twilight covered,—His Hidden Servants are everywhere.

VIRGINIA B. WALLIS.



HOSE motto this? What royal heart first framed  
 These words so potent? When the Morning Star,  
 Enamored of his own fair gleaming, fell  
 And dragged one-third of the angelic choir  
 Into his sin—the first “Non serviam”—  
 Then rose Saint Michael’s voice in clarion tones,  
 “Quis sicut Deus!” words that filled the heav’ns,  
 Re-echoed by the loyal angel hosts  
 Who cast the traitor and his rebel train  
 Into the deepest pit. What wonder then  
 That souls who serve the Lord of Glory here,  
 In conflict dread, in thickest of the fight,  
 Delight to vanquish Satan with the words,  
 So oft repeated, “Who is like to God?”

S. H. C. J.

#### THE KEPT THOUGHTS OF MARY.



*UT* Mary kept all these words, pondering them in her heart. The glimpse into Mary’s soul which these words afford is a precious one. It opens up to our gaze an attitude of mind which was not accidental, but deliberate; not of the moment, but constant. Later on in the same chapter St. Luke repeats the phrase about Mary. He need not say it again; Mary’s habitual attitude of soul is now known to us, and it is not one to surprise us, although it deserves our study. Every mother takes a like attitude of soul towards her child. It is the result of a mother’s love. Her thoughts take one direction; her interests have one centre; her affection has one destination. The whole outward tendency of her soul is towards her child. How strong and full that tendency was in Mary’s case is clear, when we remember that Jesus was for her not only her Child but her God. In the stream of love which flowed from her heart to His were mingled the currents of every affection with which a woman can be influenced. Mary was the Daughter of the Father; she was the Mother of the Son; she was the Spouse of the Holy Ghost. Think of what that means. It means that her

Child and her God exhausted the whole capacity of her love. Toward Him her daughter heart, her spouse heart, her mother heart went forth in its fullest capacity. He touched every chord to which a woman's affectionate nature can respond, and drew from it the sweetest melody that ever made music in a woman's heart. God had planted within Mary the natural impulse which turns a child to its parent; and that which unites a spouse with her betrothed and also that which centres a parent upon its child. God had purified and ennobled and made rich in her these native instincts. The world's history will tell us what human daughters and wives and mothers will do for human parents and spouses and children. Mary's history reveals what the united force of all three must be when directed towards one object. The pure, white flames of every affection that can glow within a woman's heart mingled their heat and light in Mary's and were focussed upon Christ.

It was that triple love burning in Mary's heart and directing its united flames on Jesus, her Son and her God, which made her keep all these words; and made her ponder over them. Jesus was kept and pondered on, because Mary loved every word uttered about Him. Every word uttered by Him came under her loving attention, found a place in the treasury of her thoughts, and filled the hours of her life with reveries of prayer. Men of one book are a source of fear to their friends; we hesitate to speak in their presence of their pet book. They know too much about it; they know its lines and letters; they know even its commas; we dread to expose our own ignorance before the superior knowledge of a man of one book. Jesus was Mary's Book. She studied Him and read Him and knew every line and letter of His life; she wrote that life in her heart; it was the best Life of Jesus ever written; it was the fullest gospel ever composed. The best of mother loves wrote it, on the best leaves ever written upon. "She kept all these words in her heart." We have a beautiful phrase in English that we often use, and I am afraid we do not notice its beauty. We say of committing something to memory, that "we get it by heart." If ever that phrase was true in all the full beauty of its meaning, it was so in Mary's case with regard to Jesus. It was Mary's life-work to get Jesus by heart, and she did so. "She kept all these words in her heart."

What was the effect of Mary's master passion upon her? What

was the effect on her soul of her kept thoughts? She got Jesus by heart, and what did it mean for her? It meant a complete understanding of Him; a knowledge of His ways of thought and action; a sympathetic appreciation of what He wished and felt. Another Mary and her sister Martha sent a message to Jesus, and it ran thus: "He whom Thou lovest is sick." That was a beautiful prayer. As far as words went, it seemed to ask nothing. They did not say: "Come, or comfort, or cure." In appearance, therefore, it was no prayer; in reality, however, they could have uttered no more touching prayer. A similar prayer had been uttered before the sisters of Bethany sent their message. Another heart had learned to know the Heart of Jesus long before they began their studies; another heart gave them the model for their request. "Now there was a marriage feast at Cana in Galilee; and Mary, the Mother of Jesus, was there; and the wine failing, she said to Him: they have no wine!" Mary's prayer was the model. It ran thus: "This newly married couple are our hosts; they have no wine; I say no more." In both cases there was some delay, for it is God's way, sometimes, to keep us waiting; but in both cases there was the great miracle. Love read aright the Heart of Jesus.

The first effect, then, of Mary's kept thoughts was an intimate knowledge of Jesus and an almost prophetic insight into His soul. Mary's kept thoughts did something more. Kept thoughts are never barren; you can never think the same thought twice, without improving on it. You will see more in it. It will take on new color and new beauty; it will develop along new lines, or, at all events, it will stand out more clearly in the mind. A kept thought is a seed in a fertile soil. It sends out roots; it takes a firmer hold; it grows and branches; it expands into leaves and blooms into the beauty of flowers. A kept thought is not a dead thing, it grows; it is a living thing in a living soul. What was the harvest that came of Mary's sowing? The first words she heard of Jesus she kept, as well as the last words. The first words were the revelation of His coming. She kept them, and as she went in haste over the hills of Judea to her cousin Elizabeth, the thoughts in her heart grew and expanded in the sunshine of the joy of her virginal Motherhood. When she arrived at her cousin's house they had grown to maturity, and blossomed forth into the Magnificat; that glorious song of praise, of

gratitude, of knowledge of God's ways with men, and of the fulfilment of His prophecies and promises to Israel.

The miracle of Cana and the Magnificat are the evidences of the fruit of Mary's kept thoughts. They are splendid evidences of most glorious fruits, yet they do not exhaust the benefit of Mary's ruling habit. Greater than the knowledge of Jesus, greater than any sublime song, was the ennobling of Mary's character as a result of her soul's master passion. The angel of the Incarnation disturbed her, and she needed to be calmed and encouraged; the angels of Bethlehem, whose message came to her through the shepherds, left her pondering, while the others wondered. Her great dignity had uplifted her without making her dizzy. She had still the simplicity of the Nazarean Maid, but now it was a royal, a queenly, a divine simplicity. She had been brought into contact, physical, living contact, with her God; but more than that, and affecting her more profoundly, was the intimate, loving contact of her soul with God, because she kept Him in her heart, pondering over Him within her.

The surrender of Mary to God's Will, her glorious profession of humility, obedience and service, expressed in the words, "Behold the handmaid of the Lord!" was not simply an offering of herself to God to be His Mother in a physical aspect; it meant the offering of her soul, also, to be His sacred sanctuary, in the higher, grander relations of what we may call spiritual maternity. It was to her, we may believe, Christ alluded when He made answer to an enthusiastic admirer, after one of His sermons: "And it came to pass, as He spoke these things, a certain woman from the crowd lifting up her voice, said to Him: Blessed is the womb that bore Thee and the paps that gave Thee suck" (Luke xi. 27). Then Christ made answer, admitting the truth of that statement, but asserting a nobler motherhood still and one in which Mary, His own Mother, was without a peer. "Yea, rather blessed are they who hear the Word of God and keep It." It was Mary who led the way in that blessedness, by keeping her Son in her heart after His Birth had severed the physical bond that united them. "Mary kept all these words, pondering them in her heart."

Christ in the sanctuary of Mary's soul; Christ kept and pondered on; Christ, the Child of Mary's soul, the Companion of her thoughts, the Treasure of her heart, filled and possessed Mary's life, lifting

it to a higher plane. Every thought, every desire, Mary's hopes and fears, her likes and dislikes, her opinions of things, her judgments and her decisions; every act of mind and will, every movement of her soul was warmed and colored and beautified by Christ, Who had become the day-spring of her life, the God that rose and increased to the splendor of the perfect day within her. "Mary kept all these words, pondering them in her heart."

There is nothing to surprise us in all this, and we are not exaggerating the meaning of the words. Remembering what we have said about Mary's absorption in her Son, whose love was the master passion of her heart, we cannot state too strongly the effects of that passion. Take the weaker affection of other women; take one single current of the love that flooded Mary's soul; take the faithful love of a daughter or the intense love of a spouse, or the passionate love of a mother singly, and we know what a change it will make in a woman's life. The history of mankind bears witness to the strength of one master passion. In such cases the whole stream of the soul goes one way; it wears out for itself a channel into which pour all the various currents, all the inclinations, emotions and feelings that stir the heart of mankind. Along that channel these mingled currents rush, gathering speed and force as they roll on and bearing all before them in an impetuous torrent. The dearest interests of man; the most precious objects of human affection; wealth, honor, family pride, home, health, life, and sometimes the very salvation of the soul, are swept like straws before the rush of that tide. Imagine, then, the strong outpouring of love from Mary's heart towards her Son and her God; measure the depths and rush of that stream into which flowed fully every current of affection that can spring up in a woman's heart. You will not be surprised, then, that Mary's whole life should be borne along on that great sea and swept to the feet of her Son. "Mary kept all these words, pondering them in her heart."

Mary kept all these words, because she loved her Son and her God, and then the knowledge she collected in this way reacted on her soul, giving her a complete sympathy with her Son, enriching her thoughts, as the Magnificat testifies, and uplifting and ennobling her character. Such was the cause and such the effect of Mary's kept thoughts.

## EASTER LILIES



IN a cloud of fragrant incense  
Glean the lilies pure and white;  
Low their stately heads are bending  
Toward the Source of peace and light.

O'er the dark, old earth they blossomed,  
Gentle children of the sod;  
Life for them is almost ended,  
They are dying close to God.

From their golden hearts reflected  
Beauty that He deigned to praise  
When He bade us to consider  
Their confiding, happy ways.

Sweet the holy meditation  
That the Saviour bids us make  
When the lovely, spotless lily  
As our guide He bids us take.

Oh, that we may live for Jesus  
Till the Lent of life is o'er,  
And some happy Easter finds us  
Blooming safe on Heaven's shore!

Sr. M. CLARISSA.

## TALES FROM REAL LIFE

### THEIR VICTORY



IT was a disagreeable day in early March. A fine, mist-like rain was falling and freezing as it fell, while the fog that rolled in from the ocean shrouded the city in ghostly gloom.

The street door closed with a resounding bang and the man at the window strained his eyes to catch the last glimpse of Father John's tall figure striding down the narrow street, two little boys, one on either hand, trotting along con-

tentedly beside him. For a few moments only could the forms of priest and children be distinguished plainly, their outlines were blurred and they became merely a dark blot moving vaguely amid surrounding mists. Finally, even that indefinite shadow disappeared, hidden from the watcher by the wall of fog that came between. Cold and heavy as was that fog bank, a far colder, far heavier cloud settled down upon the man's heart.

Dropping into a chair, he rested his elbows upon the table and, holding his throbbing head tightly between fevered palms, tried to think. How had it all happened? What was it Father John had said? Could it be possible that his children, his two beautiful boys, were gone; lost to him forever?

"You are not fit to have the care of your own children; you shall never see them again."

Those had been the priest's last words, and their dreadful meaning suddenly sobered the man and brought him to his senses.

Never again! Never to see his children again; his bright, lovely boys that he was so proud of; that is, when he was sober enough to notice them. Yes he knew he had been drinking pretty hard of late, and the wife too, but they had not meant to neglect the little lads. They had not meant to be unkind to them. Could they have been as bad as the priest said they were? That was the worst of the drink, it stole a man's senses away and he never knew afterwards what he might have done or said while under its influence. Last night, for instance; yesterday, the past several days? Where had he been? What had he done? He had a hazy remembrance of some few, half rational moments, but most of the time was wrapped in utter oblivion. He must have been drinking, drinking, drinking, but where and how he knew not. The wife, too, had probably been employed in the same fashion, for she drank nearly as hard as he did. And the little lads all that time; what had become of them? Yes, Father John was right, they were *not* fit to have the care of their children.

Still, it had not always been so. He could remember, not so many years ago, either, when he and Annie were first married, what a happy little home theirs had been. He was a teamster, worked steadily, and brought his money home regularly on Saturday night. Annie was a bright, rosy-cheeked lass in those days, singing happily



over her work, and always had a nice hot supper and a welcoming smile when he came home at night. To be sure, he took a glass now and then with the boys, just to be sociable, but not enough to amount to anything. Then the children came, first his sturdy, blue-eyed Tom, named for himself, and two years later the little lad with the mother's dark eyes and curling hair. Annie's hair did curl in those days, and was soft and brown like her eyes. No one would guess it to look at her now.

Then came the strike, no work, hard times, the meetings, the speeches, the general unrest and discontent; finally, the glass too much. How well he remembered now that first time he had come home partially under the influence of liquor. He could see again the horror and shrinking on his wife's face, the strange wonder in the eyes of the oldest boy. Alas! for him, that first glass too much was but the beginning. From then on, it was but a series of drunken bouts, followed at first by periods of repentance in which he would promise Annie never to touch a drop of liquor again. But the drinking spells became more frequent and the fits of repentance gradually ceased altogether. Their little home was abandoned when they could no longer pay the rent, and they had gradually drifted to this miserable tenement of two rooms, two dirty, squalid rooms in a dingy, narrow street.

The man raised his head from his hands and tried to see the place as it must have looked to the priest that morning. His glance passed from one dismal object to another, noting the dirt, the squalor, the absolute neglect and wretchedness of this, his home. There, in one corner, was the bed in which his two boys had slept, and for the first time he noticed how worn and ragged was the scanty bed-covering. Dirty, too, of course. The dust and dirt of many months covered everything. It was long since he had seen broom or duster in Annie's hands; poor Annie, crouching now beside the little bed, sobbing as if her heart would break. No, he could not blame Annie, poor girl. She had tried at first to induce him to give up the drink, and had struggled bravely to keep the little home where they had been so happy, but at last, tired and discouraged, she gave up the unequal combat and had sunk to his own level.

Looking at things as he saw them now, he could not question the action of Father John, who had walked in that morning to find the

father and mother not yet quite sober after one of their frequent drinking bouts, and the two little boys shivering with cold and crying with hunger. Their pale, pinched faces told plainly of long starvation, and utter neglect was written all over them.

What was it Father John had said when he, Tom, had tried to prevent the taking away of the children? Oh, the words were bitter, bitter, and they burned into Tom's brain.

"Why should you be allowed to keep your children? What have you ever done for them? What have you done for their bodies? Left them in rags to freeze and starve alone in this wretched hole of a room while you roamed the streets in search of drink, drink and more drink. And their souls? Man! man! what have you done for their immortal souls? What kind of example have you set them? What kind of prayers have you taught them? What do you expect will become of them, soul and body, if they are left to your care? You have forfeited your right to them and now you must lose them. I shall put them in a good home where they will be properly cared for and properly instructed. You shall never see them again."

The man rose from his chair and walked unsteadily over to where his wife crouched with her head leaning against the little bed. An unwonted mist dimmed his eyes, and something like an echo of a long-forgotten tenderness filled his heart as he laid his hand on her rough hair and said brokenly:

"Annie, girl, we'll never see them again, never again; our little lads, our bright, pretty boys."

His touch and his words seemed to rouse the woman to fury. She sprang to her feet, threw back the hair that had fallen over her face, and cried defiantly:

"What do I care if he's taken them away? What do I care for anything now? There is always this to make one forget," and going quickly to a cupboard she drew out a bottle partly filled with whiskey and raised it to her mouth.

Her husband caught her hand before she had time to take the drink. He dashed the bottle to the ground and the liquor streamed slowly across the floor. Still holding her by the arm, the man pointed to the trickling fluid and said solemnly:

"Look at that accursed stuff, Annie, look at it. 'Tis that and that alone has brought us to this pass. My girl, it's a bad husband I've

been to you and a bad father to the lads, all through that wretched poison. But life isn't over yet for you and me, Annie, and why shouldn't we do better in the time to come than we have done in the past? Why shouldn't we again be as happy as we were long ago when we were first married? I promise you now that not another drop of drink shall ever pass my lips. Do you make the same promise, girl, and we'll begin all over again. Maybe—some day—we can have the children back, for we cannot live without them; oh! we cannot live without them,” and the man threw himself on his knees beside the children's bed, his form shaken with grief.

For a moment, his wife stood looking at the broken bottle at her feet, then at the empty bed and the man beside it. Gradually the reckless defiance faded and her face wore the look of one who longed to hope but dared not.

“Happy as we used to be,” she murmured slowly. “O Tom, do you think we ever could? I'll try, Tom—honest, I'll try, if—if you think—he'll let us have the children back again.”

Christmas eve, nearly four years later. In the cozy kitchen of their tidy little flat sat a man and woman, she busily engaged putting another patch on her husband's well-worn working coat, he smoking his pipe and making a pretence of reading the evening paper. It was only a pretence, however, for from behind the shelter of the newspaper he was furtively watching his wife as she sat and sewed. More than one silent tear had fallen unheeded upon the garment she was mending, and the man knew full well that her heart echoed the pain and longing that filled his own. Presently, with a glance at her husband, apparently deeply absorbed in his reading, she laid her sewing down and stole quietly from the room. The paper dropped unnoticed to the floor and the man leaned his head upon his hand and fell to thinking. Poor Annie, he knew where she had gone and why. His mind followed her to that little room next their own which they had prepared with such loving care for the two boys, who seemed as far away from them as ever. Would they never come back? Would he never see them again, the children for whose sake he and Annie had worked so hard and fought such a desperate fight? Terrible had been their struggle trying to keep that promise they had made the day the boys were taken away from them. Ter-

rible, indeed, but with God's help they had conquered and the promise had been kept.

Tom's mind went back over the days that had come and gone since the morning he had watched the figures of Father John and the children disappear into the fog. He thought again of the bitter, bitter time that had followed for him and for Annie; of their unsuccessful efforts to obtain steady work, of the discouragement and black despair of those days, and worst of all and hardest to fight had been the fierce, almost uncontrollable longing for the drink. Many and many a time he and Annie had looked at each other, and he knew the same thought was in both their minds. What was the use of trying; what was the use of fighting any longer? They might just as well give up first as last.

One day he had said to her: "What's the good of trying any more? We'll never do it, never. It's the hard world this is, hard and cruel to the likes of us. They say, 'give a dog a bad name and hang him.' Well, that ain't a patch on what happens to the man who gives himself a bad name. No one will trust him, no one will give him half a chance, no one will believe that he really wants to do better. When a man falls, there's many a hand ready and willing to push him even lower still, but never a one is reached out to help him up again. We might just as well give up trying, for we'll never succeed."

Then his eyes had fallen on the little bed in the corner, the little empty bed, tumbled and tossed as the boys had left it. Once more he and Annie had looked at each other, and once more they had taken up the struggle and fought on with renewed energy.

On one occasion she had suggested that he go to Father John and ask him to help them.

Tom's answer had been:

"No, Annie, I'll not go to him yet awhile. I know he'd help us along, I know he'd help me to get a steady job, but I'll not go to him till I can ask him to give me back my children. When I can show him that we are fit to take care of them, when I have steady work and a nice, tidy little home to bring them back to, then I will go to Father John, but not till then."

And at last, after a long and weary struggle, the day *had* come when the little home was ready and Tom could go to Father John.

He thought now of that day and of the good Father's amazement when Tom told him who he was. That amazement was not to be wondered at, for no one would recognize in the man of to-day, with his straight figure, bright, clear eyes and open, manly countenance, the slouching drunkard of a few years before. Tom thought of that day, of the Father's words of praise and encouragement, of his promise to move heaven and earth if need be to get the children back. Tom thought, too, of the long period of waiting since that day. It was a much harder task to get the children than even Father John had thought, for they had been adopted by a wealthy Catholic family that had since moved away, no one knew where. It required some time to find them, and when found, the adopted parents refused positively to give up the little boys, to whom they had become devotedly attached. All efforts on Father John's part proved of no avail, and finally he was obliged to take the matter into court.

A long legal battle followed, and now, on Christmas eve, poor Tom sat in his lonely kitchen while the mother knelt, weeping and praying, by the little empty bed in the room they had made ready for their children. How much longer, thought Tom, how much longer would they have to wait?

Hearing his wife returning, he hastily picked up the neglected newspaper and was reading diligently when she entered the room and resumed her sewing. It was on this little scene of domestic comfort and tranquillity that Father John looked a few moments later when he softly opened the door and stood on the threshold. How different, he thought, was this home from the one he had entered nearly four years before. To be sure, everything was of the simplest and plainest, but scrupulously neat and clean. What a difference, too, in that father and mother; who could believe they were the same people!

A hearty "Merry Christmas to you both," was the first intimation Tom and his wife had of the presence of Father John, and they sprang quickly to their feet to welcome the visitor. Tom never could remember just what happened after that. He had a sort of hazy recollection of Father John saying something, of a startled cry from Annie, and of the next moment seeing, framed in the doorway, the half-frightened, half-eager faces of his boys. The strong man staggered and clung to the table with trembling hands, but the mother

was on her knees, her arms around her little ones, laughing and trying over them by turns.

Father John will never forget the look of rapture on Tom's face as he gazed on his children, tears of joy streaming down his cheeks. The good Father's own eyes were moist as he closed the door softly behind him, leaving the reunited family to themselves and their happiness.

That that happiness is destined to be of long duration grows more apparent day by day. At least, so thinks Father John as he watches Sunday after Sunday to see the proud father bringing his boys to the Sunday-school Mass. At first, he sometimes wondered if the children ever thought longingly of the wealthy home they had just left, if they ever contrasted that home with their present humble surroundings, and if they felt any discontent or dissatisfaction with the change.

With that thought in his mind, Father John asked the eldest boy one day where he would rather be, in the beautiful house in which he lived when he was away in the country, or at home here with papa. Without a moment's hesitation, and looking proudly up at the tall man whose hand clasped his so fondly, the child replied emphatically:

"At home here with my papa."

"God bless you, little man; God bless you all," said Father John; and certainly, God *has* blessed them.

ISABEL WILLIAMS.

## RECENT AGGREGATIONS

The following Local Centres received Diplomas during March, 1908:

| Diocese.                   | Place.                  | Local Centre.                   | Date.         |
|----------------------------|-------------------------|---------------------------------|---------------|
| Baltimore.....             | Baltimore, Md.....      | St. Barnabas' .....Church       | Mar. 21, 1908 |
| Boston.....                | East Boston, Mass....   | St. Mary's, Star of the Sea " " | Oct. 17, 1907 |
| Buffalo.....               | Dunkirk, N. Y.....      | St. Mary's Preparatory...School | Mar. 9, 1908  |
| Dallas.....                | Terrell, Texas.....     | St. John's .....Church          | Mar. 6, 1908  |
| Marquette.....             | Greenland, Mich.....    | St. Peter and Paul's.... " "    | Mar. 6, 1908  |
| Milwaukee.....             | Eagle, Wis.....         | St. Theresa's ..... " "         | Mar. 6, 1908  |
| Milwaukee.....             | Genesee Depot.....      | St. Paul's ..... " "            | Mar. 6, 1908  |
| Mont. and Los Angeles..... | Azusa, Cal.....         | St. Frances' ..... " "          | Mar. 9, 1908  |
| New York.....              | Port Richmond, S. I.... | St. Adalbert's ..... " "        | Mar. 9, 1908  |
| Omaha.....                 | Lexington, Nebr.....    | St. Ann's ..... " "             | Mar. 17, 1908 |
| Omaha.....                 | Willow Island, Nebr.... | St. Patrick's ..... " "         | Mar. 17, 1908 |
| San Francisco.....         | Martinez, Cal.....      | De La Salle.....Institute       | Mar. 14, 1908 |
| Seattle.....               | Seattle, Wash.....      | Seattle .....College            | Mar. 14, 1908 |

Total number of Aggregations, 18; Churches, 10; College, 1; Institute, 1; School, 1.

MY ROSARY



Y Rosary, my Rosary,  
'Tis but a string of beads,  
Yet every link's a holy prayer  
That up to Heaven leads.

My Rosary, my Rosary,  
It knows my every thought,  
As telling o'er the little beads  
To the dear Cross I'm brought.

My Rosary, my Rosary,  
It knows of griefs my all,  
And comforts me with promise sweet  
As the beads so gently fall.

My Rosary, my Rosary,  
I kneel so full of care,  
With bitter tears I tell the beads,  
And find Christ's dear Heart there.

My Rosary, my Rosary,  
'Tis but a little string  
On which the winds of Heaven play  
Sweet orisons to ring.

My Rosary, my Rosary,  
It is the chain I love,  
It hangs between the earth and sky  
To bear my soul above.

MARIAN C. RICHMOND.

THE FIRST APPARITION OF JESUS.



T was Easter morning in the royal city of Jerusalem, A. D. 33. The streets and by-ways of Mt. Sion were just beginning to re-echo again with the sounds of awakened multitudes, while faintly across the Tyropean Valley to the upper city came, wafted on the breeze, the trumpet blast, from Mt. Moriah, calling the people to the Temple's morning sacrifice—the sacrifice that was

fruitless now since the Great Lamb Himself had been slain. But there was one in David's city, a Virgin Mother, on whose ears the ancient summons fell all unheeded, as she knelt in prayer within the solemn stillness of the hallowed, but now deserted Cenacle. The old law had passed away, and Mary was awaiting the advent of the new. Her face, though pale and wan after the awful scene of blood on Calvary, is yet aglow with peace and hopeful happiness. Her eyes are turned heavenward with looks of love and expectation, while her maternal heart is yearning for the hour she knows must surely come.

Thus had she prayed at Nazareth long years before on that memorable day when Gabriel stood beside her and announced the God-sent message of her saving motherhood;—thus had she prayed and waited at ungrateful Bethlehem, while expecting the blissful hour when she might gaze for the first time into the baby eyes of Him who would be at once her Son and her God;—so is she praying now to behold His glorified Manhood. This is her third great expectation! And He will surely come, in spite of cross and lance and tomb, just as He came down from high heaven in answer to her maiden prayer at Nazareth. There is a stronger bond than ever between them now, stronger even than the barrier of death, and her mother's heart is telling her, in some wondrous way, that she shall look upon her Son again before He ascends to the Father.

While thus rapt in silent prayer and contemplation, and just as the last futile note is dying away from the doomed Temple, it appeared to her as though the air within the Cenacle grew sweeter than before; a heavenly aroma from unseen censers pervaded the whole atmosphere, and with it a mystical, quivering light that seemed to grow and widen as if endowed with life. Slowly and majestically the brilliancy encircled her kneeling form, and then assumed a shape that was as familiar to Mary's eyes as were the green hills and woodlands to the Galilean shepherd boy. With a joy that overflows in tears she prostrates herself before the form resplendent and in whispering accents utters the one expressive word—"Jesus!" Her great High-Priest had come at last!

EDMUND A. WALSH, S.J.



# Our Work and its Spirit

*Remember the Departed.*



READER writes of a letter recently received from a friend whose "brother's name was put in the Obituary of the MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART. Her gratitude was unbounded when she saw it, and she said to herself: 'Oh, how I hope people will pay attention to that list and say a prayer for him, for I must confess that I paid but little before myself, and I resolved to say at least an indulgenced ejaculation for each in the list and the *De profundis* for all the first moment I see it, and to make the stations of the cross, to receive Holy Communion and recite the rosary for all at the first opportunity after the MESSENGER reaches me.' How different things seem when they come home to us and how sorrow makes us sympathize with the sorrows of others."

*At God's Altar.*

READERS of our MESSENGER who rarely see the London *Tablet* will, we feel certain, thank us for the following extract from an article concerning Modernism, by the Rev. George Angus (the *Tablet*, Feb. 22, 1908):

"So, morning by morning when I go *ad altare Dei*, I am not alone, but I unite myself with all Masses said, and all Communions made, 'from the rising of the sun unto the going down of the same,' in that Catholic and Roman Church which alone has the Keys of Peter and the Sword of Paul. Mass satisfies me, Office soothes me. And beyond Mass and Office I, personally, care for and desire little else. And, when Mass and Office are over, there is with me the ever-abiding consciousness and the always present consolation that, come what may, within the changes and chances of this mortal life, there remains the greatest of all earthly spiritual privileges, communion with the See of Peter, and its present, past and future."

*An Appeal from Jamaica.*

IT may be that some of our readers can find it in their power to make an offering to the Church in Jamaica, and we hope that

the subjoined appeal from Bishop Collins will meet with a generous response. We do not feel that it is necessary to dwell at any length on the subject of the Bishop's letter. The sad disaster that befell the flourishing Mission of Jamaica, wiping out with the dreadful and resistless force of an earthquake the work of years and years,—and the consequent sufferings to clergy and laity alike, are still memories of yesterday. They are memories for us who have not felt the firm earth tremble, but they are more than memories, they are fearful and discouraging, though evidently not disheartening, realities for the Bishop with his zealous priests and poor people who have to set about the task of rebuilding what was so completely demolished and destroyed.

26 North Street,  
Kingston, Jamaica, W.I.  
March 30, 1908.

DEAR REV. FATHER:

I am sure that you will be willing to give me a little space in the MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART to lay before your readers the present great needs of our Jamaica Mission.

On the 14th of January of last year our churches, convents and schools were demolished by a terrible earthquake. Through the generosity of the American Catholic clergy and laity, we have been able to obtain contributions amounting to \$50,000. Nearly the whole of this amount has been spent upon restoring our schools, which were, naturally, the first object of our zeal. The maintenance of the Sisters who are here comes from their salaries as teachers. If we had no schools, they would get no salary, and could not possibly live here. Besides, the school question in Jamaica is in as chaotic a state nearly as in England. While there is, as in England, a disposition to adopt the so-called National, or Public School System, as against the Denominational System, I am very much afraid that if we did not hasten to rebuild our schools, the Government, or those opposed to the Denominational System would seize upon the occasion to advise and urge the Government to take advantage of our distressed condition. Even if we had not these provocations to rebuild our schools as soon as possible, the very fact that this is a country like Jamaica, where the progress of religion depends upon the children at an early age, and training them in Catholic piety

so as to secure their future and establish the Church of God in their midst, was a sufficient incentive for us to rebuild our schools at once.

I now beg to appeal, through the medium of your excellent magazine, to Catholics who can afford to help us. Though our schools are rebuilt, we have no churches, but only rudely built, temporary chapels. The Sisters have no convent to live in, except temporary sheds. There is no prospect of our being able to get the necessary money here, where wages are low and poverty prevails on every hand. If only some of our good and well-to-do Catholics could be got to realize our need, and the advantage of investing some of their wealth in such a grand cause as we are here struggling for, they would not hesitate a moment to assist us most generously. In our cathedral alone, a year before the earthquake, over twelve hundred children were baptized, and on every first Friday of the month an average of about nine hundred people received Holy Communion. Would it not be a glorious work for a Catholic in the States, who has the means, to give us \$50,000 to aid us to restore our cathedral, in which such splendid work was being carried on?

I am making this appeal in the month of St. Joseph, in whose keeping I place it. I pray and beseech this great saint, who had charge of the temporal affairs of the Holy Family, to intercede for us, and obtain for us the help which we so urgently need to re-establish a Mission that was, practically, totally destroyed in a few seconds; a Mission that had been built up in the last seventy-five years by most heroic sacrifices.

Begging your kind remembrance before the Altar,

Believe me, yours very faithfully in Christ,

✠ J. COLLINS, S.J.,

*Bp. of Antiphellos*

*and*

*Vicar-Apostolic of Jamaica.*

*Our Lady's Month.*

**M**EMBERS of the League of the Sacred Heart, and consequently, most of our readers, will naturally turn their thoughts to our Blessed Lady during the month of May, and they will fondly cherish the desire to do something in our Lady's month to please her heart in her favor. The very idea of love and reparation, so promi-

nent in all that Promoters and Associates do for the Sacred Heart of Jesus, suggests the propriety of not letting May drop by without manifesting in every possible way our love for the Mother of Jesus and our determination to do what we can to make atonement to her Immaculate Heart for the many afflictions which are hers by reason of her sympathy with every joy and sorrow of her Son. Zealous Directors will no doubt announce special devotions for the mornings and evenings of May, and it goes without saying that they can rely on our Associates to take part in the prayers, to listen to whatever shall be said or read in praise of our Lady, and to encourage others to be present. Promoters especially can exercise this apostolate of zeal and charity, for they can reach hundreds of souls who would fight shy of a priest, particularly if there were the slightest suspicion that a sincere and irksome confession might be the outcome of any public or private remarks from the lips of God's minister.

*Winning Hearts to Mary.*

**G**ENTLENESS, modesty and reserve, when seasonably exercised, count for a great deal in the world of holiness and virtue as well as in the world of urbanity and refinement; but zeal for the one or the other should never allow the apostle of prayer to slacken in commendable efforts to bring souls to our Lord. Hesitation and fear of rebuff or even of the politest refusal should not weigh when opportunity for real good presents itself. And so, Promoters who can induce needy but half-reluctant souls to attend the devotions in honor of our Blessed Mother must know that they are practising an accomplishment fit for a heavenly court. Through their pious efforts some good soul may at length hear the one precious and most fruitful word that God long since intended should fall upon the fertile soil of that heart and grow up into a tree that shall be a glory and a benediction in His Holy Church. It is marvellous through what small and unsuspected channels God permits His grace to flow for the salvation and sanctification of souls.

*Her Beauty Making Beautiful*

**I**N our Lady's month His bounteous grace, like the snow and the ice melting at the decline of winter, and flooding rivulet and stream and lake and mighty river, flows generously everywhere as

if in response to her heart's warmest and most earnest pleading. To her bidding does the offspring of the Church, the "divine offspring," give ready heed and "bud forth as the rose planted by the brooks of waters, yield a sweet odor as frankincense, send forth flowers as the lily, and bring forth leaves in grace." Souls hitherto unacquainted with the sweetness and purity and the practical attractiveness of her life, come to know much about her beyond the mere memory and mention of her name in an occasional Ave Maria. They at length enter into and try to grasp, no matter in how feeble a way, her spirit of prayer and self-denial,—the two poles of the spiritual life. Gradually, and very often to themselves imperceptibly, they are led to imitate her untiring fidelity to duty, her promptness and readiness to do God's will at all times, her contentment with the ownership of her Divine Son. They begin to understand that not the least profound of the secrets of her holiness was her unbounded confidence in the Father Almighty and her loving resignation to any the least rulings of His providence; and above all things they realize, from the study of her character and conduct as well as from the influence of her personality, what is meant by that all-important word devotion, and how easy after all it is to be truly devoted to her and to the Sacred Heart.

*Through Mary's Intercession.*

**T**HE month of May will be a most suitable time to increase the enrolment in the Second Decree, a degree which is consecrated to the Immaculate Heart of Mary. Many Associates, who might hesitate to engage to say one Our Father and ten Hail Marys daily, would no doubt be willing to make this little offering for at least a month with the likely consequence of keeping it up afterwards. For it is incalculable what the effect of one month's devotion to Mary may have upon the life of anyone who is willing to place a not ungenerous heart within the range of her benign influence. Some favor long since asked, apparently fruitlessly and in vain, may at length be bestowed; some blessing that seemed hopelessly far away and out of reach may come at last to comfort a disconsolate heart and to crown with unspeakable joy a life of longing and waiting. What often has been again can be, and graces will continue to be granted through Mary's intercession, which to those who do not understand may seem

no more than a drop of rain falling upon a drooping lily, but they will be graces nevertheless, which shall enable drooping hearts to look up clear to God's highest heaven where He reigns, and to see His kindly and all-loving face reflected in well-nigh unbearable sorrows and trials.

*A Shrine Rebuilt.*

WE must remember that the hands of our Mother are full of wealth,—of peace for the fretful, of encouragement for the depressed and desolate, of food for hungry souls, of eternal waters for parched and fever-stricken hearts, of supply for spiritual want in every kind. If when at rare moments we look into our hearts only to find God's holy shrine dismantled and deranged, stript of its precious metals, ravaged by the fires of the senses, the fertile fields that once surrounded it all barren, its glorious hills laid waste, its pillars of grace shattered, its marble pavement strewn with "heaps of burnt rubbish"—we have only ourselves to blame, if by invoking Mary we do not cast off mistrust and gloom, and set to work to reconstruct that sacred sanctuary with "costly stones" of prayer and "mighty cedars" of self-surrender.

*Mary's Gifts and Fruits.*

WITH unabated bounty and love our dear Mother scatters her treasures broadcast, the whole Catholic earth is strewn with her gifts; the flowers of her own virtue and the enchanted fruit of her example grow wherever the eyes of faith can reach. These are no idle words. The seeds that our Blessed Lady has cast have not all fallen upon barren soil. They have realized fruit, rich, abundant, exuberant, in the saints and servants of the Sacred Heart; and it would ill become the members of the League of the Sacred Heart, who are consecrated to her by the bonds of love and reparation, to act as though some sad injunction had gone forth: Touch not her gifts, taste not her fruits, you who are her best-beloved children.

JOSEPH H. SMITH, S.J.

*We beg to call the attention of our readers to the announcement in our advertisement pages of Father Campbell's book, PIONEER PRIESTS OF NORTH AMERICA. The interesting and charmingly written monographs which long delighted the readers of THE MESSENGER are reprinted, supplemented by other sketches equally fascinating, in a truly personable and welcome volume.*

# Interests of the Heart of Jesus

## THE LAST INVOCATION AFTER MASS.



THE following is a translation of the decree by which our Holy Father, Pope Pius X, grants an indulgence of seven years and seven quarantines to the priest and faithful who add to the prayers after Low Mass the invocation "Most Sacred Heart of Jesus, have mercy on us."

"That the faithful, especially in the bitter trials of the present day, may the more fervently turn to the most Sacred Heart, continually pay to it the tribute of praise and reparation, and implore the divine mercy, requests have been made more than once to His Holiness, Pope Pius X, that to the prayers which by command of Pope Leo XIII, of holy memory, are wont to be recited after the celebration of low Mass, the following invocation might be added three times: 'Most Sacred Heart of Jesus, have mercy on us,' and some Indulgence granted for the priest and the others who recite it devoutly with him.

"His Holiness, who on account of the special devotion he has practised even from boyhood, has nothing more at heart than that the devotion of all peoples might daily increase more and more towards the most Sacred Heart of Jesus, in which are hidden the treasures of all graces, has most willingly granted these petitions; and therefore to all Christians who, together with the priest, shall add the above invocation to the prayers already prescribed after Low Mass, he has graciously deigned to grant an Indulgence of seven years and as many quarantines, applicable also to the souls in Purgatory."

## THE FAITH IN NEW ZEALAND.

The parable of the mustard seed is told again in the rapid growth of the Church in New Zealand from the small beginnings of seventy

years ago. In 1840 the white Catholics of the colony were not above 500 in a total population of some 5,000. To-day their numbers far exceed 100,000, with 230 churches, 190 priests, 60 religious brothers, 750 nuns, a provincial ecclesiastical seminary, 2 colleges for boys, 25 boarding schools for girls, 18 superior day schools, 15 charitable institutions, and 106 primary schools, in which some 8,000 children are nurtured into a full and wholesome development of the faculties that God has bestowed upon them.

#### LAY APOSTOLATE.

The perpetual parish census made by Promoters of the League of the Sacred Heart and inaugurated by a prominent League Director, is doubtless one of the most effective ways of initiating and stimulating the Lay Apostolate, so much needed nowadays. Besides proving a most valuable help to pastor and assistants in large parishes, it gives Promoters an occasion to make a complete canvass of the streets in the section assigned to them, to invite the persons who are not already Associates to join, at least, the first degree of the League, to secure others for the second and third degrees, to be on the alert for new Promoters, and to induce as many as possible to make each week the Holy Hour. By reorganizing their bands in such a way as to have all their members residents of the streets in their section, Promoters will be kept in touch with their Associates, and be able to secure the services of the best of them in their census work.

In our large city parishes, where so many of our Catholics are constantly moving from one section to another within the same parish, and from one parish to another, it is absolutely impossible for pastor and assistants to keep in touch with and to have always a complete and accurate list of their parishioners except by some such means as the perpetual census made by zealous Promoters. Furthermore, where a parish is properly divided into a fair number of districts, and each district subdivided into a good number of sections, it will not be hard for Promoters to look after their section, to report to the Archpromoters, or to the Secretary, the names of families or persons moving out of or into any of the streets in their sections.

BUTTE, MONT., March 26, 1908.

At the close of a mission given in St. Patrick's Church, Butte,



Mont., by the Dubuque Apostolate Fathers, one of the Mission Fathers addressed a meeting of Promoters. He complimented our Rev. Director, Father Follet, on having one of the best organized leagues he had ever seen, and concluded his remarks by urging all to greater zeal and activity in this glorious work of the League, which was bringing so many souls back to the Church.

#### A PROCESSION WITHOUT A PRIEST.

Not long ago, at the little village of Félines, in a remote and mountainous district of France, a landslide carried away woods, fields, dwellings and a considerable portion of the parish church. The part of the church which was left standing, was already tottering to its fall, and the villagers gathered around it in great anxiety, as the Blessed Sacrament was still in the Tabernacle, and likely to be buried in the ruins. There was no priest to remove it, as the curé had been called away to Lyons for the thirty days' service. It was only at peril of life that the sanctuary could be approached, and every one, moreover, felt a religious diffidence at presuming to touch the Blessed Sacrament. Finally, a villager, known for his virtuous life and piety was chosen. A large piece of pure white linen was put into his hands, and he made his way amid the falling stone and mortar, to the chancel, opened the Tabernacle, wrapped his hands in the linen and took forth the pyx, and folding it in the linen, brought it safely out of the church. The whole building collapsed a short time afterwards. A procession was then organized, and the faithful layman carried the Blessed Sacrament to the town hall and made of its reception room a temporary chapel, until a priest could be found to remove it to a neighboring church.

#### IN MADAGASCAR.

In the island of Madagascar where a heroic spirit of sacrifice is displayed for the spreading of the Catholic Faith, the Apostleship of Prayer is flourishing, and along with it the devotion to the Blessed Sacrament is greatly fostered.

Many associates pay frequent visits to Jesus in his holy Tabernacle. Eight groups have been formed for this purpose in Tananarivo, each containing thirty persons, half of whom belong to the Society of European Ladies. Every Friday forty members divide

among themselves the day hours for the adoration. Every week thirty take care of the daily Communion of Reparation. It is especially on Sundays that great honor is paid to the Sacred Heart.

A missionary writes: "During the thirty years that I have worked in the eastern part of Tananarivo, I have observed a slow but steady growth of the worship of the Blessed Sacrament. Quite a number of faithful have realized that Holy Communion is a powerful and supernatural means, a pledge of union with God and of perseverance in the discharge of Christian duties. Many undertake tiresome journeys to kneel down at the holy Table."

Another missionary: "The frequent Communion on Sundays, on feast-days, on the first Fridays, and on Saturdays in honor of the Immaculate Virgin, has brought about a great amelioration in the lives of the children and of the grown-up people. All heathen superstitions disappear in the places where devotion to the Blessed Sacrament flourishes."

## PROMOTERS' RECEPTIONS

Diplomas issued during the month of March, 1908, from the 1st to the 31st (inclusive).

| Diocese.          | Place.                | Local Centre.                           | No. |
|-------------------|-----------------------|---|-----|
| Baltimore.....    | Washington, D. C....  | St. Aloysius .....Church                | 21  |
| Baltimore.....    | Hydes, Md.....        | Catholic ..... "                        | 25  |
| Boston.....       | East Boston, Mass.... | Star of the Sea..... "                  | 100 |
| Chicago.....      | Chicago, Ills.....    | Holy Angels .....Academy                | 5   |
| Chicago.....      | Chicago, Ills.....    | St. Ignatius .....College               | 80  |
| Denver.....       | Denver, Colo.....     | Sacred Heart .....Church                | 1   |
| Detroit.....      | Jackson, Mich.....    | St. Mary's .....School                  | 1   |
| Indianapolis..... | Evansville, Ind.....  | Holy Trinity .....Church                | 3   |
| La Crosse.....    | Benton, Wis.....      | St. Patrick's ..... "                   | 5   |
| Leavenworth.....  | Leavenworth, Kan....  | St. Mary's .....Academy                 | 6   |
| Marquette.....    | Hermannsville, Mich.. | St. Mary's .....Church                  | 3   |
| Mobile.....       | Selma, Ala.....       | Our Lady of the Assump-<br>tion ..... " | 10  |
| New Orleans.....  | New Orleans, La....   | Sacred Heart .....Academy               | 3   |
| New York.....     | New York, N. Y....    | St. Augustine's .....Church             | 1   |
| New York.....     | N. Tarrytown, N. Y..  | St. Teresa's ..... "                    | 15  |
| New York.....     | Westchester, N. Y..   | St. Raymond's ..... "                   | 1   |
| Philadelphia..... | Philadelphia, Pa....  | Sacred Heart (Arch St.) Academy         | 5   |
| Rochester.....    | Rochester, N. Y....   | Sacred Heart ..... "                    | 9   |
| St. Joseph.....   | St. Joseph, Mo.....   | Sacred Heart ..... "                    | 5   |
| St. Louis.....    | St. Louis, Mo.....    | St. Joseph's .....Asylum                | 1   |
| San Antonio.....  | San Antonio, Tex....  | St. Louis ..... "                       | 1   |
| Seattle.....      | Spokane, Wash.....    | St. Gonzaza ..... "                     | 6   |

Total number of Receptions, 22.

Total number of Diplomas issued, 259.



"But He, laying His hands on every one of them, healed them."—Luke iv, 40.

## THANKSGIVINGS

Total number of Thanksgivings for last month, 2,982,022.

### SPECIAL FAVORS.

#### A Promoter's Inspiration.

*Escanaba, Mich.*—"Thanksgiving is offered to the Sacred Heart for the cure of a child who had been operated on for appendicitis. A Promoter to whom the child was unknown, visited the hospital and was told that the boy could not live many hours. The Promoter visited the chapel and whilst there felt inspired to pray for the boy's recovery, if it should be for God's glory. Not having an extra badge of the Sacred Heart with her, she obeyed an inspiration to give him the one she was wearing. The Sister Superior having pinned it on his garment, the boy's recovery was soon complete."

#### An Operation Averted.

*Galveston, Ga.*—"A young child was afflicted with a very sore eye and the doctor considered an operation necessary. The relatives of the child

were very much pained at the doctor's decision and at once had recourse to the Sacred Heart. They placed a badge on the eye and promised our Blessed Lord that they would have the favor published should the eye be cured without an operation. The following morning the child seemed to be perfectly well, but was taken to the doctor at the appointed hour. When the child's eye was examined, the physician declared that there was no longer any need of an operation. It was found that our dear Lord, the Friend of little ones, had heard the prayers which had been said and had spared the child. Several weeks have elapsed since this cure and through the frequent application of the badge the malady has not reappeared."

#### A Lost Husband.

*Cleveland, O.*—"A woman had not heard of her husband for several months; he had wandered away. She

started a novena to the Sacred Heart, beginning and ending the same with Holy Communion. As soon as she had finished, she got news of her husband. Overjoyed, the woman had a Mass said as a thanksgiving to the Sacred Heart."

#### Peace Restored.

*O., R. I.*—"I have been for years troubled in mind. A few weeks ago I became greatly distressed with doubts and fears, which I could not overcome. In my misery I began a novena to the Sacred Heart of our dear Lord for help and light, with promise of publication in the *MESSENGER* to encourage other poor souls who might be similarly afflicted. On the last day of the novena, fear left me, and peace was restored to my heart. I wish most lovingly to make public thanksgiving to our dear Lord for His mercy to me."

#### Saved From Death.

*Grand Palos, Canada.*—"I beg to return thanks to our Divine Lord through the *MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART* for the recovery of a brother who met with a terrible accident in a mill. He was brought home in a dying condition and was not expected to live more than a few hours. The priest who was sent for gave him conditional absolution and Extreme Unction. The physicians had no hope of his recovery. In this hopeless plight I pinned on him a badge of the Sacred Heart and prayed our Lord and the Blessed Virgin that he might regain sufficient consciousness to make his confession and receive the Viaticum. He recognized no one for three days. I then went to confession and Communion for his sake and promised several Masses for the souls in Purgatory. He at last grew better, and now he is well and strong, thanks to our dear Lord."

#### Boni's Grace.

"It was in a hospital where I had been called to nurse a private case. The poor man I had attended died after a few hours, much to my regret, without the grace of our Holy Faith. It was then my duty to return home; but before doing so I was ordered to look after a ward patient, for whose case the hospital was to pay the expenses.

"This man was an Italian. My first care was to ascertain whether he was a Catholic and had had the priest. The institution being non-Catholic and the attendants none too eager to call a priest, my inquiries met with the cold response that the patient had not asked for a priest and that none would be called until applied for.

"Not understanding Italian, I was obliged to wait the arrival of some friend of the patient to act as my interpreter. I meanwhile begged God that He would inspire one to call on Boni.

"Shortly after a friend, who could speak a little English, did come. I bade him ask Boni if he did not wish to see a priest.

"Filled seemingly with great delight at the mention of a priest, he expressed a desire to have one called. At my request, Boni's friend made the wish known to the head nurse. A priest was called, Boni received the last Sacraments with the greatest fervor and happiness and died a beautiful death. How I thank the Sacred Heart for having made me in some way the instrument of this blessing to a poor soul."

#### Back to Consciousness.

*New York City.*—"Sincere thanks are returned to the Sacred Heart of Jesus for the great grace granted to a young man of the parish on his death bed. The young man, who

had been away from the Sacraments for years, had been drinking heavily and when the priest was sent for he was very near death. The physician declared that he could do nothing towards bringing him back to consciousness. The only hope was in prayer and, it being Saturday evening, many of the people of the parish remembered the young man in their prayers, at the request of the priest. Communion was offered up and publication promised in the *Messenger* if God would grant him the grace to make a good confession. To the great joy of the family and the surprise of the doctor, he regained consciousness, made his confession and received Viaticum. As we feel certain that this was a special manifestation of the infinite mercy of the Sacred Heart in answer to prayer, we wish it published to increase confidence in that loving Heart.

### GENERAL FAVORS.

For many of these favors Mass and publication were promised; for others the Badge or the Promoter's Cross was used; for others again a novena to the Sacred Heart was made; for others still the prayers of the Associates had been asked.

**CALIFORNIA.**—*Los Angeles*, the obtaining of a good business location; *Monterey*, the overcoming of some dangerous temptations, the restoration of peace of mind and soul; *San Diego*, assistance in a very great necessity; *San Francisco*, the restoration of eyesight, the return of a young man to the Sacraments after five years of neglect, escape from death in a very serious accident.

**CONNECTICUT.**—*Hartford*, a friend's recovery without operation; *New Haven*, the return to his religious duties of a man years away from the Sacraments, the happy death of one

who was reclaimed after years of religious indifference.

**FLORIDA.**—*Tampa*, the securing of a situation.

**GEORGIA.**—*Atlanta*, preservation from diphtheria; *Macon*, preservation from threatened death.

**IDAHO.**—*Nampa*, the conversion and holy death of a man sixty-four years old who had never been to confession.

**ILLINOIS.**—*Chicago*, the preservation of seven persons from injury, a sister's cure, reconciliation between a brother and a sister, the finding of a lost boy, the grace of a happy death, instant relief from pain around the heart, a child's recovery from scarlet fever; *Oconee*, recovery from sickness where hope had been given up by physicians; *Odell*, the favorable disposing of some property; *Oak Park*, recovery from severe illness; *Ottawa*, a young man's conversion, the wonderful preservation of two lives; *Red Bud*, the finding of a purse containing two valued rosaries.

**INDIANA.**—*Fort Wayne*, recovery.

**IOWA.**—*Ionia*, partial payment made of a long-standing debt, a brother's restoration to health; *Monticello*, a brother's return to his religious duties and relief from a serious affliction; *Oekwein*, the obtaining of home employment.

**KENTUCKY.**—*Covington*, a cousin's recovery from a serious accident and return to God, a nephew's improvement in health; *Hunnewell*, the receiving of two important letters; *Louisville*, the cure of a child two months old of the whooping cough; *Ludlow*, cure of sciatica.

**LOUISIANA.**—*Algiers*, the recovery of two persons from serious illness, success in examination, the recovery of a gold watch, the securing of a position, a son's wonderful restoration to health; *New Orleans*, the find-

ing of a sum of money, grace of a conversion and of a vocation, preservation from threatened sickness, recovery from illness without a surgical operation, the cessation of epileptic spells since the wearing of a Sacred Heart pin, a mother's cure, the speedy recovery from influenza of a friend and several members of a family, cure of case of diphtheria, great success in a spiritual and temporal undertaking, success of an operation, great relief from nervousness, preservation from a storm; *Olla*, help in time of great need.

MARYLAND.—*Baltimore*, preservation of home, neighboring church and school from fire, a brother's conversion, the obtaining of a good position; *Libertytown*, the cure of a desperate case of typhoid fever; *Owings Mills*, an increase in salary.

MASSACHUSETTS.—*Chelsea*, a brother's return to his religious duties after two years' neglect; *Dorchester*, a sister's restoration to health, the retaining of a necessary income; *Everett*, a woman's return to her religious duties after twenty years of neglect; *Lenox*, a position obtained, recovery from the croup.

MICHIGAN.—*Hubbell*, a mother's recovery from a serious illness.

MINNESOTA.—*Elizabeth*, the conversion and happy death of a Protestant father, a young wife's return to the practice of religion.

MISSOURI.—*Kirkwood*, the securing of a position; *Kansas City*, preservation from sudden death, a good position obtained and recovery from the grippe; *St. Louis*, the retaining of a position through trying ordeal, reconciliation between two brothers, employment obtained in time of need, a conversion, a return to God after twenty-five or thirty years' neglect of the Sacraments, the restoration of peace in a family, the escape from

serious trouble in two cases, the happy solution of a difficulty, the obtaining of employment from an unlooked-for source; *Slater*, a wonderful cure of headaches.

MONTANA.—*Boseman*, a father's recovery from serious illness.

NEBRASKA.—*Falls City*, restoration to health; *Omaha*, the obtaining of great financial aid, the settlement of a serious legal case.

NEW JERSEY.—*Englewood*, a child's recovery from a serious illness; *Hoboken*, restoration to health; *Jersey City*, the return of an Associate to religious duties neglected for five years; *Newark*, a position obtained for daughter, grace of a happy death for a young man; *Trenton*, the securing of a position.

NEW YORK.—*Batavia*, the success of pupils in recent examinations; *Binghamton*, a recent cure; *Bridge-water*, unexpected success in examinations; *Brooklyn*, a friend's return to the Sacraments, a brother's recovery from a dangerous operation, grace of a happy death for a brother who had long neglected the Sacraments, the restoration to health without operation; *Buffalo*, relief from severe pain; *Long Island City*, success in an examination; *Massena Springs*, success in a business undertaking; *New York City*, the obtaining of a position, the conversion of a friend after fourteen years of prayer for that object, a brother's return to the Sacraments, the conversion of an uncle, the conversion of a Presbyterian lady after wearing for a time the Sacred Heart badge, the restoration to health, employment obtained for six persons, the retaining of a position, grace for Mission made by one who had neglected his duties for many years, recovery from accident, recovery from fever and sa' journey, a reconciliation between

mother and her wayward son, recovery from a surgical operation, several business successes, improvement in a child's condition, financial aid and light of faith given to an unbeliever, three positions obtained, restoration of health, success in an examination, conversion of one after twenty years of waywardness, unexpected employment obtained; *Poughkeepsie*, speedy relief from pain; *Rochester*, relief from a severe cough; *Sanquoit*, recovery from a severe hurt; *Syracuse*, recovery from a troublesome disease; *Utica*, recovery from typhoid fever; *Westchester*, cure of nervous trouble, relief from troublesome affliction; *Whitehall*, restoration to health, success in four examinations; *Yonkers*, reconciliation between friends, unexpected success in examination.

OHIO.—*C.*, relief from nervousness, improved health of parents and grace of vocation; *Canton*, four conversions, two reformations, three happy deaths, two reconciliations, success in business, the averting of a scandal, a relative's cure; *Cincinnati*, the reform of four persons addicted to drink, the return of three persons to their religious duties, the regaining of peace of conscience; *Circleville*, success in examination, a mother's recovery from serious illness; *Cleveland*, the speedy recovery of a young girl threatened with typhoid fever, the recovery of a very sick child, grace of health and strength to attend Mass, a conversion, the happy termination of what seemed a hopeless lawsuit, the obtaining of a position of trust; *Dayton*, the cure of a sore ear; *Findlay*, the securing of employment; *Springfield*, recovery of two persons from serious illness, the obtaining of employment, relief from acute pain; *Thompsonville*, three pupils' success in examination; *Toledo*,

success in an undertaking; *Woodsfield*, recovery from the grippe and preservation from pneumonia.

PENNSYLVANIA.—*Freeport*, a husband's relief from pain; *Herman*, cure of painful sickness, peaceful death of a brother; *Ingram*, success in examination; *Lancaster*, a father's recovery from illness; *Philadelphia*, a religious vocation, the recovery of several persons seriously ill, the conversion of two persons, the being retained in a position under difficulties, health of a person threatened with a dangerous disease, the obtaining of a position; *Pittsburg*, the locating of a friend after fifteen years of separation, instant relief from pain in the heart, the obtaining of a good position; *Scranton*, relief from melancholia; *Sharon Hill*, cure of nervous prostration and great improvement in health; *Williamsport*, cure of a child.

SOUTH CAROLINA.—*Johnston*, a little boy's recovery.

TEXAS.—*Chattanooga*, a cure of two religious and of a non-Catholic; *Dallas*, the disappearance of an ulcer; *El Paso*, the return to God of two lukewarm Catholics; *Galveston*, relief from great anxiety; *Houston*, recovery from alarming illness.

VIRGINIA.—*Alexandria*, complete cure of deafness after novena.

WEST VIRGINIA.—*Alumbridge*, immediate relief from excruciating pain; *Wheeling*, preservation from a threatened flood, substantial aid.

WISCONSIN.—*Milwaukee*, the retaining of consciousness until the last Sacraments had been administered, cure of a child's eye; *Mineral Point*, recovery from painful ailment without medical aid; *Racine*, preservation from serious illness.

Thanks are also expressed by Promoters and Associates for many other spiritual and temporal favors, not sufficiently specified for insertion.

## OBITUARY

Ah! there are few men in the world can say  
 They had a dream which they do not dream still;  
 Few fountains in the heart which cease to play,  
 When those whose touch evoked them at their will  
 Sit there no more: and I my dreams fulfil,  
 When to high Heaven my tongue still nightly bears  
 Old names like broken music in my prayers.—FABER.

The Rev. Thomas B. Chambers, S.J., Cincinnati, O.  
 The Reverend Mother Aimée de Jesu.

|                            |                            |                          |
|----------------------------|----------------------------|--------------------------|
| Allard, Mrs. F., Ill.      | Giersch, Mrs., N. J.       | McGrath, Rev. J., S.J.   |
| Anysia, Sr. M., Cal.       | Gorman, Mary, Ill.         | McHugh, Nicholas, N.Y.   |
| Bernard, Mrs., S. D.       | Guilfoil, Frank, N. J.     | McNulty, James, Pa.      |
| Blandina, Sr. M., Cal.     | Harkins, James, Pa.        | Mitchell, Mrs., N. J.    |
| Bliss, Francis C., N. Y.   | Hefferman, Mary, Ill.      | Mulcahy, Mrs., N. J.     |
| Bossing, Mary, Pa.         | Heinrichs, Fr. Leo, O.F.M. | Noonan, Alice, R. I.     |
| Bowen, George, Pa.         | Hennessey, David, N. Y.    | Novel, Miss Louise, N.Y. |
| Brennen, Jane, N. Y.       | Holland, Owen, Pa.         | O'Hare, Katherine, N. J. |
| Burns, Mary J., Pa.        | Jacobs, Jos., Pa.          | O'Neil, Frank, Mo.       |
| Carroll, Christopher, N.J. | Johnson, Mr. G., N. Y.     | O'Sullivan, Sr., M. U-   |
| Connolly, Hannah, Mass.    | Kearins, Elizabeth, N. J.  | sula, Tex.               |
| Cook, Margaret, Pa.        | Kelleher, Wm., N. Y.       | Pridgeon, Mary L., D. C. |
| Cunningham, John, Pa.      | Kelly, Rev. P. J., Pa.     | Reenan, Thos., Pa.       |
| David, Sr. M., Cal.        | Kennedy, Ellen, Ill.       | Reilly, John, N. Y.      |
| Dillon, Laurence, Ill.     | Kerwin, Rev. E., Ala.      | Ryan, Ellen, N. J.       |
| Doering, Rosalia, Mo.      | Kinnaugh, Mar'get, N.J.    | Sandmeyer, Mrs. H., Ill. |
| Downey, Mary, S. D.        | Kirwan, Rev. E., Ala.      | Scott, Mary I., D. C.    |
| Dunn, Wm., Mo.             | Kleindinst, Mrs. V., Mo.   | Shea, Mrs., Mass.        |
| Dwyer, Michael, N. J.      | Kuhn, Jacob, Ind.          | Sheahan, Harry, N. Y.    |
| Edridge, Mrs. N.C., Minn.  | Lamasney, Mary, Cal.       | Smith, Thos., Pa.        |
| Egan, Mary, D. C.          | Lamoneux, Paul, S. D.      | Stack, Julia, Ia.        |
| Eritter, Adam, Pa.         | Lansy, Margaret, Mass.     | Storck, Jacob, Pa.       |
| Farmer, Annie, Ill.        | Larisy, Margaret, Mass.    | Strahler, Frank, Ohio.   |
| Farrell, Mrs., N. J.       | Lemon, Jane, N. Y.         | Sweeney, Dennis, Mass.   |
| Feeley, Mr., Mass.         | Lynch, Ambrose, Mo.        | Sweeney, P. J., N. Y.    |
| Finnegan, John, Pa.        | Lynch, Francis, Mo.        | Sweeney, Wm., Ill.       |
| Flavin, Mrs. Mary, Ill.    | Lyons, Anna, Pa.           | Sweeney, Wm., Mass.      |
| French, Mary, Ill.         | McCarthy, Mr. J., Mo.      | Walsh, Nora, Mass.       |
| Gaimon, M., Pa.            | McCue, John, Pa.           | Warren, M. F., Mass.     |
| Genan, Joseph, D. C.       | McDonald, Honoria, Cal.    | Williams, Mrs., Cal.     |

R. I. P.

Kind reader, pray for their souls and the souls of all the Faithful departed.

Still with me, still with me, my Guardian most dear!  
 But ah! I have wearied your patience I fear.  
 You have watched over me since my first feeble breath,  
 You will watch till these eyes close forever in death.  
 But your care and my peril must now soon be past:  
 How near is the day God has fixed as my last!  
 Be with me, be with me, dear Angel till then—  
 And oh! how I'll thank you in heaven! Amen.

FATHER MATTHEW RUSSELL, S.J.



## BOOK NOTICES

*Eucharistic Soul Elevations*, Benziger Bros. 50 cents.

It is never too late to publish a little book like this, and Father Stadelman, the Redemptorist, deserves ample thanks for his devout little compilation of thoughts and texts suitable for Holy Communion. The meditations consist of preparation and thanksgiving, with aspirations and "souvenirs" taken from Holy Writ. To use a phrase which we have found very serviceable in the case of the MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART, "the small price should bring it within the reach of all."

*"In Thy Courts."* Translated from the French of Louis Vignat, S.J., by Matthew L. Fortier, S.J. Price, cloth 40 cents; paper, 25c; per 100 copies, \$20. Longmans, Green & Co., 91 and 93 Fifth Ave. New York and London.

Since the agitations of the Friar troubles in the Philippine Islands and of the expatriation of religious men and women from France, the words "religious," "religious life," "vocation to religion" have been very frequently used in all our periodicals, with no little confusion to many non-Catholic readers and writers. Even Catholics have at times employed these terms in a way to betray a lack of accurate knowledge of the precise meaning they convey to such as are thoroughly conversant with that Catholic product, the "religious state." Dictionaries and books of reference cannot give the needed definitions, as they do not deal with theological subjects from an exclusively Catholic viewpoint. Yet, if non-Catholics are to understand their Catholic neighbors the subject in question they must

be instructed, and as all fair-minded readers are willing to correct ill-defined notions, it is with pleasure that we call their attention to a booklet which during the past year was translated into English from the French of Louis Vignat, S.J.

To supply the needs of French youth in quest of guiding principles was the aim of Father Vignat, the learned author of the original; but the need of the general public would have been an all-sufficient reason for placing within the reach of French and especially English readers this valuable little treatise on the divine call to a life in religion.

Furthermore, this comprehensive study of "The Call of Christ to a Life in Religion" has so much intrinsic merit that it places the whole subject before the mind of the inquirer within an hour and carries with it the security in theological teaching which the authority of its learned author gives it.

The book, of which a third reprint is now in press, has the approval of the highest ecclesiastical authorities, among whom we find Cardinal Gibbons, the Apostolic Delegate, the Archbishops of New York and Manila, the Jesuit Provincial, Very Rev. Fr. Joseph F. Hanselman, and the superiors of various orders and communities of men and women.

*The Ecclesiastical Year* for Catholic Schools. From the German of Rev. Andreas Petz. M. H. Wiltzius Co., Milwaukee and New York.

This handy and cheap book of 275 pages contains an immense amount of information on subjects with which every Catholic should be acquainted. Why Portiuncula is so called, what the vestments signify, why the collects are said at Mass,

the meaning of the various functions in the administration of the sacraments,—all these things are clearly explained in an English garb that is but rarely suggestive of the language in which Father Petz first put forth his *Katholische Kirchenjahr*.

*The Guild Boys' Play at Ridingdale*, by Rev. David Bearne, S.J. Benziger Bros., New York. Price, 85 cents.

The writing of a good Catholic story is indeed part of a timely apostleship, and it is perhaps one of the best ways of meeting our modern Catholics, especially in America. Everything that comes from Father Bearne's facile pen is sure to be elevating; we are certain that any boy who reads his many beautiful stories will be a far better Catholic when the last chapter is completed. "*The Guild Boys' Play at Ridingdale*" is no exception; Lance and his friends are types of the really good Catholic boy,—full of manliness and sincerity—with a charming dash of philanthropy. Yet we are afraid that this story will not take among the average American youth; to him there is something unreal in boys of fifteen accurately quoting Tennyson in their ordinary conversation; or having the humdrum events of life reminders of "*The Old Curiosity Shop*," the "fat boy" in "*Pickwick*," or even of rare Jack Falstaff.

We are sorry to have to admit that many even past fifteen do not as a rule draw the subtle distinction between "inconsistencies" and "incongruities," or at least do not fight about it; like the corpulent and amiable youth in the good-natured but busy class-room, they prefer to advance at once "on to the meaning" in the plainest possible terms,—even to the extent of sometimes using very wickedly and very horribly, of

course, but nevertheless very boyishly, the most commonplace expressions. Perhaps we ought to wish that this were not the case, but we must meet our boys as they are.

The fourth chapter of the book before us is by far the most interesting. There is a touching description of the real English Christmas, and Father Bearne's portrayal is so vivid that with Mr. Levenport and the Colonel, we, too, are forced to listen to the beautiful Xmas carol of the waits.

We sincerely hope that this book will spread far and wide, and that many a Catholic American boy may find restful, profitable recreation in reading this or any other book of the good Father.

*Proverbs*. Herder. \$1.00.

B. Herder, of St. Louis, has published a handy volume of *Proverbs* carefully got together from various sources by C. F. O'Leary. The book contains hundreds of touchstones of our mother tongue, all numbered, with many apothegms, maxims and saws from other languages, neatly robed in our own vernacular or briefly disentangled for the advantage of those whose classical studies have been curtailed by the shortcomings of the elective system. We can well fancy that lawyers, doctors or bank receivers would enjoy glancing through this book at idle moments, while men and women who like to "scintillate" when others gape, can here find a profusion of sparkles exactly suitable for the hour after dinner-time. Editors, too, especially when they are suffering from brain-fag and find it necessary to copy from other magazines without acknowledging, will be aided and relieved by this book, and they will, no doubt, be glad to give a warm reception to its many interesting specimens from the glacial period.

# CALENDAR OF MONTHLY INTENTIONS

## MAY 1908.

### THE MORNING OFFERING

O Jesus, through the Immaculate Heart of Mary, I offer Thee my prayers, works and sufferings of this day for all the intentions of Thy Sacred Heart, in union with the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass throughout the world, for the intentions of all our Associates and in particular for **Devotion to Mary.**

| DATE.  | FEASTS AND PATRONS.  | VIRTUES.                   | PETITIONS.                        |
|--------|--|----------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| 1 F.   | First Friday—SS. Philip and James, Ap. A. I. 1st D.  | Surrender to Virtue.       | 2,982,092 for thanksgivings.      |
| 2 S.   | St. Athanasius.  | Resistance to Error.       | 1,392,215 for the afflicted.      |
| 3 S.   | Second after Easter—Finding of the Holy Cross, Ap.   | Sign of the Cross.         | 1,325,301 for the sick.           |
| 4 M.   | St. Monica. Pr.  | Perseverance in Prayer.    | 1,607,118 for dead Associates.    |
| 5 T.   | St. Pius, V. P. C. (O. P. 1579)  | Devotion to the Rosary.    | 749,357 for Local Centres.        |
| 6 W.   | St. John before the Latin Gate.  | Meekness.                  | 688,611 for Directors.            |
| 7 Th.  | St. Stanislaus, Bp. M. (1079) H. H.  | Meekness.                  | 992,847 for Promoters.            |
| 8 F.   | Apparition of St. Michael, Archangel.  | Victory over the Devil.    | 1,760,110 for the departed.       |
| 9 S.   | St. Gregory Nazianzen, Bp., C. D. (395)  | Good Company.              | 1,594,625 for perseverance.       |
| 10 S.  | Third after Easter—Patronage of St. Joseph, 2d D.  | Prudence.                  | 1,818,020 for the young.          |
| 11 M.  | St. Francis Hieronymo, C. (S. J. 1716)   | Zeal.                      | 722,661 for First Communions.     |
| 12 T.  | SS. Nereus and Compa. MM. (1st Cent.)—St. Epiphanius, Bp. C. (499)   | Pity for Sinners.          | 954,091 for parents.              |
| 13 W.  | St. John the Silent.   | Silence.                   | 1,142,507 for families.           |
| 14 Th. | St. Pachomius, Ab. C. (348) H. H.  | Desire of Perfection.      | 1,629,027 for reconciliations.    |
| 15 F.  | St. John Baptist de la Salle.  | Loyalty to Church.         | 1,511,823 for work, means.        |
| 16 S.  | St. Ubaldus, Bp. C. (1160).  | Simplicity.                | 1,969,963 for the clergy.         |
| 17 S.  | Fourth after Easter—St. Pascal Baylon, C. (Minorite, 1592) C. R.   | Love of the Bl. Sacrament. | 1,912,123 for religious.          |
| 18 M.  | St. Venatius, Boy Martyr (350)—St. Felix of Cantalice, C. (O. M. C. 1687)                                    | Thanksgiving.              | 555,222 for seminarists, novices. |
| 19 T.  | St. Peter Celestine, P. C. (1296)—St. Yvo, C. (1308).  | Prayer.                    | 521,666 for vocations.            |
| 20 W.  | St. Bernardine of Sienna, Minorite (1444).   | Reverence of Holy Name.    | 1,027,251 for parishes.           |
| 21 Th. | St. Hospitius, Hermit (581) H. H.  | Mortification.             | 442,610 for schools.              |
| 22 F.  | St. Julia.   | Sincere Confession.        | 956,785 for superiors.            |
| 23 S.  | Bl. Andrew Bobola (S. J. 1657)   | Spirit of Martyrdom.       | 776,363 for missions, retreats.   |
| 24 S.  | Fifth after Easter—Our Lady Help of Christians, A. S.  | Confidence in Our Lady.    | 297,665 for societies, works.     |
| 25 M.  | Rogation Day—St. Gregory VII, P. C. (O. S. B. 1058). Pr.   | True Reform.               | 1,215,421 for conversions.        |
| 26 T.  | Rogation Day—St. Philip Neri, C. F. (Oratorians, 1596).  | Spiritual Joy.             | 694,250 for sinners.              |
| 27 W.  | Rogation Day—St. Mary Magdalen of Pazzi, V. (1607).  | Patience.                  | 1,281,018 for the intemperate.    |
| 28 Th. | Ascension of Our Lord—St. Augustine, Bp. C.—Apostle of England (605)—St. Germanus, Bp. C. (576). H. H. A. I. | Mercy.                     | 8,621,526 for spiritual favors.   |
| 29 F.  | St. Maximus, Bp. (349).  | Virtue.                    | 1,726,217 for temporal favors.    |
| 30 S.  | St. Felix I, P. M. (274)—St. Ferdinand, K. C. (Spain 1252).  | Magnanimity.               | 1,696,775 for special, various.   |
| 31 S.  | Whit in the Octave of Ascension—St. Angela Merici, V. F. (Ursulines 1440)—St. Petronilla V. (1st Cent.).     | Filial Piety.              | For Messenger readers.            |

**PLENARY INDULGENCE.**—Ap.—Apostleship; D—Degrees; Pr.—Promoters; C. R.—Communion of Reparation; H. H.—Holy Hour; A. I.—Apostolic Indulgence; A. S.—Apostleship of Study.



# MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART

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THE SUMMER HOME.

**ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION OF LITTLE FRIENDS OF POOR CHILDREN  
AND OF OTHER OLDER FRIENDS TO THE  
FRESH AIR FUND**

*Of the Mission of Our Lady of Loretto, 303 Elizabeth Street, New York,  
Rev. W. H. Walsh, S.J., Rector*

Seven Springs Mountain Camp, a Summer Home for boys of the Jesuit Mission of Our Lady of Loretto, 303 Elizabeth street, is located near Monroe, N. Y., on the Erie Railroad, about fifty miles from New York. Its situation near the top of the Schunemunk Mountain is an ideal one, and has long been famous for its healthfulness, for its never failing springs and for the beautiful view it commands of the surrounding country. Two old stone buildings and a frame cottage, formerly used for a hotel but now much out of repair, are splendidly adapted to the purpose for which the property was secured, and can be put in excellent condition for children's summer use for a very moderate outlay.

Here, during the hot months, boys of the crowded tenements are taken in relays of fifty, each boy being kept two weeks in this pure mountain air, with nourishing food, and plenty of milk to drink. The more delicate children are kept longer. No more than fifty are taken at a time in order that each one may be known personally and by name, and may receive the individual care and attention which such children require. In this way a solid moral benefit as well as physical improvement is secured by their stay in the country. Their manners at table and at play are directed kindly; they are taught consideration for others, and obedience to authority, and improper language and other like bad example are guarded against by the penalty of a prompt return to the city.

The expense for each boy's outing of two weeks, including everything, amounts to about ten dollars, and it is hoped that by this appeal a sufficient sum will be raised to permit 250 children to be received during ten weeks of the summer.

Subscriptions for this purpose are to be mainly in the names of children. Those who are more favored in their home surroundings by a kind Providence, can thus be taught in a practical way, that God loves all children, and is solicitous about them; and that it is the duty, and should be the delight of those who have means, to make the lives of the poor more endurable. These subscribers will be called the Little Friends of Poor Children, and it is suggested that the amount of the subscription be five dollars, about the cost of sending and keeping one child in the country for one week. The names of departed children may be put on the list.

Other subscriptions and donations, large or small, from adult friends and sympathizers of poor children, are also earnestly solicited for greatly needed repairs and improvements to the buildings and for the paying off of the mortgage of \$6,000, which now encumbers this beautiful property. Kindly send subscriptions to

REV. W. H. WALSH, S.J.,  
303 Elizabeth Street, New York

Dear Rev. FATHER WALSH,

I enclose.....for your Fresh Air Fund.

Name .....

Address .....



THE FIRST WORSHIPPER OF THE SACRED HEART.

## The First Worshipper of the Sacred Heart

AND that First Worshipper was Mary, the Mother of Jesus. She it was who first worshipped that divine symbol of love and its infinite wealth of affection, the Sacred Heart.

When Gabriel winged his flight to earth from heaven's lofty heights, and Mary gave her consent to be the Mother of Him who had created her, and when she felt within the tabernacle of her bosom, the Divine Child, then from a created soul went forth the first act of worship to the Sacred Heart of Jesus. For nine peaceful months she prayed and worshipped, and no human mind may conceive the intimacy between those two loving hearts. All the multiplied acts of adoration of the spirits about God's throne could not compare with His Mother's first act of love for her Child.

But the day so longed for by the Mother was to come when she could clasp the Divine Infant in her arms and look into His face and see in His young eyes, some, at least, of the love that dwelt in His Heart. Joseph worshipped that night at the crib and so did the angels who hovered about the cold, bleak stable on Bethlehem's ridge. The simple shepherds at heaven's bidding came and knelt in loving adoration; but none worshipped as did the Mother. She knew better than all others, the secrets, the deep recesses of the love of the Heavenly Child. She needed not that His Heart be dug deep by the spear thirty-three years hence, to learn the story of its unrequited love. None but the Godhead entered more fully into the life and the throbbing of that Sacred Heart. So none could worship with a fuller, deeper, holier love.

Surely the members of the League, during this month, will grow in that love, and after the example of the Mother, will worship with a fuller, deeper and holier worship. They, too, will strive by prayer and good example, in season and out of season, to spread that divine fire which ever burns in the Master's breast, and to enkindle which in the hearts of men was the reason of his toiling, suffering and dying.

# Messenger of the Sacred Heart

VOL. XII.

JUNE, 1908.

No. 6



## DEVOTION TO THE SACRED HEART.



OUR entire spiritual life necessarily centres in our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ. "Whosoever the body shall be, there also shall the eagles be gathered together." But there is so deep a depth "of grace and of truth" in the Second Person of the ever Blessed Trinity, become man for our sake, that many special devotions naturally spring up in the hearts of the faithful and cluster about our Blessed Lord. Some love to consider Him as a little child. "You shall find the Infant wrapped in swaddling clothes," and they do find Him so, and thus the devotion to the Holy Infancy becomes part and parcel of their lives. Christ is their Brother. Other some rather follow Him along the blood-stained way of the cross. Their lives have been over-shaded with sorrow, and He was the Man of Sorrows. Thus the devotion to the Passion of Christ buds forth in their hearts, and for them our Lord is their bleeding Redeemer. Those who really practise the devotion to the Sacred Heart bring out in bold relief this most consoling truth, that Christ is not only our Brother and our Redeemer, but also our personal Friend. It was our Blessed Lord Himself who sounded the key-note of this devotion, when He said, as we read in St. John's Gospel: "I will not now call you servants, but I have called you friends, because, all things whatsoever I have heard of my Father, I have made known to you." St. John, 15: 15. To un-



bosom one's soul completely, to keep nothing back: this is a real test of friendship. Our Lord kept nothing back from us. But true friendship must be reciprocal; it cannot be merely one-sided. St. Paul tells us how he himself responded to the loving invitation to be Christ's friend. First, he was absolutely convinced of our Lord's personal love for him. "I live," he writes to the Galatians, "in the faith of the Son of God, who loved me, and delivered Himself up for me." Gal. 2: 20. Next He brought that love right down into his daily life. Christ had said: "If you love me, keep my commandments, . . . and the second commandment is like unto the first: Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."

St. Paul responded fully to the divine friendship; so fully that he could say with absolute truth: "I live, now not I; but Christ liveth in me." Gal. 2: 20. And he could add, "most gladly will I spend myself, and be spent for your souls, although loving you more, I be loved less," 2 Cor., 12: 15. The love of Christ was the sole motive—power of all his actions, he needed no return from creatures. The devotion to the Sacred Heart is therefore no new devotion. It began in fact when the Heart of Jesus started to beat, and when its only adorer outside of the angelic choirs, was the Virgin Mother. The devotion to the Sacred Heart is of the very essence of Christianity. To many of us, alas, religion is hardly more than a grand statue, beautiful indeed, but cold as stone. The hard word "duty" is the mainspring of our practices of piety. "I suppose I must receive Holy Communion once a year, or three or four times a year," are words that often fall from Catholic lips, but they could not ever be uttered by those who have a devotion to the Sacred Heart. These latter cry out, even as of old, David did: "As the hart panteth after the fountains of water, so my soul panteth after Thee, O God. My soul hath thirsted after the strong living God." Ps. 41: 1. Surely this spirit, not of the slave but of the son, this spirit not of unwillingness but of alacrity, this spirit not of fear but of love, is the truly Christian spirit and this it is which is fostered by the devotion to the Sacred Heart.

Then, too, in this beautiful and consoling devotion, we have an antidote for the peculiar dangerous tendencies of our day and country. God to many of the men and women whom we hourly meet, has become a very far-off being, wrapped in the mists of eternity. There are

always, in fact, in the busy world in which we live, a thousand blind men to one who can see. All indeed have eyes, but not all have vision. The things which we most need are often the nearest to us, while, with sightless orbs, we go on groping towards some distant region, in search of the crystal water to slake our thirst. The crowds that pressed upon each other's heels at the fords of the Jordan, were all longing for the Messiah, but only one, the Son of the Desert, pierced the husk of things, and, in the carpenter's son before him, beheld "the Lamb of God who taketh away the sins of the World." It is the same to-day. Some are searching for Him only in the records of His ways with men, many are hoping to find Him in another world. There are some busily engaged describing Him as He was or as He will be, but then fail completely in their search when it comes to seeing Him as He is. They do not stop to think we need God in the present tense; we need God to-day in our homes, in our school-rooms, in our streets. Strange to say, these very men and women who see so little when they look towards Christ, seem to have high-power magnifying lenses in their eye-sockets when they gaze at earthly things. In their individual "storm-at-sea," they view Christ as a ghostly thing, but on the other hand, the lashing storm is intensely real to them—too real, alas; the high winds are real, the waves, rising mountain-high, are real, but Christ, walking peacefully on sorrows' sea, is only a phantom.

The devotion to the Sacred Heart reverses this sad state of things. It makes Christ our real, living, breathing Friend: whereas the storm becomes less real. It takes holiness out of the region of cold abstraction and clothes it with flesh and blood; opens up for it the shortest and broadest way to all our sympathies, and gives it the firmest hold on all the springs of human action. Yes, the full realization of the love of Jesus Christ for me, and my full return of personal love for Him: this is the true devotion to the Sacred Heart. It is this that transforms individual character, to know that He is by my side: it is this that makes His voice sweet to my ears—it is His voice,—however harsh its accents might otherwise sound: it is this that solves the mighty problems that are confronting us on all sides, for His personal love is imparted to the hard-handed son of toil beside me, just as it is to me.

Why is there, in point of fact, so much unrest around about us?

Why is the number of suicides increasing so rapidly in our country? More than ten thousand last year; ten thousand men and women like ourselves, whom Christ loved with a personal love, just as He loves us. Why did they conclude that life was not worth living? Ah, it was only because they had not been taught to bring home to themselves the great central fact, that Christ really meant what He said when he uttered for all time those most consoling words: "Come to Me, all ye that labor and are burdened, and I will refresh you." John, 11: 30. It was because these men and women had accepted the vain teaching of the so-called advanced thinkers of the day, that man is only "a wandering molecule of sorrow, in a world of dreams," and that God is only "one of these dreams projected upon nothingness." It was because they had been endeavoring to satisfy their immortal souls with a mere life of science or art, or literature, or politics, or worse—of crime, and their sad ending only proved man's inability to appease with finite husks the infinite hunger within him. Meantime our Blessed Lord was repeating and repeating with the monotony of love: "Come to me." A mother might forget her child, but I could never forget you.

"Blessed is He," says the book of Ecclesiasticus, "who findeth a true friend," and although this is verified even in human friendship, for a true human friend is indeed a mighty blessing, still it attains its full and perfect realization only when the friend is Christ the Lord—in the devotion to His Sacred Heart. It has been truly said by a recent writer, that "the very breakdown of human friendship often leads out to a larger and more permanent love. All human intercourse, blessed and helpful as it may be, must necessarily be fragmentary and partial. We must, each of us, discover that there is an infinite in us, which only the infinite can match and supply. Man, it is true, is capable of the highest heights of love: but man can never take the place of God, and without God, life is shorn of its glory and divested of its real meaning."

"The limitations and losses of earthly friendship," continues the same writer, "are meant to drive us to the higher friendship. Life is an education in love, but the education is not complete till we have learned to love the Eternal."

The devotion to the Sacred Heart is this education in practice. The test of true love is action: "If you love Me, keep my commandments."

When the little maiden of Nazareth gave her answer to the message of infinite love brought to her by the angel, she summed up in that answer the practical part of the devotion to the Sacred Heart: "Be it done unto me according to Thy word." When St. Paul turned from hate to love, and from an enemy became a friend of Jesus Christ, his first words had the same clear ring to them as those of the Blessed Virgin's: "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?" In both cases, action included great suffering for Christ.

Finally, the friendship of Christ is not stopped by death which destroys so many of this earth's strongest ties. The friendship of Christ overlaps the years and the grave, and provided we, on our part, do not deliberately wreck this glorious friendship, we shall be able to exclaim even as St. Paul did: "I am sure that neither death nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height nor depth, nor any other creature shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus, our Lord."

WILLIAM O'B. PARDOW, S.J.

## THE COUSINS



MOLLIE CAREW and her cousin Isabella Bartlett (who always preferred to spell her name Isabel), were oddly like, yet still unlike, each other. Both had the same slender, willowy figures, the pretty blue eyes and fair roseleaf complexions of their mothers' family, making many a stranger turn to look after them and exclaim admiringly, "What a handsome, graceful pair of girls! Sisters too, apparently!"

Yet, in heart and character at least, few people could have been really more unlike. Isabel (to give her her name as she best liked

it), was vain, thoughtless, selfish, the spoiled daughter of a worldly and self-seeking mother, who considered she was doing a very fine and quixotic thing in allowing her younger child to associate at all with her own poor relatives in the country. For while Mollie's father had been merely a sturdy, respectable farmer, not ashamed to plough his fields or to help to harvest with his own hands his crops of hay and corn, Mrs. Bartlett's husband was a struggling doctor in a would-be fashionable part of the city, where there was ever a great thought of "keeping up appearances," at no matter what cost of comfort and even of health—of soul as well as body.

Nevertheless, for a "penniless lass" (even with "a long pedigree"), as Isabel's mother had been, young Doctor Bartlett had been considered "a great catch"; and his wife was fully determined from the first to live up to the very letter of her new position in all its high dignity. However short the coffers might be, or even the larder—for would-be fashionable folk in the shape of poor bank-clerks and retired half-pay army-men, such as Dr. Bartlett's clientele largely consisted of (a community sometimes described as "Twopence-half-penny looking down on twopence") are not always the most profitable or best paying patients—Mrs. Bartlett and her daughters were invariably dressed in the height of fashion, kept a couple of extra-smart maids to relieve them of the necessity of soiling their hands by the smallest menial task, and took care in every way possible to keep up a proper show of dignity and "appearances" before their little world.

Doubtless it was from a kind of sneaking deference to her husband's patients, who were worthy of the Protestant or some kindred religion, that Mrs. Bartlett decided when the time came to send both her girls, at no little cost and expense, to an ultra-fashionable and "non-sectarian" seminary for young ladies, rather than to the Catholic Convent-School which should have been their proper and natural means of education. However, on their return home they gave ample testimony to the success of their mother's experiment in their extremely "lady-like deportment," and especially in the affected, high-toned method of speech, which in Ireland, at least, does extensive duty as an "English accent."

In polite society, their own religion was altogether "taboo." They never spoke of "going to Mass"; "going to church," or "to

prayers." It was even whispered, I know not with what amount of truth, that Muriel Bartlett, the eldest girl, was in the habit of carrying two prayer books to Mass on Sundays with the intention that her neighbors should suppose her to be of the Protestant and "ascendency" class like themselves.

Since the stupid and indiscriminating days of her childhood, Muriel had never deigned to honor her cousins at the Hillside Farm with even the shortest of visits. It was indeed an ever-perplexing problem to her, and to her mother also, what Isabel could possibly find to care about in the entourage of such a vulgar place, or in the society of her simple and unsophisticated relatives there. But though Isabel hardly liked the country for its own sake, she had a very solid appreciation of the home-comforts and restfulness of Mrs. Carew's peaceful domicile, as also of her own freedom from restraint and from the somewhat tiresome and fidgety attentions of her fussy and frivolous mamma. Though she would not acknowledge it to the others, Isabel often found it a great relief to escape from all the wearying little "make-believes" and pretences of the aspiring household at home, and get away to the breezy freshness and freedom of the farm, and the society of her cousin Mollie Carew, with her large-hearted, generous nature, and kindly, helpful ways.

It had always been a popular fallacy in the Bartlett household that the younger daughter was somewhat delicate; and on that account it had not been over-difficult to persuade Mrs. Bartlett, despite her prejudices to the contrary, to allow Isabel to come now and again on a long visit to the farm; perhaps, truth to tell, the good woman was not altogether sorry for it, since Isabel's absence from home meant one mouth less to feed in a household where at all costs a certain style and equipment must be steadily maintained, and probably it was those frequent visits of Isabel's to her cousin, from which she always returned looking wonderfully well and rosy, which, when a certain rich patient consulted him as to a suitable country-place to which to send her delicate girl, made kind, overworked Doctor Bartlett suggest the Hillside Farm under Mrs. Carew's motherly care as the best and most suitable lodging possible.

Mrs. Carew was at this time a widow, and had been finding it increasingly difficult, unaided and inexperienced as she was, to eke

from the land such a modest sustenance as her husband had been able to win from it only by his own daily, unremitting toil. Nevertheless, she had tried, in obedience to her dead husband's wishes, to give her only child the very best education she could afford; and had sent Mollie as soon as she was old enough to the same convent boarding-school in which she herself had been taught. Here Mollie had been extremely happy under the care of the gentle and kindly nuns, who, for her own sake as well as that of the mother whom they remembered as a little child, loved and cared for her with hardly less tenderness and affection than that of Mrs. Carew herself.

Mollie seemed at times, even to the nuns, an over-wise and sedate little maiden for her years. This was in great part due to her lingering sorrow for the death of her father, between whom and herself there had existed a more than common love. Dan Carew had been, indeed, a very loveable man; though only a plain farmer he was preeminently one of "Nature's gentlemen," and treated his one cherished little girl as well as her mother with a tender deference, a protective, reverential affection which remained with them, a bitter-sweet memory, for the rest of their lives. It was only because of his expressed wishes regarding her that Mollie had been satisfied at all to leave her mother within a few months of his death and return to place herself under the care of the good nuns, to whom, for a considerable time, the child's continued grief for her father was something of a trial.

"Now, Mollie, my dear, dear child, why will you still wear yourself out in useless fretting and regrets?" Sister Teresa would say when time and again she found her favorite pupil pale and red-eyed from recent tears. "Don't you know your dear father is safe, and happy in Heaven?"

"But—but heaven is such a long way off! If—if I could only write him a letter!" Mollie would sob, thinking of the childish letters in the writing of which she had found such a solemn joy during her first months at school; of those other poor letters that came back, cramped and ill-written, but filled with love and kindness for "his little girl," and invariably enclosing a modest postal order as "pocket money."

Yet though Mollie had said that "Heaven was such a long way off!" she often felt that her father's death had brought it, instead,

immeasurably nearer to her. The fact that *he* was there made it a home-like place to be thought of continually and daily striven for with all her might and strength. She grew very serious, pious, too, in a shy unobtrusive way, and was, as always, the most obedient and tractable of pupils; so that the nuns grew so fond of and were so unfailingly kind to the gentle, lady-like girl that she began to look forward almost with regret as the time approached when she should bid them a final farewell.

"You will come back sometime to see us, darling, won't you?" Sister Teresa had said, as she held Mollie's two hands closely in her own in a farewell little "confidence" in the music-room on the evening before the girl's departure. "And if ever you should think of returning to us—to stay—you know a very warm welcome will await you. Watching your earnestness in prayer, and at your studies, I have sometimes wondered if you might not have a religious vocation—"

Mollie laughed, a little incredulously. "Is it I, sister? Why, I'd never be half good enough, I'm sure. Besides, I'm too poor."

"That wouldn't matter, child, you have talent and character."

Mollie blushed prettily at such tremendous praise, but shook her head resolutely.

"I am wanted at home, dear sister," she said. "Mother is very lonely, and she has a great deal to do and to think of. You don't know as I do how she scraped and saved all these years to keep me here, and I must do all I can to help her now, mustn't I? Afterwards—but I don't know," she hesitated.

Sister Teresa drew the girl towards her and kissed her.

"You are quite right, child," she said approvingly. "You must help your dear mother all you can; that may be your noblest and happiest vocation. Few of us ever realize in this world how much we owe to our parents. Widowed and lonely as your mother is, she is sure to want you. Stay with her, child, as long as you can be of use to her."

"I'm *going* to be of use to her," Mollie declared stoutly, the while her voice shook, and a mist came before her eyes. And it seemed as if her determination had at last found a way to shape itself when, a few days after Mollie's home-coming Mrs. Carew received a letter from Dr. Bartlett's rich client, asking if she would be



willing to take into her home a delicate little girl as summer boarder at a very liberal stipend.

"I don't quite see, darling, how we could ever manage it," Mrs. Carew said doubtfully, looking from the letter to her daughter with a troubled face. "Of course the money is very tempting."

"To be sure it is, mother. You want it, and you're going to have it, too," Mollie said cheerfully.

"But, you see—we have no servant and these people might expect all sorts of style. They are Protestants too, and then—the farm really takes up all my time."

"Of course it does, and it won't do to neglect it, and I don't see that a Protestant visitor need be any more "stylish" or troublesome than one of our own religion. You mustn't forget you have me, mother. What is there to prevent a great strong girl like me doing all that this little lady may need to have done for her? My education hasn't *all* been made up of "ologies," mother; the dear nuns taught me to cook and bake and sew and launder; and sometimes Sister Elizabeth, the sacristan, allowed me as a special favor to help her do out the convent chapel and the nuns' own choir, to sweep and dust, and polish the woodwork and beeswax the floors. You don't half know what a good housekeeper I'm going to be, mother! I'm just dying for a chance to display all my useful accomplishments."

Mrs. Carew smiled, a fleeting, momentary smile, then her face clouded again.

"But the spare bedroom, Mollie; what are we to do with it? The furniture is so shabby, and the carpet all worn and moth-eaten, and there's no wardrobe."

"But there's a good chest of drawers; and I could easily put up a hanging shelf with a dozen books or so in the recess near the fireplace. I'll polish up the furniture so you won't know it, and only yesterday I came across a lovely piece of old chintz in your top drawer—you know the piece with the roses and the trailing garlands of blue ribbon? With that and a few tacks and brass-headed nails I could upholster the chairs and sofa beautifully. As for the carpet, why, you know carpets are *quite* out-of-date in bedrooms, mother, since the doctors all say they are unhealthy. A couple of small rugs would do nicely for the floor; we could easily spare one or two from the other rooms."

"But then—about the meals? She would be expecting all sorts of dainties," Mrs. Carew began mournfully. Advancing years, together with her lonely and bereaved condition, made the poor woman view everything "as through a glass, darkly." It troubled Mollie not a little that of late her mother seemed always inclined to meet trouble half-way.

"Dainties!" Mollie laughed lightly. "Why should a little girl of fifteen need dainties, mother? What *she* wants is plenty of milk, and eggs, and butter, and good, home-baked bread—and no one can make that as light or as nice as you can, mother dear, and then you always have young chickens and ducklings, and Paddy Murray will be bringing an odd salmon-trout as usual from the river; and if she cares about meat, it is easy enough to get home a bit of lamb or mutton from town. You have cherries and strawberries in the garden, gooseberries too; and bye-and-bye there will be plenty of beautiful apples and pears. And you have green peas, and beans, and lettuce, and parsley, and cauliflowers,—why, mother, you have everything anybody could possibly want!"

"But she'd need a sittingroom of her own, don't you think?"

"Well, if she does, she can have the parlor all to herself, and you and I can keep to the kitchen, can't we? I'm sure it is ever so much brighter and cosier than a great many parlors I know. But I expect she won't want to stay by herself very long."

"The bedroom bothers me, Mollie. You know the wall-paper is so shabby and discolored—"

"Well, mother, how you *do* worry yourself," affectionately. "Can't you just look after your haymakers and leave all the rest to me! You'll find how nicely I'll fix it all up. Let me see—we could be ready next week, couldn't we, as they seem so anxious. Better write to-night, mother, and accept the offer. Say the room will be ready by this day week. I'll write the letter for you myself."

And so the matter was all settled, despite her mother's fears and objections.

NORA TYNAN O'MAHONY.

(*To be Continued.*)

## THE KEPT THOUGHTS OF MARY

(Conclusion.)



NOW it becomes our duty to inquire what thoughts we keep and examine what their cause is and what their effect is on our souls.

The spectrum of the sun is the spreading out of its light by means of a prism or finely marked plate called a grating. When you see a rainbow, you see the sun's spectrum, where the rays have been expanded into their various colors by means of the raindrops. If the spectrum of the sun be thrown on a screen instead of on the clouds, as in the case of the rainbow, then in the brilliant succession of colors from violet to red there may be seen dark lines. Those lines are shadows cast by the clouds of iron, and silver, and gold, that float between us and the sun's brightness. If the sun's light came unimpeded, there would be no shadows on its spectrum; its tints would merge one into another from red to violet continuously. We should have then what is called a continuous spectrum. If the comparison is not too daring, we may say we have been studying the spectrum of Mary's soul. Christ is the Light of the world, and the brilliancy of His light passed into her soul unimpeded, without the faintest obstacle, to cast its shadow on the beautiful colors into which the reflection of Christ is expanded in her soul.

What are our kept thoughts? What is the spectrum expanded on our souls? We have not indeed, as Mary had, the living Christ to shed His Light upon us; but we have Christ's wish and Christ's law pervading our every day life and governing all its details. It is impossible that we should go through all those details here, because to do so would be to give a complete history of all our obligations. Let us select one or two duties. There is the duty of good reading, which must be exercised with greater care in our times, when the press reproduces life with the fidelity and completeness of an untouched photograph.

If publishers and editors exercise no care over what they put

upon their paper we are not for that reason excused from exercising care over what we put upon our souls. Where do our eyes turn first, where do they stay longest, when we take up a newspaper? Are we seeking for Christ there, treasuring up with love and devotion the slightest manifestation of His presence in the printed page? What articles do we skip over in our magazines? What articles do we gloat over? Is slothfulness, is sinful curiosity, is the base craving for scandal, the unhealthy greed of sensation keeping the light of Christ out of our souls and leaving there the dark shadows of their own making? Should we like to have the spectrum of the thoughts gathered from our papers, our magazines and our books expanded before men for their inspection? Would there not be too many dark lines and too few bright spots? Would there not be too much world and flesh and satan; and too little Christ? Are we reading with the eyes of Mary, with a loving lookout for Christ and with disdain and disgust for anything outside of Him? Have we Mary's delicacy and nobility of soul? Do we shrink from what soils the mind as instinctively as our hand shrinks from what soils the fingers? Are we as dainty with our souls as we are with our flesh? Do we pick our way through our reading, skirting the evil as guardedly and stepping over unsightliness as promptly as we avoid the mud and filth of our street crossings? Mary kept the words of Christ, pondering them in her heart. What do we keep and ponder over in our hearts, from our papers and magazines and books?

Again, what are our kept thoughts about our neighbors? What are we glad to hear, what are we glad to know, about them? Is it the Christ in them we prefer to see and treasure in our memories, or is it the fallen human nature? What is the spectrum of our charity? Is it continuous or is it sadly and frequently interrupted? Is the pure white light of the Christ in others allowed to stream into our souls unchecked, unblemished, or is it seamed with dark shadows? The fumes of jealousy and of envy, the dense mists of resentment and of prejudice, the black clouds of spite and revenge, float between us and the light, and the spectrum of charity which should be a very vision of beauty and delight, and brilliant with many colors, is rather a band of darkness, with here and there a thin line of light. Would we know what thoughts we keep about our

neighbor, then let us ask ourselves what are our conversations like. "Out of the fullness of the heart, the mouth speaketh." Our talk is a copy of our kept thoughts; our words give a photograph of our souls. Are we rehearsing faults, or scandals, or grievances, or offences, then we may be sure our kept thoughts are not like Mary's; they are not of the Christ in our neighbor. "Amen, I say to you, as long as you did it to one of these, My least brethren, you did it unto Me." What is our principle governing what we hear about our neighbor? Do we say: Here is something good about my neighbor; I will keep that? That is the Christ in my neighbor. Here is something evil I have heard, I will not keep that. That is not Christ in my neighbor. "Hast thou heard anything against thy neighbor?" asks the Scriptures. Let it die within thee, trusting it will not burst thee." Some are so fragile, so delicately put together, that when they hear anything against their neighbor they do not let it die and be buried within them, but they keep it and tell it as soon as possible, lest the possession of it disintegrate their unstable constitutions.

We saw the effect on Mary of her kept thoughts; what will be the effect on us of the thoughts we keep? You have heard the phrase: "Tell me the company you keep, and I'll tell you what you are." We might say in the same way: Tell me the thoughts you keep, and I'll tell you what your soul is. It is not the thoughts you have, but the thoughts you keep that influence your life; the thoughts about which deliberate choice has been exercised, which you look at and look over and finally decide to retain, not the transient guests, but the permanent boarders, the ones which we do not pass by, or ignore, or snub; but to whom we accept an introduction, and to whom we are always at home, when they send in their cards. When they come, we keep them. Thousands of people may pass our doors every day; of these, few call, fewer still remain; and but one or two make up our household. So is it in the world of the mind; thousands of thoughts may pass before it every hour; a few may knock, insistently, for admittance; fewer still cross the threshold and receive a welcome, and the home circle of our mind, the household group, is smaller yet. It is our household thoughts, the ever welcome and long abiding guests of our souls, that profoundly influence our lives.

Out of choice comes character and out of character, conduct. The thoughts, therefore, that we fully and freely and deliberately choose go into the substance of our character and through it shape our conduct. It is clear, indeed, that nobility of soul is displayed in shrinking away from mean and low actions. Our friends, we feel, are too noble to stoop to any meanness; they are above that. In like manner a noble soul is above mean thoughts and never stoops to them. Remember, I am speaking of deliberately chosen thoughts, not of the fleeting, passing images, that come and go; the bubble foam that flecks for a time the stream of consciousness. Such thoughts we cannot help having, but we can help choosing and keeping them. So then, every ignoble thought and feeling, and emotion that is despised, discloses a noble character; and ennoble it more. Every base image that beckons to the soul to come down from its divine heights and is rejected, forms the discarded debris of the soul's fair architecture that rises to diviner heights. The rejected thoughts are an evidence of character and build it up. We are all partial to our friends, and that partiality blinds us to their failings and makes us keen-sighted for their virtues. We forgive much in them; we excuse them and defend them; our friendship dominates our talk about them and controls our acts. Now our kept thoughts are the friends of our soul; our household circle, as I have said. We have chosen them out of many, and have entertained them, and we are partial to them. Thinking over them increases our partiality; we open our eyes wider to their attractions and close them tight against their repulsiveness, and so they begin to lord it over our souls. Our kept thoughts become kings and if they are not good ones, they become tyrants. The will is enslaved. Its motives are swayed to the master thoughts; its actions obey them. It chooses what the friend and abiding guest of its soul suggests; and as each choice contributes to form a habit and habit goes to form a character, it is clearly seen how the kept thoughts the friends to whom our souls are so partial must profoundly influence our lives.

Thus if our passion be to seek and find and choose the Christ in our every day lives, we may hope to arrive at a faint resemblance of Mary's soul. Our love, of course, is slight and cold, compared with the great fire kindled in her heart. Our search for Christ and

our earnestness in hoarding up what we can learn of Him will not equal the keen-eyed eagerness and soul avarice with which Mary sought out and treasured up every word spoken about her Son and God; and every new fact told of Him. As the cause is not as powerful, the effect will not be so striking; yet if we cannot hope to arrive at the fulness of Mary's knowledge, we assuredly shall know more. Our thoughts will bear fruit, if not a hundred fold, at least thirty fold or perhaps sixty fold. If our hearts do not overflow with the ecstatic gratitude and sublimity of the Magnificat, they will not, at all events, be wholly dumb. We cannot hope for the sympathetic insight that Mary had of Jesus. She was His Mother. Yet we shall not be entire strangers to Him. Above all if we learn to keep and ponder on the Christ in what we see and what we hear; if the deliberately chosen friends of our soul are from Him and leading to Him, if we read with pure eyes and if we listen with charitable ears, then we shall feel within our soul the ennobling influence of Christ; we shall be lifted high, indeed, although when we have attained to our sublimest nobility, we shall behold the fair character of Mary, our Mother, towering to loftier and diviner heights. She loved more than we, and where we keep few things, she kept all the words about Jesus pondering them in her heart. "And all they that heard wondered, at those things that were told them by the shepherds. But Mary kept *all these words*, pondering them in her heart."

FRANCIS P. DONNELLY, S.J.

#### A WEDDING SONG

Sweeter with time grow the memory  
Of rites at the altar sealed;  
Sorrow falls dead, and earth's troubles  
To God's benediction yield.

And the water, that blushed recognition  
Of Jesus at Cana of old,  
Is reminder of love that uncovers  
Red wine—in a chalice of gold.

OWEN A. HILL, S.J.



THE APPEAL OF THE SACRED HEART.





## The Appeal of the Sacred Heart



ONE spring day, up in Samaria, after a long journey from Jerusalem, Our Lord pleaded for the soul of the Samaritan woman. He was weary and travel-stained as He sat by the well and battled for that poor erring sinner. He thirsted for that soul with a more feverish thirst in His Sacred Heart than He yearned for the cool, clear water beyond His reach in the well.

So, too, He yearns for our souls. He has travelled from the years of eternity to come to our souls and He pleads for their possession. He came with all the winsomeness of a child to lure them to Him. He lived at Nazareth and toiled to teach how willingly He would labor for our love.

Up and down Judea and Galilee, and from the Jordan to the sea, He wrought works of mercy and tenderness, that we might know the kindness and affection in His Heart. He died on the cross and bled His life away from the five wounds to make evident a love greater than which no man hath, since He laid down His life not merely for His friends, but for His enemies.

Now years have gone and the Sacred Heart has begged, and prayed, and pleaded. But we would not open to His knock and let Him in. The world and pleasures and even sin came and asked admittance and we have opened the door to them. But when Christ came, like the inhabitants of Bethlehem on the first Christmas night, we have closed the door in the face of Mary's Child.

Now He stands at the door and knocks pleadingly perhaps for the last time. Shall we refuse Him entrance and send Him away sad? Oh! if we knew the joy of His coming, how we would harken to His knock. There is no joy on earth that can match the joy in the souls of those who open wide their hearts and let Jesus the King of glory enter in. No sorrow like that which broods over the heart that is closed against Mary's Son.

## A STORY OF A GOWN



O give him his due, George MacDowell was a man of his word. Before his marriage, he promised the delicate flower he took for a wife not to interfere in any way with her religion or the religious training of their children. He, scrupulously, kept his word; but that was all. The secular education of their offspring he thought more in his line than in that of his convent-bred wife whom he credited with all graces, all attractions, all virtues and naught else. But here at the very outset it must be said that if the man had taken the trouble to know her, he would have discovered a keen intelligence and a subtle wit; but then, he was a dissector of anatomy, not souls.

Robert and Grace MacDowell, the two children of this marriage, were brought up in the religion of their mother, who was a Catholic. Their father, as I said, insisted on having a large share in their education, and from their very infancy made them familiar with the literature and philosophy of the ancients; the mysticism of the Orientals; the science of the moderns. Mrs. MacDowell offset this materialistic teaching by instilling into their children true piety, the study of Christ, His Church and His vast army of martyrs. Had Mrs. MacDowell lived, both her children might have been saints; she died when Robert was seventeen, and Grace eleven. Her son had her companionship, love and sympathy up to his early manhood; her daughter lost a mother when she needed her most, during young maidenhood, before her character was formed, before the fruit was brought to perfection.

Robert MacDowell took directly after his mother. His was a gentle nature, generous and warm-hearted, kindly and brave, benevolent and charitable, yet just and possessed of a deep sense of religion. He chose medicine for his profession and early learned "the luxury of doing good." He was devoted to his calling and went about like Angus Ogue who, the legend says, goes to and fro over the world, a weaver of rainbows. Through Dr. MacDowell, many a rainbow descended into a poverty-stricken home;

by his ministering hand, many a soul was saved from the Destroyer. His aid was always bestowed with a kindliness and earnestness that carried with it a soothing caress. But, woe to the one who sought foul help from him; that one felt the burning wrath which leaped from his dark brown eyes and the withering scorn of his clean manhood. Grace MacDowell grew up to be in every way unlike her brother—haughty, worldly and thoughtless, the true daughter of her father. After the death of her mother, she was given free rein; perfect liberty of thought and action, for, to thrive, a growing organism must have plenty of air, room and sunshine, you know. Grace proved the real product of such training, a healthy, heartless, soulless girl.

From her earliest years Grace met great men and women at her father's table, where the web of wit was spun and ponderous subjects discussed; so she was precocious and cultured beyond her years. It was a foregone conclusion that she should go to college for her father held the chair of biology at Butler. At the age of sixteen, she entered Deans, the annex to Butler; was jealously rushed for several sororities; made the most exclusive one and became the popular Miss MacDowell. Throughout her college career, she was easily the most brilliant of her class; led all social functions; was first in honors; first in athletics; first in dramatics; first in all pleasures—and last to relieve another's ache or pain. At commencement she received the coveted Phi Beta Kappa and all the attentions—a fitting close to her college days.

It is April following Grace's graduation from Deans; the latter part of the month, she is to be launched into the social whirl. Mrs. Glendinning, her father's sister and a personage, is to act as sponsor. Mrs. Glendinning and Grace spent some time planning the coming-out gown. They decided it was to be simple—exquisitely simple—and rarely beautiful, in fact a creation, a suitable setting to Grace's high-bred beauty, beauty that was Grecian in mold, with hair that seemed to catch every tint of yellow; complexion daintily pink and cream; eyes shadowy, gray, soft and liquid, eyes that ought to have expressed sympathy and love but which did not. There was no doubt about it, Grace MacDowell was good to look upon. Her aunt and she went to the establishment of Madame Durval, a not too expensive modiste, whose taste was su-

perb, whose help was ill-paid. Madame Durval received Mrs. Glendinning and Grace obsequiously, showed them her fabrics, listened to their suggestions, took Grace's measurements and made the gown to suit herself.

\* \* \*

"You had a bad night, dearie. These last two weeks has kilt you. Stay to home to-day, Nora. You're no fit to work."

"Now, mumsey, don't you worry. I'll be all right after I swallow a cup of coffee and get out into the air. I simply got to work to-day. I must finish the embroidery on Miss MacDowell's dress; it has to be finished so as to be delivered at four o'clock this afternoon. She wears it at the ball to-night."

"Why doesn't madame pay you extra for the work you did on it. Every night these two weeks you did work on that dress and you not able hardly to put your feet under you. It ain't right, I tell you. You've wasted your last bit of strength stitching away to make a strong, able-bodied girl beautiful and you all the time coughing, coughing out your life. And madame, what has she done for you? To some folks, she'd have to pay good big money for all that fine work."

"Never mind, mother! It's a chance. When others see my needlework on this dress and ask about it, madame will have to give me a show. Our turn may come yet, mother. Who knows, mumsey, but—"

Here her sentence was cut short by a racking cough which lasted many minutes and left her physically prostrated.

"Spitting blood again! Nora, Nora, my girl, you ain't going out the day. I can't have my girl working her life away on some good-for-nothing's dress. God forgive me!"

"Mother, how you talk!"

"I tell you what I do wish—that you was born as homely as Jennie Ready, then you, mebbe, would had a good job and no shame to you in one of the big stores."

"Sh!" putting her hand over her mother's lips. "What ails you to-day, you are not at all like yourself? And let me tell you I'm getting old and uglier every day. To you, I may be pretty; to others I am a left-over old duck."

"Don't be talking," caressingly. "You're handsome as wax."

Dear, dear, that cough! Oh, stay to home, Nora, to please your old mother. I feel like a shadow crossed the house and like something was to happen. Last night I had a queer dream and it give me a fright in me sleep. I thought you'd died and gone to heaven and the Blessed Virgin leaned down and put a crown of lilies of the valley on your head and a bunch of violets in your hand before she led you to her Divine Son."

"How could that frighten you? A beautiful dream, mother; but only a dream. No such luck for me."

"Nora, stay to home. You need rest and care. I'll look for some work and we'll manage."

"You poor, silly mumsey! Work with your hands all crippled from rheumatism and your poor back lame from pain and work and drudgery. You must not talk that way to your Nora. She won't have it."

"That cough kills me, Nora. I can't see you wasting away—"

"Mother, I must go to work; we're starving as it is. What would become of us without my wages? Mumsey, to-morrow is the First Friday. I shall go to confession before I come home, so don't wait supper for me. To-morrow is my ninth Friday and I feel our luck will change. Keep the light burning before the Sacred Heart, dearie. We've managed to keep it lighted day and night these last five years, isn't that a consolation? We ought to be thankful—Don't cry, mother, it's only a cough. Mumsey, pray for me while I am gone to the Sacred Heart. It is there I gain my strength. I'm so afraid of getting a coughing fit and spitting blood on Miss MacDowell's beautiful dress before I can help myself. Yesterday, it almost happened two or three times, and madame let me understand I was fast becoming a nuisance and would have to be replaced. So, pray, mother, pray! What would we do if I lost my position, and think of Ned's three poor little orphans! But I must be off."

Mrs. Quinlan and Nora kissed each other an affectionate good-bye. Mrs. Quinlan, immediately, went to the picture of the Sacred Heart, dropped on her knees and prayed with all her mother's heart for her daughter. Bitter tears streamed down her face for she saw, clearly, that Nora was seriously ill. She prayed long and fervently to be spared her daughter; but after a sore trial of the spirit ended her petition with true humility: "Thy will be done." Nora crept

along to work, stopping in the church to whisper a brief prayer of adoration to the Blessed Sacrament. Many a person as she passed noticed the haunting beauty of her face with its eyes blue, dark, deep-set, heavily lashed and mystic, and her crown of black hair that cast shadows over her pale, oval face, a face full of the æstheticism that comes from meditation on things divine and the knowledge of suffering and want. Although Nora was twenty-seven, she scarcely appeared twenty-two, her mind was innocent and her spirit young and sweet.

\* \* \*

Half-past eight that same night, Grace MacDowell stood beside her aunt just outside the doorway of the reception room, ready to receive her guests and to be welcomed into society. She looked strikingly handsome in her shimmering debutante gown of white silk tissue made over an under dress of chiffon; the waist and skirt of which were delicately embroidered in silver trailing vines—a diaphanous creation. She carried a bouquet of Easter lilies. The house was transformed into a garden scene in spring, with all its haunting mysteries. Blossoming trees, lilac bushes in full bloom, magnolias, primroses, violets, daffodils, jonquils and honey-suckle cast shadows and sent forth fragrance, and a green harmony filled the rooms; butterflies flitted hither and thither while everywhere one felt life and love quiver in its young gladness; myriad fairy electric lights peeped and blinked coyly from branch to branch; an orchestra played dreamy music back of a clump of palms in the great hallway. This was Grace's formal bow to society but by no means her first courtesy to the world; for she attended all the gayeties of Deans while a student there; consequently, she was not a timid, shrinking debutante, on the contrary, she was already a woman of the world. The guests were charmed with Grace and her debutante setting. It was easily discernable that she was to be the belle and toast of the next season. She well knew when to conceal her intellect and when to let it out in brilliant flashes of wit, sparkling repartee or sober, serious conversation. On this night, especially, her father noticed this and was proud of her and thought her fit to be his daughter; her aunt was pleased with her social graces and thought her the brightest of her sex; her brother watched her with a loving smile and wished her less self-sufficient, less self-centered and more like his mother.

Just after midnight as Grace was dancing with her brother, a servant approached and told Dr. MacDowell he was wanted at the 'phone.

"I'm sorry, Grace; but I shall be obliged to leave your 'first night,' an urgent call away down in the tenement district."

"How annoying! Don't go, Rob! Send word to call someone else. The very idea at such an hour; besides it is dangerous, you might contract some dread disease in one of those hovels. It is an imposition—"

"Hush, Grace! You cannot know what you say. One of God's creatures is suffering and needs help; it is my duty to go. Grace," looking gravely at her, "all the world is not happy, care-free, well-nurtured. Out there, there in the distorted city, there is plenty of suffering, plenty of hardships, poverty, and alas! crime. Won't you try to understand these things; to feel them? With your education, you could do much good and with your strong young hand uplift weak humanity."

"Rob, to hear you talk, one would fancy you at a funeral; you are as solemn as an old owl. Feel for them! Indeed, I won't; there is no excuse for such poverty," quickly, noticing the pained expression that crossed his face, "I can't think your way, Bobbie, it is not in me. And I cannot fathom how you can endure those wretches, the very sight of them is a contamination. No, I was never made for settlement work nor philanthropy."

"Settlement work! Philanthropy! God forbid! I was speaking of works of mercy and acts of charity. But it is no use. As you say you are not made that way. Poor child, you are not to blame; you taste of your rearing:

'As the wine

Must taste of its own grapes.'

Good-night! I cannot linger longer. I hear the chauffeur tooting."

"Take me to East —st Street. Make good speed, man!"

Dr. MacDowell mounted the rickety tenement stairs to the one room occupied by Mrs. Quinlan and her daughter, Nora. A room that answered for parlor, bedroom, dining-room and kitchen; a room perfectly bare of all comforts; a room spotlessly clean. The only adornment was a picture of the Sacred Heart which hung on white-washed wall; beneath it was a bracket on which rested

a lighted shrine lamp. Mrs. Quinlan knelt before the bed holding Nora's hand, the hand that held a lighted blessed candle. The poor mother's sobs broke the sad, deep stillness. The evening previous while in the confessional, Nora was taken with a hemorrhage. The good priest sent her home in a carriage accompanied by a kind woman who happened to be in the church, and telephoned for a nearby physician. He was obliged to return to the confessional, but as soon as possible hurried to the bed-side of the sick girl and found her dying. He administered Extreme Unction, but could not give her the Holy Viaticum on account of the frequent and violent hemorrhages. He asked the attendant doctor if there were any hope, and he answered:

"I think not; but 'while there's life, there's hope.' If anyone can help her, it is Dr. MacDowell. He is a lung specialist and is fighting the great white plague."

Father Connors immediately telephoned for Dr. MacDowell and before half-past one he arrived. Father Connors briefly told him the details. How the sick seamstress slaved often till late at night to support her feeble mother and help to raise her dead brother's three children. Naturally delicate she weakened under the strain. She was obliged to work especially hard these last two weeks, when she ought to have had medical attendance, in order to get out a gown."

"I see—another victim to the selfish and thoughtless rich."

Dr. MacDowell went over to the sick-bed, picked up Nora's hand almost reverently and felt her pulse; gave some medicine to relieve her pain; arranged her pillows more comfortably; smiled reassuringly into her frightened eyes and spoke kindly to the grief-stricken mother.

"Doctor!"

"Yes?"

"Keep me alive till I receive my First Friday Communion. This is my ninth Friday and I don't wish to miss it."

"Don't worry, child. You shall receive Holy Communion," and the tears stood in his eyes.

About three the hemorrhages ceased and Nora lapsed into a sinking spell. It was dawn when she recovered consciousness. Shortly afterwards, Dr. MacDowell told Father Connors he might safely let her have the Holy Viaticum; so the good priest gave Nora



her last First Friday Communion. She smiled happily. A ray of sunshine came through the open window and rested on the picture of the Sacred Heart. Nora's eyes followed the sunbeam; her face lighted up with a holy joy and murmuring "Thy Kingdom Come," she turned over and died.

Grace MacDowell, with a contented smile on her tired lips, had just gone to bed.

The sorrowing mother was well cared for by Dr. MacDowell in the room she refused to leave; for it held the lingering presence of Nora, her much loved daughter.

MARY MACCARTHY.

#### THE YEARS



HEY are ebbing away so fast, so fast,  
Just kissing the shore as they go,  
And wonderful joys too sweet to last  
Are borne on their onward flow.

They are ebbing away so still, so still,  
Their sound is a lone, low sigh;  
They carry the grief we thought would kill  
On the foam that is floating by.

They are ebbing away those sweet sad years,  
They are bearing back o'er the sea  
The smiles of youth and the old man's tears  
To their Home in eternity.

They are ebbing away, the waves of life  
Like our earthly hopes and fears,  
Ah! let not passionate sin and strife  
Mar our beautiful, silvery years.

For they touch the shore where the Master's eye  
Is watching the floating tide;  
Then keep them pure as they journey by,  
To the Heart of the Crucified.

SR. MARY CLARISSA.



THE LITTLE FRIENDS OF THE SACRED HEART.

## The Little Friends of the Sacred Heart

“SUFFER the little children to come to Me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of God.” Mark x, 14.

A rebuke from the lips of Our Blessed Saviour is of rare occurrence in the pages of the Gospel. Generally His reproofs are addressed to Scribe or Pharisee. But when the Apostles would prevent the mothers from bringing their children to Our Blessed Lord, that He might lay His hands upon them and bless them; “then when Jesus saw it, He was much displeased.” Yes, the Sacred Heart of Jesus went out to His little friends, the children. Who were they that had died for Him when He was yea a child Himself? Were they not little children? When Mary was bearing Him in her loving arms over desert sands, the red blood of Bethlehem’s little ones was flowing for Jesus, the little one of Mary. On Palm Sunday the children went out to bear palms in the way and to greet Him with joyous hosannas, as He entered the city in triumph. When beyond the Jordan the mothers brought their little ones, He would have them come to Him for His blessing. So now the Sacred Heart yearns and longs for them. How they pain and wound that Sacred Heart who keep from the Master’s embrace the young who long to come to His opened arms!

“Suffer them to come unto me,” was His command uttered long years ago. Yet how many parents by their example, by their words, lead them far from the Sacred Heart that bled for them? How many by the desire for social position, or from motives of fashion send their children to schools, if not hostile, at least indifferent to their holy faith!—schools that would fain banish the very name of Christ from their precincts? Are not such parents taking their children by the hand and leading them far away from that Heart which pleads, “suffer the little children to come to me?” No wound can be deeper, no pain keener, no sorrow greater, than that which comes to our Saviour’s Heart from the loss of the little ones; nor is there any obligation greater or more binding than that which rests on fathers and mothers to lead far from sin these little ones and bring to the Master for His blessing and His love.

## LOVE FOR LOVE

|                                  |                                   |
|----------------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| O Sacred Heart! O Heart of love! | O glorious Heart! O Heart adored, |
| Inflamed with love for me,       | Of love and power divine,         |
| My heart doth pine               | To Thee I pray                    |
| To be like Thine,                | By night and day,                 |
| Inflamed with love of Thee!      | My heart in Thine enshrine.       |
|                                  | R. S.                             |

## THE WARFARE OF THE PRESS



FIFTY years ago a society was formed in England for the purpose of sweeping away Christianity, whether Catholic or Protestant, by the diffusion of infidel literature among the people. It was registered in 1899 with a membership of 65 determined enemies of all religion. Its name, "*The Rationalist Press Association*," was cunningly chosen; for, while truly expressing the purpose of the society, it yet appears innocent enough. What can be more harmless, what more commendable even, than to be *rational*, or reasonable, and, better still, to combine for the purpose of promoting a sweet reasonableness?

But the term "*Rationalist*" has a very different meaning. A Rationalist is not a reasonable man at all, but a man so unreasonable as to refuse to be taught any thing that his own reason cannot fathom: a rationalist boy would refuse to be taught by his parents, a rationalist, whether boy or man, refuses to be taught by God or the Church of God. If a Rationalist had stood in the crowd to whom St. Peter announced the resurrection of Christ, he would have refused to believe it, though Christ had said: "He that believeth not, shall be condemned."

The R. P. A. is organized to act the part of Anti-Christ. It has already done much to achieve its impious purpose. By this time, its 65 members have grown to the number of 1,057. They have circulated over a million of books and pamphlets, and have thus reached an incalculable number of readers. At first considerable efforts were made by Christians of various denominations to publish answers to those blasphemous and demoralizing works; but

the last report of the R. P. A. boasts that "there has been a marked diminution of replies and counterblasts of a similar form."

The present ruin of religion in France was due, in great part, to a similar campaign of infidel writings. The French Catholics had neglected to use the vast power of the press in their own defense. The press creates and supports public opinion, and public opinion to-day rules the world. What has befallen France is liable to befall every land where the same mistake is made, that of neglecting the active use of a vigorous press.

The German Catholics understood this, when, thirty years ago, they were in imminent danger of being crushed out of existence by the Iron Chancellor. Their liberties were abolished, their bishops, priests and religious banished or cast into prison, their worship hindered, their sick dying without the Sacraments. Things looked desperate enough. To gain public opinion in behalf of his tyranny, Bismarck spent hundreds of thousands of dollars to subsidize a reptile press, and by it to belie at home and abroad the conduct of Catholics. But these, seeing the power of the press that was thus used against them, set to work multiplying their own newspapers with uncommon energy and ability. It took several years of earnest labor before they could make such an impression on the public opinion of their own rank and file as to rally them to united action at the polls; but the success has surpassed their expectation. They have forced their country to repeal the tyrannous May laws, they compelled Bismarck to go to Canossa, they have secured religious education for their children, and almost total freedom of action for themselves; in fact, they have now held for many years the balance of power in the Empire.

The army by which they have secured this victory and are holding it consists to-day of 330 Catholic papers, most of which appear daily, others two, three, or four times a week.

If we had here a well supported Catholic press, what a power it would be for noble work and good. It would enable us, not only to ward off many a calumny from our reputation and from our institutions, but also to bring the beauties of our holy religion before the minds of our countrymen, so many of whom have the strangest misconceptions of every thing Catholic. It would immensely promote every interest of the Sacred Heart. Listen to

what our beloved Supreme Pontiff Pius X'said lately on this subject to a French journalist; and what holds good for France holds good for us as well:

“Ah, the press! Its importance is not yet understood. Neither the faithful nor the clergy make use of it as they should. Sometimes people will tell you that the press is an innovation, and that souls used to be saved without the press in other times. In other times! In other times! It is easily said; but they do not remember that in other times the poison of a wicked press was not spread everywhere; and that, therefore, the antidote of the good press was not equally necessary. We are no longer in those other times; we are in the times of to-day; and to-day it is a fact that the Christian people is deceived, poisoned, destroyed by bad newspapers. In vain will you build churches, give missions, found schools—all your works, all your efforts will be destroyed, if you are not able to wield the defensive and offensive weapon of a loyal and sincere Catholic press.”

The warfare of the press is the modern crusade. God wills it! All good Catholics must enlist in it, and fight in it. To carry on war requires sacrifice. All must make it to the best of their power. The clergy sacrifice their whole lives to the cause; the laity must do their part, spreading good books and papers around them; at the very least subscribing for Catholic periodicals liberally and paying their subscriptions regularly.

What they buy and pay for they will naturally read, and thus be benefited themselves. They should besides lend or give their Catholic magazines and newspapers to others that they may be benefited. All true friends of the Sacred Heart will take a deep interest in all the interests of the Sacred Heart. Let every member of the MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART see what can be done in this respect.

CHARLES COPPENS, S.J.

## MACARTHY'S MESSAGE



EG pardon, sir—"

The steward of the steamship *Siren* accosted the first officer, Mr. O'Kelly, as he stood by the bulwarks looking out over the wide expanse of waters that lie to the east of the Chinese coast.

"You'll excuse my mentioning it," he went on, "but it is about the poor fellow who is dying down below. He's an Irishman like yourself, sir, and he's took a fancy to see you. I thought maybe you'd be good enough to step that way."

"All right, Johnson," replied Dermot O'Kelly; "of course I'll go, if it pleases him. But is he really dying? Is there no hope? Don't you think that he may pull round after all?"

Johnson shook his head.

"He's too far gone for any pulling round in this world, sir! Indeed, I doubt he'll see another night. He's quite conscious just now, though," he added, not liking to ask the officer to go at once, yet anxious that his shipmate's last request should not go unanswered.

O'Kelly was not slow to take the hint, and, turning, he made his way down to where the dying sailor lay.

"Johnson says that you were asking for me, Macarthy," he said, bending over the sick man, and taking the wasted hand that lay upon the rough coverlet. "If there is anything that I can do for you, any message that I can take, you know I'll gladly do it."

"There is a message, sure enough," replied Macarthy weakly, looking up with wide-open eyes into the officer's face. "You're an Irishman yourself, sir, and you know, or, rather, may God keep you from ever knowing what it is to be dying without a priest. You are the only Catholic aboard, sir, or I wouldn't venture to ask it. But I'd die easy if I thought you'd let me make my confession to you, and when you land in the old country, and you go to the priest on your own account, maybe you'd tell him my sins too, and he'd pray to God for the forgiveness of them for me."

The unexpected demand fell like a thunderbolt on the listener. Every word cut him deeper. "When you go on your own account!"

How long was it since he had entered a church "on his own account?"

The *Siren* was a merchant vessel, and most of her trade was with the ports of China. During the long weeks of her outward and homeward journeys the crew was, of course, debarred from participation in religious services of any kind; for the captain was a rigid Presbyterian, who looked with equal disapproval on the Protestant tenets of the greater number of those under his command, and upon the Catholic religion to which O'Kelly and Macarthy nominally belonged.

At some of the ports of call in China there were Catholic missionaries to be found, and if the *Siren* happened to be in port on Sundays, Macarthy had sometimes managed to attend Mass. To frequent the sacraments had, however, been out of his power, for the priests whom he had come across had, without exception, been unable to speak or understand the English language.

Had Dermot O'Kelly wished to practise his religion, the same obstacle would have stood in his way, for he could speak neither French nor Portuguese, and the clergy in the towns which could boast of a resident priest belonged to one or other of these nations. Had he been so inclined, he could, of course, have practised his religion when at home, but if for month after month a man has nothing to bring his religious duties to his mind, has no opportunity or possibility of hearing Mass or sermon, or even of speaking to another Catholic, it is not for those at home who have churches at their very door to judge him, if he gradually becomes a Catholic only in name. So it had been with Dermot O'Kelly. He had drifted away so gradually, that until now he had hardly realized how far he had gone from God.

"When you go on your own account!" How could he tell the dying man, who spoke so simply and so certainly of his religion, the state of mind, or rather, the indifferentism into which he had fallen? But there was no resisting the pleading of those failing tones.

The officer fell on his knees by the rude bunk and buried his face in his hands.

"God help me, Macarthy!" he cried, in suppressed tones. "Who am I that you should confess your sins to me? You're a better man than I am."



A dusky red rose to his very forehead, and his voice grew thick and husky.

"I've neglected my religion," he went on. "I've forgotten my prayers. I've not been to the sacraments for years. Why, I hardly call myself a Catholic, and yet you ask me this——"

"There was never one of the name but was a Catholic," murmured the dying man, only half understanding the officer's passionate words. "It's coming—death's coming, and I have sins upon my soul. Will you hear me, Mr. O'Kelly? I'm a dying man, sir!"

"If you wish it. If you care——"

Pat Macarthy waited for no further permission. Joining his hands slowly together he began the recital of his sins. He had been to confession before embarking on this last voyage, but that was some months ago. He had been thinking over the past, preparing for this, and now he spoke to the officer just as he would have done to a priest of God.

His voice was growing weaker. It was hardly more than a whisper when he had concluded. "Pray!" he gasped at length. "Pray! I can't."

"God forgive me! I've forgotten," groaned Dermot O'Kelly.

"Anything! Any prayer at all!"

Haltingly, O'Kelly repeated the "Our Father" and the "Hail Mary."

"A prayer for the dying." He guessed, more than heard the request.

The sailor's shirt was open at the throat, and against the tanned skin the crimson of a badge of the Sacred Heart showed out. He groped blindly for it, and O'Kelly put it gently in his grasp.

"Thy kingdom come," he read aloud.

A look of peace spread over the worn, wan features.

"Thy kingdom come," repeated O'Kelly, and the words brought back another invocation to his mind. "Sacred Heart of Jesus, have mercy on us!"

The quivering lids closed gently on the tired eyes, and the dying man lay peaceful and still.

What were Dermot O'Kelly's thoughts as he knelt in the silence of that gloomy cabin? His past life came back to him with its lost

opportunities, its carelessness and neglect, and he prayed as he had not prayed since his childhood, that he might be spared to carry Macarthy's message to the tribunal of penance and to make his own peace with God. At length he rose from his knees, leaving the sailor sleeping a sleep from which he was destined never to awake.

Before night, as the steward Johnson had predicted, Macarthy passed quietly away. From the little prayer-book that was found amongst the dead man's few possessions, Dermot O'Kelly, at his own request, read the prayers for the burial of the dead, when, with his badge of the Sacred Heart upon his breast, they lowered all that was left of Pat Macarthy to its last resting place in Chinese waters.

There was some wonder amongst his messmates at the part that the first officer took in the ceremony, for they knew, better than the sailor had done, that, despite his name and early training, Mr. O'Kelly had virtually abandoned the Catholic religion.

"I thought you'd cut all those things," said his neighbor to him as he unobtrusively yet decidedly made the sign of the Cross before beginning his dinner.

"So I had, I am ashamed to say," replied the Irishman in a tone that was audible to all at table, "but I thank God that it has been given to me to see the error of my ways."

He spoke boldly, but inwardly he dreaded the inquiries and the chafing that his words would very probably bring upon him. It may have been that death having come so near to them had made his comrades take a more serious view of life than usual, for to his great relief his words were allowed to pass unnoticed.

\* \* \*

Outwardly O'Kelly was little changed, but inwardly he was a very different man—when three months later the coast of England came in view—from what he had been when it faded from his sight nearly a year before. Night after night since the day Pat Macarthy had delivered his dying errand in the unwilling ears of his officer, the young man had repeated to himself the words of that last message, thinking thereby to insure his remembrance of that which he dared not put on paper.

At Portsmouth the *Siren* made little delay, but two days later, when she lay at anchor in the Mersey, O'Kelly took advantage of a few free hours to go and execute Macarthy's errand. In the dimly-

lighted church, kneeling outside the confessional to which he had so long been a stranger and waiting his turn amongst the group of penitents, he repeated once again the message that had travelled so far hidden away in his heart; and at last he, too, knelt in the sacred tribunal.

The priest heard Dermot O'Kelly's story as far as it concerned himself, but when he had told of Macarthy's death and the message that had been entrusted to him, he hesitated, paused, and finally was silent.

After a moment he continued speaking, and there was a mixture of regret and amazement in his tones.

"I can't remember what he said, Father," he stammered. "It has gone from me completely. Every night I have repeated to myself all he told me in his own words, and even to-day, a few moments ago, when I was preparing for confession, I said it to myself again. But now—I have forgotten—"

"There is no need to distress yourself," said the priest quietly. "You have done your part in coming to me here to-day. This sudden, unaccountable lapse of memory is clearly God's own ordering. It is evidently His will that the dead man's confession should never be repeated. We may surely believe that He has received and forgiven it." He went on speaking more now of his penitent than of the man who was dead, and his words sank deep into Dermot's heart, softened as it was by all that had occurred.

During the days that followed Dermot spent long hours before the altar in that quiet church, for he was considering a deep and serious problem. Perhaps Macarthy's prayers may have helped him in his decision, for when the *Siren* steamed out to sea again, the second officer trod her decks with the single gold band upon his sleeve, and not long afterwards Dermot O'Kelly sought and gained admittance to the Jesuit novitiate.

- ALICE DEASE.



**THE LOVE OF THE SACRED HEART FOR THE SICK.**

## The Love of the Sacred Heart for the Sick

“AND when the sun went down, all they that had any sick with divers diseases, brought them to Him. But He laying His hands on every one of them healed them.”  
Luke xv, 40.

It was at the very outset of our Blessed Lord's public life that this consoling trait of His Sacred Heart, His tenderness and compassion towards the sick was manifested.

How feebly our illustration represents the many scenes of surpassing mercy in His life. The cripple came to Him in pain, perhaps after years of unwilling inactivity and inability to provide for those he loved. The Master touched him and he was sound again. The poor leper steals through wood and dark ravine to cross His path and timidly watches for His passing. Think of the joy when Christ bids the scales to fall off and tells him he is clean.

The poor broken-hearted mother brings her fever-stricken child. How the mother loved that little life that seems burning away so rapidly. The little daughter was the brightness of her home, the light of her eyes, the pulse of her heart. Take that child from that home, let her eyes close in death and her voice be still and hushed, and that mother will wither like a flower in the autumn. But the Master touches, with love and power, that dying life and gives it back renewed to the loving embraces of the anxious parent.

Now Jesus Christ is “the same yesterday, to-day and forever.” He has the same sympathy and tenderness in His Sacred Heart, as He had when He was “laying His hands on everyone of them and healed them.” If we would only go to Him and lay at His feet every pain of body, every ache of limb, every sorrow of soul, every anguish of spirit, and every burden that weighs upon our hearts and our lives, we would find him as kind, as sympathetic, as loving as in the far-off days in Galilee.

It is not within the power of the Sacred Heart to turn away from our pleading and allow our prayers to remain unheard. Even when He leaves the pain unabated and the wound uncured, He gives—what is better—the grace to endure the suffering in union with His sorrows and agony. In one way or another, in form best for us, we shall be heard. For no cry goes from earth to heaven to His Sacred Heart and remains unanswered.

## UNDER THE SANCTUARY LAMP

THE HILLS THAT JESUS LOVED. X. THE MOUNTAIN OF SACRIFICE.



WE have lingered many hours, hours oh! so quick in passing, on the hills which Jesus loved. On Thabor our hearts have cried out: "It is good for us to be here." We have wept sweet tears of repentance on Calvary, as we looked into the suffering, blood-stained face of the dying Saviour, and thought of the part we had played in the disfigurement of that countenance, in whose light adoring angels worship. At the foot of Olivet we knelt at His side and saw the blood on His garments and there was none in the great wide world who could console Him, save His dear Mother, and she was absent and not there. This month we must spend our Holy Hour nigh unto that mountain which He loved beyond all other earthly hills,—that mountain nearest to His Sacred Heart, the mountain of sacrifice, His holy altar. "How lovely are thy tabernacles, O Lord God of hosts . . . The Lord loveth the gates of Sion above all the tabernacles of Jacob."

In the book of Leviticus we read: "And the fire on the altar shall always burn, and the priest shall always feed it, putting wood on it every day in the morning . . . This is the perpetual fire which shall never go out on the altar." In the Old Dispensation the fire of the Sacrifice was kindled in the morning from wood put upon the altar by the priest. What is the fire on the altar of the New Law, "the fire which shall always burn and never go out." Not surely the fire of the red light of the sanctuary lamp, which recalls the pillar of fire that hung over the tabernacle in the darkness of the desert. It might be the warmth of devotion in the heart of every good priest rekindled at the dawn when he goes up "to the mountain of God." But it is rather the glowing flame of infinite love which burns in the Sacred Heart of the great High Priest, when at break of day He ascends the holy mountain as Priest and Victim.

No thought can compass, no mind conceive "the charity of Christ which surpasseth all knowledge." On that holy hill His

Heart is aglow with a fire which has burned from the eternal years. Men can, with scientific precision, reach out to the planets and measure their distance; the plummet can search down into the depths of the sea and find its deep places, but our feeble imaginings can never rise to the heights nor delve into the depths of the love of the Sacred Heart in the tabernacle of the New Law. We know indeed what human love is. Mothers' hearts are warm with it, as they stand over the cradle of their first born and look with glances of love into the eyes of their children. It blushes on the cheeks and glints in the eyes of the bride and groom when they kneel before God's altar to pledge their troth till death and beyond. In the heart of a self-sacrificing sister for an erring brother, it is strengthened beyond the power of any tension of ingratitude to break. We are all familiar with the story of the strong love which knit and welded together the hearts of Damon and Pythias; and the tender affection of David and Jonathan we learned at our mother's knees in childhood days when we read the story of their attachment.

Now all the love of mother for child which has ever burned in human breasts; all the self-forgetting affection of devoted sisters which has ever nerved brave hearts for noble deeds and true; all the devotedness that has ever throbbed and thrilled in created souls; all the ecstasies of angelic spirits, all the melting heats of the fire in Mary's bosom; all these human, angelic, and almost divine loves which have glowed in human souls and glinted on human faces, all those loves multiplied seventy times seven and crushed unto the breaking into one great heart, do not bear the slightest resemblance, are not the merest shadow of the tender and melting love which burns in the Sacred Heart of our Blessed Lord as He is daily Victim and Priest at the mountain of the altar—the hill of sacrifice. It is like the incoming tide of a mighty river, no barrier can stop it, no obstacle impede its progress and its rising. It is like a wide, deep ocean whose waves never reach a shore, or a fathomless sea whose farthest depths are never sounded, it is like a desert whose sandy reaches are ever receding and whose horizon is ever retreating, it is a world which cannot be measured and whose edges cannot be scanned even under the clearest sky.

“And the light shall always burn and never go out on the altar.” The first altar where that love burned was not on the altar

in the supper-chamber, on the eve of His death, when the shadow of the awful Good-Friday was deepening about Him. We shall try to see in a moment how the fires raged in His Heart that night as the horrors of the morrow were brooding over His soul. The first altar was in the Bosom of the Father back in the eternal years. Long cycles before the angelic world sprang, swifter than lightning flash, from the Father's love and power, and sparkled more brilliantly in their new created life, than the first-born rays of the sun on the mountain-top, that love for us burnt fiercely in the only Begotten Son in the Father's Bosom. "Yea, I have loved with an everlasting love," we are told in Holy Writ.

But it was on the last night of His mortal life that this "everlasting love" found its tenderest and most enduring expression. Of our Great High Priest that night, it is said: "I will open rivers in the high hills and fountains in the midst of the plains. I will pour out water on the thirsty ground and streams upon the dry land." The love of the Sacred Heart is no barren sentiment, no sterile affection, but finds its type in the mother's, which prompts the feeding of her child with the milk of her breast.

When Moses had lead the people out from the slavery of Egypt across the Red Sea, and they were in the desert without food, "all the congregation of the children of Israel murmured against Moses and Aaron in the wilderness." "And the Lord spoke to Moses saying: I have heard the murmuring of the children of Israel: say to them: In the evening you shall eat flesh, and in the morning you shall have your fill of bread." At the dawn for forty years God fed His people in the desert. As they wandered over the barren sands, fought their enemies, were defeated one time and triumphed at another, as generations came and went, were born and passed away, daily at the dawn God fed His people, and the manna did not cease to be their food till the wanderers were in possession of the new yellow corn of Canaan forty years from their setting-out from the land of Egypt.

Here is the type and figure of the Master's love for us on the mountain on the altar in the New Law. Like the Jews of old, we are pilgrims from the slavery not of Egypt, but of sin. Our steps are turned, not towards the promised land beyond the Jordan upon which Moses looked down ere he died, but our steps are bent



towards "the new Jerusalem, the city of God, which hath no need of sun, nor of the moon to shine in it. For the glory of God hath enlightened it, and the Lamb is the light thereof." Thither we are daily tending. At times our enemies, like those of the Hebrews of old, are many and strong, and in fierce battle and desperate struggle do they strive. Our weakness is often great and many a time our arms threaten to fall from our hands and our hearts are timid. Where shall we get strength in our feebleness, courage in our timidity, light in our darkness, food and drink when otherwise our souls in the combat shall perish of hunger and thirst? How beautiful the answer given us by David in his distress: "I have lifted up my eyes to the mountains from whence help shall come to me." Daily at the dawn He is on the mountain of the altar and thence will come our help and our strengthening. At sun-up every morning on the holy hill breaks forth the self-same outburst of melting love from His Sacred Heart, that manifested itself in the supper-chamber the night before He died. How touching the scene! How melting the love! How it lets us enter into the secrets of the Sacred Heart! Let us dwell on it for a moment.

The three years of His public life are over. No more will He tread with the loved apostles the hills and valleys of Galilee or the white beach of the lake. No longer will they be seen along the winding road through Samaria or in the temple porches, or on the banks of the Jordan. The days of His mortal pilgrimage are drawing to a close and the evening of His earthly life is come. He has gathered His dear ones about Him for the last time and with the eyes of His unglorified body will look upon them no more. And now with the memories of His three years' of tarrying with them crowding in upon His mind, with the shadows of the morrow thickening about Him: "While they were at supper, Jesus took bread and blessed and broke and gave to His disciples and said: Take ye and eat: This is my Body."

What words of power and of unspeakable consolation! "This is my Body!" The Body of the Child which shivered on the wisp of straw that first Christmas night thirty-three years ago on Bethlehem's ridge, as the cold, chilly winds blew in from the sea, through the chinks of the stable. The Body of the Infant that was borne in Mary's arms over the sandy desert to the shores of the

**Nile.** The Body of the Youth who grew to manhood amid Nazareth's hills and toiled with Joseph in the carpenter's shop. The **Body** of the Man who touched the leper and he was made clean, who put His fingers on the eyelids of the blind and they saw; who blessed with tenderness the little ones and fed the multitude in the desert by the lake. "This is My Body." The Body which to-night shall lie prostrate in Gethsemani and to-morrow shall be whipped in Jerusalem. The Body which to-morrow shall hang lifeless upon the cross. "Take ye and eat! This is My Body, which is given for you: do this for a commemoration of Me."

"In like manner, taking the chalice also, after He had supped, He gave thanks and gave to them saying: Drink ye all of this. For this is My Blood of the New Testament which shall be shed for you, and for many, for the remission of sins." This is My Blood, the Blood which, in its eagerness to flow in pain, was shed in the circumcision after only a short eight days of life. The Blood which dyed the lips and mantled the cheeks of Mary's Child. In this chalice is the Blood which to-night will sparkle like rubies in the moonlight under the olive trees in the garden. This is My Blood which to-morrow shall be mingled with the dust in the streets of Jerusalem and shall be trampled under men's feet and shall saturate the cruel thongs which shall scourge the delicate flesh of the Son of Man. This Blood will be clamored for by that wild crowd with a fierce cry: "His blood be upon us and upon our children:" a cry which shall strike the Mount of Olives and come back and re-echo through the colonnades of the temple. This is My Blood which Pilate will vainly strive to wash from his hands and there is not water enough in earth's great oceans to wash the stain of guilt from off his soul—that stain can be washed away only by the very blood that is now blushing in the chalice. This is My Blood that in the darkness of the eclipse on Good-Friday will plead so eloquently for men's souls and men's love, which shall open wide the gates of Paradise to the repentant sinner on the cross. From the five wounds that Blood will flow for three hours and intercede more effectively for souls than did the blood of the lamb on the doorposts when the avenging angel passed over the land of Egypt and "slew every first-born in the land of Egypt, from the first-born of Pharaoh who sat on his throne unto the first-born of the captive woman

that was in prison." This is My Blood which, when the **spear** crushes into my side, will leap forth with joy, glad to pour out **its** red life to win the hearts of men.

"This do ye, as often as you shall drink for the commemoration of Me." This is our Lord's last command, the final wish of **His** Sacred Heart before it was pierced by the cruel lance which **dug** His side. "This do ye." Go up into the mountain of the altar, the hill of sacrifice and drink the chalice of His Blood. If a **dying** mother called her son to her bedside ere she passed from time to eternity, would he refuse any request she made him? As the **light** was fading from those eyes which were soon to close in death **and** into which he was to look no more; as the strength was failing **in** that thin hand which is raised the last time to bless him; as **that** voice, which was the first music from human lips that, **years ago**, fell upon his ear, is about to be hushed; as that heart which through all his days had throbbed with love for him, is about to beat for the last time, could any son refuse the earnest prayer of such a dying mother? But what is all the love, even of the mother of God herself compared to the melting tenderness of the Sacred Heart of Jesus for us? And His dying wish, His last desire, His final request was: "This do ye: . . . drink ye all of this. For this is My Blood of the New Testament. Take ye and eat, this is My Body." Now He has redeemed His promise made on the lake-shore outside of Capharnaum and kept His word, and bids us, before He leaves this world, to go to the Father, eat of His Body and drink His Blood. Yet men hang away and will not heed. Like the disciples of old they say: "This is a hard saying, and who can bear it?" . . . "After this many of His disciples went back and walked no more with Him." Yet if men do not heed and do not eat the "Bread from heaven," but feed upon an earthly manna they, like the Jews of old, shall die the death not merely of the body but of the soul. If, however, any man will bear in mind this dying request of the Sacred Heart, how great his joy daily as he kneels in presence of the altar, the mountain of sacrifice, and nourishes his soul upon the bread that lives and maketh him. For our Lord Himself has said: "He that eateth My flesh and drinketh My Blood, hath everlasting life; and I will raise him up at the last day. For My flesh is meat indeed, and My Blood is drink indeed.

He that eateth My flesh and drinketh My Blood, abideth in Me, and I in Him." And if the Sacred Heart abides with us, what matters it who deserts us? If Christ lingers and tarries in our soul, in Him, near His altar, we are rich beyond the telling, though all the wide world abandon us.

JNO. H. O'ROURKE, S.J.

## MY OFFERING



DEAR Sacred Heart, I offer Thee  
 Myself, unworthy though I be,  
 Thy burning love to satiate  
 Through Mary's Heart Immaculate.

My every word, my every breath,  
 All pain and suffering till my death;  
 Give me Thy grace, the sovereign balm,  
 In grief and care a heavenly calm.

My hand's best efforts, small and great,  
 Sorrows and joys, I consecrate;  
 Success and failure, trials that smart,  
 I place them all within Thy Heart.

To Thee my heart I now resign,  
 Bleeding or broken be it Thine,  
 The while this one request I make,  
 From me all love of creatures take.

I kiss the cross that weighs me down,  
 I choose to wear the thorny crown;  
 Coming from Thee, Sweet Lord, 'tis best;  
 To Thy fond Heart I leave the rest.

VIRGINIA HUNTER.

# Our Work and Its Spirit

## *Consecration to the Sacred Heart.*



ON May 25, 1892, Pope Leo XIII ordered that the whole human race be consecrated to the Sacred Heart. Our present Sovereign Pontiff decreed August 6, 1906, that this consecration should be renewed yearly on the feast of that same Divine Heart "in the presence of the Most Holy Sacrament exposed for public veneration."

Last year the wishes of our Holy Father were carried out with a fervor and readiness which were edifying and universal. A manifestation such as was witnessed twelve months ago, was most consoling to the Vicar of Christ and to the Sacred Heart of our Blessed Lord Himself.

## *The Response no Surprise.*

THIS universal display of devotion to the Sacred Heart is no matter of surprise when we remember the love for the Person of our Blessed Saviour which is almost instinctive in the Catholic heart. That affection for Jesus Christ is like a smouldering spark, and to fan it into a flame, only the slightest breath of the Vicar of Christ is needed. That breath came in the request for a consecration of the human race to the Sacred Heart, and instantly the flames burst forth in every land and amid every people and under every clime. Indeed such must necessarily have been the result of any expression of our Holy Father's wishes; and assuredly the more so, when these wishes touch the very foundation of the Catholic life.

## *The Foundation.*

ST. PAUL tells us: "For other foundation no man can lay, but that which is laid: which is Christ Jesus." Devotion to and faith in our Blessed Lord is the bed-rock of Catholic piety. It is the keystone in the arch of the spiritual life. Remove it and the whole edifice crumbles. If this personal love for our Master is the

**trait** of every true Catholic, how much more is it to be looked for in the daily life of those who cultivate a devotion to the Sacred Heart. For as is beautifully said by Father Pardow this month in his kind contribution to our pages, the devotion to the Sacred Heart consists in carrying out practically towards our Lord the relations of a friend. We think of and act towards Jesus Christ with all that delicacy and consideration which one friend shows towards another. Surely then the foundation of this relationship must be a personal love for our Blessed Saviour.

### *The Consecration.*

**W**HEN Solomon built the temple, before it was used for the sacrifices of the old law ; before the blood of victims flowed on the altars or the smoke of incense ascended from swinging thurible the temple was a profane place. But the day came when priest and king with pomp of ceremony, with sacred rites and prayers, dedicated that temple. From that moment it became a holy house, a place sacred to divine worship and to God. All profane conversations and actions were excluded from its sanctified precincts. Our Lord Himself whipped the buyers and sellers from the porches of the great House of Prayer in His own day. So, too, in the Catholic life, while it is true that by our very baptism we are consecrated to God, yet when we kneel before the altar and again, of our own free will, dedicate ourselves to His service, we become something more sacred, something more holy in His sight. Hence any failure to strive to make our thoughts, our words and our actions worthy of the Sacred Heart, is a kind of desecration. There is about it the falseness and disloyalty which would characterize a soldier, who, after having promised to be true to his General goes back upon his word and proves himself a traitor to his leader and his cause.

### *The League's Response.*

**W**E look forward, then, to the approaching feast of the Sacred Heart with great consolation. This renewal of our consecration does not mean that when last year we knelt before the Tabernacle and swore our fealty, that the oath was not for life. But it is a public protest of the joy which is in our souls for having made it,

We wish by our renewal to protest that if we had not made **our** dedication last year, we would at least this year rejoice to **come** forward and throw in our lot with the followers of the **Sacred** Heart. We desire, moreover, by this act to strengthen our **own** strong purpose to be faithful to the interests of our Blessed Saviour and to be true to Him and His cause.

We feel certain then that the approaching feast of the **Sacred** Heart will again witness a display of devotion on the part of the Associates of the League, which cannot fail of invigorating their own spirit of piety and rousing in the hearts of others, not yet courageous enough to join their ranks, the wish to partake of the same blessings and privileges. The zealous Directors up and down the country, to whom the League owes so much, will avail themselves of this opportunity to bring about a spiritual revival in their Local Centres. The self-sacrificing Promoters, upon whom so much depends and who give their time and labor so ungrudgingly, will be even more active in rousing their bands to preparation for the great event. And finally the Associates will in turn try tactfully to make others, not yet Associates of the League, join them in this great act of worship. Thus on the coming festival a united and universal chorus of praise, love, thanksgiving, and reparation will go up from tens of thousands of devoted lives to console the loving Heart of our Blessed Saviour.

### *Mother Barat.*

**T**HE Beatification of the Ven. Mother Barat, the Foundress of the Society of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, which took place on the 24th of May, in Rome, is a cause of great joy to all lovers of the Divine Heart, and especially to the worthy Religious themselves. When the Church put the stamp of her approval upon the life of so saintly a servant of God, she approved at the same time the aims and methods of her Institute, and it is no little joy to our Associates to see the Church signing with her seal the life principles of one whose whole aim, and whose every effort and striving were for the glory of the Sacred Heart. The Religious themselves, children of so noble a mother, will have found in this new honor conferred on their Foundress, fresh motives for courage in their great work for

God's glory carried on so self-sacrificingly and with such unspeakable profit for souls. Above all, at this time when so many of them are bearing the heavy cross of banishment from their native land and from their loved convents, it would seem as if the Blessed Master wanted them to draw closer to Himself and make them find and possess even more fully than ever, a true asylum and home in His Sacred Heart, the name of which their Society has borne with such honor and so worthily.

*Peter's Pence.*

**T**HIS year of our Holy Father's jubilee a special effort is being made to aid the Holy See in its poverty by generous offerings of Peter's Pence, so much needed now by our much loved Pius X, to carry on the great enterprises he has at heart for the promotion of the Church's welfare.

When all are so earnest in this good work, surely the MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART ought not and cannot hold back. How much could be done, and what great undertakings would be carried to completion if the Holy See had the resources! If every Associate of the League sent in ever so little, the aggregate sum would be no slight offering. We are willing, therefore, to receive any donations, however small, and shall acknowledge them in our pages monthly; and before the jubilee year is over we hope to be able to send to our Holy Father, as a token of our love and in gratitude for his interest in the League, a not inconsiderable amount.

We never, in our pages, ask for money for ourselves—not that we do not need it sorely—but we do open our columns for worthy charitable purposes, and no purpose is more deserving, no object at present more needy, than the wants of the Holy See. Hence, as we said before, anything sent us for Peter's Pence will be duly recorded in the MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART, and the amount forwarded at the end of the year as the League offering to the Vicar of Christ, Pius X.

THE EDITOR.



# Interests of the Heart of Jesus

## ROSARY OF THE SACRED HEART OF JESUS.



ONE of the many ways in which we can draw closer to and honor the Sacred Heart during the month of June, is the frequent recitation of the Rosary of the Sacred Heart. This Rosary is a real treasure of indulgences which can be gained as often during the day as it is recited with at least contrite heart. The Rosary consists of five decades and may be said on the ordinary beads or even on the fingers. What commends it especially is that it is very easy to learn and can be said in a few moments.

*Method of Recitation.*—On the large beads, instead of the Our Father, say: “Jesus, meek and humble of heart, make my heart like unto Thine.” To this ejaculation are attached three hundred days’ indulgence once a day. On the small beads, substitute for the Hail Mary:

“O sweetest Heart of Jesus, I implore  
That I may ever love Thee more and more.”

At the end of each decade, in place of the Glory be to the Father, say: “Sweet Heart of Mary, be my salvation!”

To the two foregoing ejaculations are attached three hundred days’ indulgence every time they are said.

## THE CAUSE OF BLESSED MARGARET MARY.

The Sacred Congregation of Rites has examined the two miracles which are required for the process of canonization of Blessed Margaret Mary. If these have been accepted, we have every reason to hope that the great apostle of the Sacred Heart will be raised on our altars before the end of the present year. We need not urge Associates and Promoters of the League to pray most earnestly that the cause of Blessed Margaret Mary, as well as that of Venerable Fr. de la Colombière, in France, and Father Hoyos in Spain, may be hastened for the greater honor and glory of the Divine Heart of Jesus.

## THE LEAGUE AT BEAVERTON, OREGON.

The Reverend Director of the League at Beaverton writes us as follows: "The Diploma of Aggregation now occupies a prominent place in my little church, and the MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART visits every family in the little parish. Some are yet somewhat shy; but even the monthly Communion will grow insensibly on them till almost all are making it. Once a year was hitherto "lots" for them, but the plea of our Sacramental Lord is invincible; even the backward have to acknowledge it to be a duty of gratitude."

## THE DEATH OF AN APOSTLE OF THE SACRED HEART.

We have just learned of the death of that faithful servant and Apostle of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, Rev. Francis Xavier Franciosi, S.J., who died at Tournai, Belgium, at the age of ninety. His long career was one well filled with apostolic works. But it is especially to the glorifying of the Sacred Heart that this servant of God devoted more than sixty years of his life. With Rev. Henry Ramière, S.J., the founder of the Apostleship of Prayer, he was instrumental in obtaining from Pius the Ninth the consecration of the whole world to the Sacred Heart.

Among the means he used to advance and propagate the devotion to the Sacred Heart was the publication of his much admired work, "The Devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus and Mary," of which more than forty thousand copies have appeared. One of his last consolations was to secure, in 1901, from the Sacred Congregation of Rites the sanction and approbation for the "Little Office of the Sacred Heart." Towards the end of 1906, it was again through his efforts that the annual renewal of the consecration of the whole world to the Sacred Heart was obtained from Pius X. In the last few years of his life at Tournai, Fr. Franciosi was engaged on another great work, "The Heart of Jesus and Tradition." It was while writing the last pages of this work of love that death found him devoted to the last to the one great passion and constant preoccupation of his life, the advancing and the spread of the devotion to the Sacred Heart.



"And he went his way and began to publish how great things Jesus had done for him; and all men wondered."—Mark v, 20.

## THANKSGIVINGS

Total number of Thanksgivings for last month, 2,368,749

### SPECIAL FAVORS.

#### A Delayed Promise.

*Rome, Italy.*—"Several years ago while conversing one day with a Jesuit Scholastic, mention was made of the many favors granted by Our Lord, to petitioners who promised to insert in *THE MESSENGER* an account of any favor obtained. A short time afterwards, a member of my family was taken seriously ill, and for a while death seemed imminent. There came back to me the conversation which had taken place a short time previous. I begged Our Lord to restore health to my dear sister, promising if the favor was granted, I would send an account of it to *THE MESSENGER*. Our Lord granted the petition, but the evil one tempted me, pride overcame me, and I forgot my promise. Yet Our Lord was merciful and has to-day given me the strength to overcome my pride and

the grace to fulfill my promise. May I ever be mindful of His mercy, and may I never again sin so grievously as to delay thanking Him for His mercy."

#### An Astonishing Cure.

*New York, N. Y.*—"My sister was very ill of pneumonia, and complications set in rendering her condition such that three of the best doctors in our city said positively that there was no chance or hope of her recovery. We had recourse to prayer, Novenas to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, Masses in honor of the Most Sacred Heart of Jesus, Novenas to Our Lady of Lourdes, and the use of the water from the grotto of Lourdes, and in the face of a temperature of 103 and 104 for three months, and a temperature of 106 every day for six weeks, she finally got well, and, as the doctors say, is a puzzle and wonder to them.

"We the family, see the wonderful efficacy of prayer in this case, and wish to make it known through your magazine, so that others may also have recourse to prayer, even in their darkest hour of trial or affliction."

#### A Successful Operation.

*Lafayette, La.*—"A little girl was very sick with throat trouble. The only chance was a surgical operation, and the gravest fears were entertained, as the doctors said it was doubtful whether she could stand the shock. A band of nine made a novena to the Sacred Heart, and the operation was a perfect success. All praise to the Sacred Heart. Publication in THE MESSENGER was promised."

#### Miraculous Preservation.

*Tepexpan, Mexico.*—"My sister being stricken with mental derangement in August of 1906, without hope of recovery, according to several physicians, in union with some good and pious persons I invoked most perseveringly the Divine Heart of Jesus. In a short time her improvement became noticeable in a remarkable manner in the month of June last, and has ever since continued. In testimony of love and gratitude to the Sacred Heart, I write these lines and beg all THE MESSENGER readers to join with me in praise and thanksgiving for this miraculous preservation. A Mass and publication were promised."

#### Most Efficacious Invocation.

*Tepexpan, Mexico.*—"Several grateful lovers of the Sacred Heart offer ardent and sincere thanks for more than twenty much-desired favors obtained through that sweet and most efficacious invocation of His Holi-

ness: "O Most Sacred Heart of Jesus, in Thee I confide!"

"Our confidence in the dear Heart urges us to recommend our indebtedness to all the Associates."

#### A Mother's Life Spared.

*New Haven, Conn.*—"A mother was in a delicate state of health on account of a previous illness. Little hope was entertained for her recovery. Prayer was resorted to and a promise of publication in the SACRED HEART MESSENGER was made. Thanks to the Sacred Heart she has recovered and is able to look after her little family."

#### A Difficult Conversion.

*New York, N. Y.*—"A gentleman had been away from the Church for more than twenty years. In spite of failing health he remained obstinately opposed to seeing a priest, and in a dangerous illness, he resented as an interference in his affairs any effort to make him change his mind. When nearly dying he consented to wear a scapular of the Sacred Heart and a small medal of the Immaculate Conception. He recovered almost entirely, but still put off his conversion. Stricken down again, by a marvellous interposition of Divine Mercy, he, of his own accord, separated himself from the cause of his misfortunes and was reconciled to the Church in sincere and edifying sentiments.

"I had promised a Votive Mass of thanksgiving to the Sacred Heart and Our Lady if this difficult conversion were obtained, and also that would have it published."

#### A Death-Bed Conversion.

*Newark, N. J.*—"I wish to express my sincere gratitude to the Sacred Heart for granting the grace of the

light of faith to a non-Catholic whose conversion I had recommended to the prayers of the Associates of the League of the Sacred Heart for four years. No one seemed to entertain the slightest hope of this man's conversion. In his last illness, however, as the end drew near, God's grace was put to good account. Asked again and again whether he would like to see a minister, the dying man refused. On being asked, however, if there was any one he would like to see before dying, he made an heroic effort to speak for the last time and it was to ask for a Catholic priest. His last wish was fulfilled without delay, and scarcely had Baptism been administered than the dying man, fixing his eyes on the picture of Mary Magdalen at the feet of Christ, and with the badge of the Sacred Heart pinned on his breast, and a lighted candle in his hand, he died a most peaceful death. blessed be God for His sweet mercy to this soul, in whose behalf were fulfilled the words of the parable of the vineyard: 'So shall the last be first, and the first last.'

#### A Sister's Gratitude.

*New York, N. Y.*—"A brother who had been drinking for some weeks failed to return home, and for nearly three weeks the family had heard nothing about him. In my worry and anxiety, I promised the Sacred Heart should I hear from him before the First Friday of the month, I would have the favor published in *THE MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART*, have five Masses said for the poor souls, become a Promoter, and send four pictures of the Sacred Heart and *THE MESSENGER* for one year to four friends. My prayers were answered within two weeks. My brother came home, but imme-

diately after his return fell seriously ill. A priest was summoned without delay. However, as my brother was too sick at the time to make his confession, the priest returned on the following day, though he had made up his mind to defer confession until he was perfectly well. My brother was willing enough to make his confession and receive Holy Communion. Through God's grace he has since recovered and hopes to keep the solemn promise he made then of giving up forever the use of intoxicants.

"In conclusion, I beg to say that though I was utterly discouraged at the time my brother left home, after reading the thanksgivings in *THE MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART* I felt assured that God would answer my prayers, for which I wish to express my heartfelt gratitude."

#### GENERAL FAVORS.

For many of these favors Mass and publication were promised; for others the Badge or the Promoter's Cross were used; for others the prayers of the Associates had been asked.

*ARIZONA.*—*Phoenix*, three children's recovery from pneumonia.

*CALIFORNIA.*—*Bakersfield*, complete cure of a long-standing ailment; *Brooklyn*, grace of religious vocation; *Hanford*, a mother and her child's preservation from small-pox; *Jacinto*, a husband's improvement in health; *San Francisco*, relief from severe head and ear trouble, peace in a family, grace of fidelity to the pledge, a young woman's recovery of consciousness; *Sonoma*, the averting of harm; *Stockton*, preservation from serious illness.

*CONNECTICUT.*—*Danbury*, reconciliation with husband; *New Haven*, cure of acute nervousness; *Portland*, the successful issue of a painful

operation; *Waterbury*, success in school work, cure of illness.

GEORGIA.—*Augusta*, recovery of consciousness before dying and subsequent peaceful death.

IDAHO.—*Caldwell*, recovery of a child from a strange illness.

ILLINOIS.—*Carlinville*, improvement in health without operation; *Jerseyville*, recovery of health and success in an undertaking; *Moline*, preservation from a serious illness and success in an undertaking; *Ottawa*, the wonderful conversion of a woman, an Associate's cure, the saving of a young man's life; *Springfield*, relief from great pain.

INDIANA.—*Evansville*, a sister's recovery from insanity, the practice of daily Communion in a religious community; *Logansport*, the averting of a calamity and the recovery of health; *Shelbyville*, the advantageous renting of a house; *Vincennes*, the recovery from blood poisoning, speedy recovery from double pneumonia.

IOWA.—*Centerville*, the reception of the Sacraments by an uncle thirty-two years out of the Church; *Farley*, a child's relief from spasms, preservation from fatal results of an accident; *Salix*, the successful issue of a very important business concerning a community; *Iowa City*, restoration to health; *Waverly*, financial assistance in a most miraculous manner.

KANSAS.—*Dodge City*, success in an examination.

KENTUCKY.—*Covington*, favorable reply to an important letter; *Georgetown*, sudden restoration to perfect health, relief from nervous prostration, the grace of temperance and the security of employment; *Newport*, the recovery of a sick relative, the giving up of intoxicating drink; a brother's preservation from threatened pneumonia; *Owensboro*, cure of a sore throat and sore eyes.

LOUISIANA.—*Algiers*, recovery from serious illness; *Baton Rouge*, conversion of a non-Catholic; *Colfax*, a child's recovery from fatal fever; *Lafayette*, recovery from pneumonia, preservation from danger on three occasions, a young boy's immediate improvement and recovery from measles, a child's preservation from typhoid; *New Orleans*, recovery from a very serious operation, a sister's complete recovery from the grippe.

MARYLAND.—*Woodstock*, relief in financial straits and the dispelling of a misunderstanding.

MASSACHUSETTS.—*Boston*, a child's recovery from a painful illness, relief from sore throat, a speedy recovery; *Canton*, relief from severe pain in the arm; *Holyoke*, cure of abscess without an operation; *Merrimac*, positions obtained for two brothers; *Roxbury*, the obtaining of a new position.

MEXICO.—*Mexico City*, the removal of a growth impairing the eyesight, preservation of two families from danger during an earthquake; *Tepepam*, the receiving of a longed-for letter.

MICHIGAN.—*Hubbell*, the obtaining of a position; *River Rouge*, the finding of a lost watch and chain.

MINNESOTA.—*Elizabeth*, the grace of baptism, viaticum and extreme unction for a non-Catholic father; *St. Paul*, a boy's recovery, a husband's recovery; *White Bear Lake*, a successful operation for appendicitis and remarkably quick recovery.

MISSISSIPPI.—*McComb City*, a husband's return to work and a child's recovery from a serious illness.

MISSOURI.—*Kansas City*, the averting of a scandal; *Kirkwood*, the averting of a frost threatening great ruin, and success of an entertainment; *St. Louis*, the retaining of a position in trying circumstances, recovery from illness.

MONTANA.—*Butte*, financial assistance and the recovery of a little boy.

NEBRASKA.—*Blair*, help in financial trouble; *Omaha*, a position obtained; *Racine*, the security of a situation.

NEW JERSEY.—*East Orange*, a mother's restoration to health; *Elizabeth*, the making of the Mission by husband and son who had neglected the Sacraments for years; *Englewood*, conversion of two persons addicted to drink, the securing of a good position, cure of a sore foot; *Gloucester City*, the securing of two positions; *Jersey City*, relief from pain caused by abscess; *Newark*, conversion of a non-Catholic; *West Hoboken*, a mother's recovery from a severe illness, conversion of an uncle, recovery of a friend from pneumonia, grace of making the Mission granted to four persons, the grace of giving up habit of intoxicating drink.

NEW YORK.—*Binghamton*, a mother's restoration to health, work obtained for the father of a family; *Brooklyn*, two persons' restoration to health, the saving of property from fire, success in an examination, a husband's return to the Sacraments after twenty-five years' neglect, recovery of the use of a limb, the death-bed conversion of a non-Catholic, success of a very serious operation; *Buffalo*, cure of defective eyesight, success in studies, recovery of a lost article, a mother's restoration to health, grace of a happy death, success of an undertaking, cure of a sore leg; *Kingston*, a brother's return to the Sacraments after years of neglect; *Little Falls*, grace of making a good confession; *Monticello*, immediate relief from intense suffering; *New York City*, conversion of an intemperate person, two persons' restoration to health, two positions

obtained, speedy recovery from ill-health, a mother's recovery from a severe attack of pleurisy, preservation from threatened pneumonia, a relative's preservation from loss of faith, the payment of a long-standing debt, the securing of a position, a child's cure of earache, preservation from the consequences of a fall, success in a law-suit, the recovery of an infant from a serious illness, an almost miraculous escape from injury through accident; *Rochester*, the finding of an important paper, cure of sore throat, relief from acute pain in the side, the gaining of a difficult lawsuit, cure of an injured limb; *Yonkers*, a brother's return to the Sacraments after three years' neglect.

NORTH DAKOTA.—*Minot*, a mother's recovery, peace in a family.

OHIO.—*Canton*, work obtained by two persons, two persons' restoration to health, grace of a happy death, reform of life, improvement in health, the obtaining of good tenants, sale of property, three conversions and increase of zeal in a parish, the return of a brother considered lost, the safe return of a friend; *Cleveland*, successful real estate transfer, an advantageous investment; *Fremont*, reconciliations effected, relief from great mental and physical strain, a mother's restoration to health; *Kenton*, peace of mind obtained by perseverance in prayer; *Middletown*, the return of a son; *Salem*, a friend's restoration to health; *Portland*, a father and daughter's conversion; *Youngstown*, immediate relief from severe palpitation of heart.

PENNSYLVANIA.—*Clarion*, the obtaining of a position; *Germantown*, the recovery of use of limb; *Natrona*, a brother's return to the Sacraments; *Nicholson*, the happy death of a young man; *Philadelphia*, relief from pain, success in examinations,

cure of a very painful sickness, three persons' recovery from illness; *Pittsburg*, relief from painful asthma; *York*, the advantageous sale of a house.

PORTO RICO.—*Santusca*, the success of the missions throughout the Island, the passing of a financial crisis.

RHODE ISLAND.—*Providence*, the conversion of a deaf-mute who had lost his faith, relief from head trouble.

TEXAS.—*Galveston*, preservation from a threatened amputation; *Guero*, the return to God of one fifty years away from the Sacraments; *Houston*, full recovery from pneumonia; *League City*, success of an operation; *Turnerville*, recovery from operation.

VERMONT.—*Burlington*, success in examinations; *Middlebury*, suitable position obtained for a son, a friend's

recovery from a serious illness; *Rutland*, the recovery of a sick friend, the securing of a position long desired, the baptism of a child; *Winoski*, a safe journey and relief from serious illness.

VIRGINIA.—*Alexandria*, a daughter's recovery from a severe attack of croup; *Richmond*, immediate recovery from a fatal disease.

WISCONSIN.—*Milwaukee*, the happy death of a young man, cure of a non-Catholic through wearing of the Badge, preservation from sickness, success in examinations; *Mineral Point*, the obtaining of a good position, recovery from severe illness, the sparing of a child's life; *Racine*, the recovery of eyesight and cure of rheumatism; *Seattle*, the settling of a dispute without recourse to law.

Thanks are also expressed by Promoters and Associates for many other spiritual and temporal favors.

## BOOK NOTICES

*Distinguished Converts to Rome in America.* By D. J. Scannell-O'Neil. B. Herder, St. Louis. Net, \$1.00.

The foregoing book is a veritable *Multum in parvo*. In less than two hundred pages it contains more than two thousand names of prominent converts in America, with a short biography of each. The list, though large, is necessarily incomplete, and the author hopes that his readers will help him to make future editions of the work more precise and exhaustive.

The little volume is well worth perusal, and among other things, it shows the advance of our holy faith among those prominent outside the one time fold.

*The Psalter or Book of Psalms* in Latin and English. Benziger Brothers.

The present edition of the Psalter is a handy pocket volume, neatly bound. It will form a pleasant travelling companion for those who are inclined to piety and poetry. It gives the Latin and English versions on opposite pages, and can be read with ease and pleasure by the average reader or the special student. These handy editions of the Scripture or the Classics recall, by contrast, the time when folio volumes were the order of the day, and when a manuscript copy of the Bible would cost a fortune. Verily, in some things at least we have made rapid progress.



## OBITUARY

Who lives in love, loves least to live  
And long delay doth rue,  
If Him we love by whom we live  
To whom all love is due;

Who for our love did choose to live  
And was content to die;  
Who loved our love more than His life  
And love with life did buy.

ROBERT SOUTHWELL, S.J.

- |  |                                      |
|--|--------------------------------------|
| Augustine, Sr. Bradley, Elmhurst,<br>R. I. | Joseph, Alacoque, Sr., New York City |
| Beschel, Mrs. Mary, Trevoston, Pa.         | Kampschoff, E., Buffalo, N. Y.       |
| Bonner, Hugh, New York City.               | Keipe, May, Philadelphia, Pa.        |
| Boudreau, Edward, Keeseville, N. Y.        | Lavery, Mary, New York City.         |
| Boudreau, J. F., Keeseville, N. Y.         | Lorrington, Margaret, St. Louis, Mo. |
| Burke, Frank, Jersey City, N. J.           | Ludden, L., Thompsonville, Conn.     |
| Burke, Mary, Jersey City N. J.             | Lyons, Margaret, Jersey City, N. J.  |
| Caffrey, Margaret, Brooklyn, N. Y.         | McCaffrey, Daniel, Jamesport, N. Y.  |
| Cantillon, John, Buffalo, N. Y.            | McElroy, Edward, New York City.      |
| Cavin, Mary, Kenton, O.                    | McGuire, Mrs. Elizabeth, Exeter, Pa. |
| Cochrane, Mary, Buffalo, N. Y.             | McManus, John, New York City.        |
| Columba, N. Sr., Denver, Col.              | Mara, Nellie M., St. Louis, Mo.      |
| Cowboy, Ann, St. Louis, Mo.                | Meany, Ellen, New York City.         |
| Cram, Mrs., San Francisco, Cal.            | Mitchell, J., Thompsonville, Conn.   |
| Curran, Rev. James J., Omaha, Neb.         | Moore, Ann, Buffalo, N. Y.           |
| De Lancy, Mrs. Seattle, Wash.              | Mulligan, Anna, Englewood, N. J.     |
| Dillon, John, Jersey City, N. J.           | Naples, James, Buffalo, N. Y.        |
| Downey, M. J., Trevoston, Pa.              | Nichols, Alicia, New York City.      |
| Fenger, Rev. Joseph, Buffalo, N. Y.        | O'Kane, Daniel, New York City.       |
| Franklin, Wm., New York City.              | Rosensteel, Emma, Gettysburg, Pa.    |
| Goldsmith, A., Jersey City, N. J.          | Ryan, Mary L., Cincinnati, O.        |
| Greene, Julia M., Clifton Heights, Pa.     | Shields, Kate, New York City.        |
| Greenly, J., Seattle, Wash.                | Sullivan, Elizabeth, Buffalo, N. Y.  |
| Hagenbrok, Charles, St. Louis, Mo.         | Tobin, Adelia F., Southington, Conn. |
| Hughes, Katherine, St. Louis, Mo.          | Wagner, Alexander, Trevoston, Pa.    |
| Hughes, Mary, Trevoston, Pa.               | Walsh, Anne, New York City.          |
| Janin, Rev. M., S.J., New Orleans.         | Warren, Maurice, Holyoke, Mass.      |
| Johnson, G. I., New York City.             | York, Mary, Butte, Mont.             |
|  | Ziegler, Andrew, New York City.      |

R. I. P.

Kind reader, pray for their souls and the souls of all the Faithful departed.

## RECENT AGGREGATIONS

The following Local Centres received Diplomas during April, 1908:

| Diocese.          | Place.                | Local Centre.             | Date.          |
|-------------------|-----------------------|---------------------------|----------------|
| Baltimore.....    | Baltimore, Md.....    | St. Dominic's .....Church | April 7, 1908  |
| Detroit.....      | Douglas, Mich.....    | St. Peter's ....."        | April 7, 1908  |
| Indianapolis..... | Evans Landing, Ind..  | St. Peter's ....."        | April 22, 1908 |
| Indianapolis..... | Laconia, Ind.....     | Sacred Heart Mary.....    | April 22, 1908 |
| Indianapolis..... | Locust Point, Ind..   | B. V. M. and St. Joachim  | April 22, 1908 |
| Leavenworth.....  | Ottawa, Kans.....     | Sacred Heart ....."       | April 22, 1908 |
| Philadelphia..... | Philadelphia, Pa..... | St. Aloysius ....."       | April 7, 1908  |
| Chicago.....      | Chicago, Ill.....     | St. Augustine's ....."    | April 1, 1908  |
| Omaha.....        | Butte, Nebr.....      | St. Peter and Paul's....  | Mch. 31, 1908  |
| Sioux City.....   | Ruthven, Iowa.....    | Sacred Heart....."        | April 25, 1908 |

Total number of Aggregations, 10.

## PROMOTERS' RECEPTIONS

Diplomas issued during the month of April, 1908, from the 1st to the 30th (inclusive).

| Diocese.          | Place                 | Local Centre.                     | No. |
|-------------------|-----------------------|-----------------------------------|-----|
| Alton.....        | Charleston, Ills..... | St. Charles .....Church           | 4   |
| Baltimore.....    | Woodstock, Md.....    | Woodstock .....College            | 12  |
| Brooklyn.....     | Brooklyn, N. Y.....   | Mercy .....Convent                | 3   |
| Chicago.....      | Batavia, Ills.....    | Holy Cross .....Church            | 1   |
| Chicago.....      | Chicago, Ills.....    | Our Lady of Sorrows.....          | 25  |
| Cincinnati.....   | Cincinnati, O.....    | St. Lawrence ....."               | 6   |
| Cincinnati.....   | Madisonville, O.....  | St. Anthony's ....."              | 14  |
| Cincinnati.....   | Oxford, O.....        | St. Mary's ....."                 | 4   |
| Duluth.....       | Duluth, Minn.....     | Sacred Heart .....Cathedral       | 12  |
| Hartford.....     | Bridgeport, Conn..... | St. Augustine's .....Church       | 1   |
| Marquette.....    | Escanaba, Mich.....   | St. Joseph's ....."               | 5   |
| Milwaukee.....    | Menominee Falls, Wis. | St. James ....."                  | 10  |
| Mobile.....       | Mobile, Ala.....      | Visitation .....Convent           | 4   |
| New York.....     | N. Tarrytown, N. Y..  | St. Teresa's .....Church          | 1   |
| New Orleans.....  | Grand Coteau, La..... | St. Charles .....College          | 6   |
| Ogdensburg.....   | Watertown, N. Y.....  | Our Lady of Sacred Heart Church   | 3   |
| Oklahoma.....     | Tulsa, Okla.....      | Holy Family ....."                | 6   |
| Omaha.....        | Omaha, Nebr.....      | Creighton .....University         | 29  |
| Philadelphia..... | Philadelphia, Pa..... | St. John the Evangelist....Church | 100 |
| San Antonio.....  | San Antonio, Tex..... | St. Louis .....College            | 12  |
| Yokohama.....     | Yokohama, Japan.....  | St. Joseph's ....."               | 8   |

Total number of Receptions, 21.

Total number of Diplomas issued, 266.

## TREASURY OF GOOD WORKS

Offerings for the Intentions recommended to the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

|                               |           |                                  |           |
|-------------------------------|-----------|----------------------------------|-----------|
| 1. Acts of Charity .....      | 3,761,313 | 11. Masses heard .....           | 297,799   |
| 2. Beads .....                | 385,848   | 12. Mortifications .....         | 384,840   |
| 3. Way of the Cross .....     | 844,571   | 13. Works of Mercy .....         | 448,440   |
| 4. Holy Communion .....       | 1,880,987 | 14. Works of Zeal .....          | 429,683   |
| 5. Spiritual Communion .....  | 325,950   | 15. Prayers .....                | 855,910   |
| 6. Examen of Conscience ..... | 984,452   | 16. Kindly conversation .....    | 938,831   |
| 7. Hours of Labor .....       | 1,657,450 | 17. Suffering, Afflictions ..... | 1,784,174 |
| 8. Hours of Silence .....     | 226,101   | 18. Self-conquest .....          | 926,927   |
| 9. Pious reading .....        | 294,523   | 19. Visit to B. Sacrament.....   | 304,614   |
| 10. Masses read .....         | 2,067     | 20. Various good works .....     | 1,872,264 |

Grand Total of Good Works, 19,727,452.

# CALENDAR OF MONTHLY INTENTIONS

JUNE, 1908.

## THE MORNING OFFERING

O Jesus, through the Immaculate Heart of Mary, I offer Thee my prayers, works and sufferings of this day for all the intentions of Thy Sacred Heart, in union with the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass throughout the world, for the intentions of all our Associates and in particular for Devotion to the Sacred Heart.

| DAYS.  | FEASTS AND PATRONS.  | VIRTUES.                      | PETITIONS.                        |
|--------|--|-------------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| 1 M.   | St. Caprasius, Ab. C. (480).   | Love of Prayer.               | 2,368,749 for thanksgivings.      |
| 2 T.   | SS. Marcellinus and Comp. MM. (384).   | The Bl. Sacrament.            | 866,787 for the afflicted.        |
| 3 W.   | St. Clothilda, W. F. (France 643) Pr.  | Patience.                     | 462,532 for the sick, infirm.     |
| 4 Th.  | St. Francis Carraciolo, C. F. (1608) H. H.   | Humility.                     | 787,514 for dead Associates.      |
| 5 F.   | <b>First Friday</b> —St. Boniface, Bp. M. (Apostle of Germany 754) 1st D. C. R.        | Spread of the Faith.          | 187,131 for Local Centres.        |
| 6 S.   | Vigil.—St. Norbert (Premonstratensians 1134).  | True Reform.                  | 176,486 for Directors.            |
| 7 S.   | <b>Pentecost</b> —St. Robert, Ab. C. (1139) A. I.                                      | Avoidance of Honors.          | 231,172 for Promoters.            |
| 8 M.   | Whit Monday.—St. Medard, Bp. C. (645).   | Encourage the Young.          | 355,958 for the departed.         |
| 9 T.   | Whit Tuesday.—SS. Primus and Felician, MM. (about 308).                                | Strengthening the Weak.       | 366,078 for perseverance.         |
| 10 W.  | Ember Day.—St. Margaret (Scotland).  | Happiness in Suffering.       | 688,706 for the young.            |
| 11 Th. | St. Barnabas, Ap. (61) H. H.   | Sympathy.                     | 938,689 for First Communions.     |
| 12 F.  | Ember Day.—St. John of St. Facundus C. (O. S. A. 1079).                                | Peacemaking.                  | 1,880,459 for parents.            |
| 13 S.  | Ember Day.—St. Anthony of Padua, C. (O. F. M. 1231).                                   | Devotion to the Infant Jesus. | 318,788 for families.             |
| 14 S.  | <b>Trinity Sunday</b> —Our Lady of the Way. St. Basil the Great, Bp. C. D. (379) A. I. | Divine Worship.               | 468,087 for reconciliations.      |
| 15 M.  | SS. Vitus and Comp. MM. (303).   | Fearlessness of Faith.        | 392,750 for work, means.          |
| 16 T.  | St. John Francis Regis, C. (S. J. 1640).   | Teaching the Ignorant.        | 338,756 for the clergy.           |
| 17 W.  | St. Avitus, Ab. C. (530).  | Christian Affection.          | 1,262,491 for religious.          |
| 18 Th. | <b>Corpus Christi</b> —SS. Mark and Marcellian, MM. (386) A. I., H. H.                 | Love of Relatives.            | 690,721 for seminarists, novices. |
| 19 F.  | St. Juliana Falconieri, V. F. ("Mantellate" 1340).                                     | Horror of Sin.                | 686,034 for vocations.            |
| 20 S.  | St. Silverius, P. M. (538).  | Steadfastness in Right.       | 1,226,706 for parishes.           |
| 21 S.  | <b>Second after Pentecost</b> —St. Aloysius Gonzaga, C. Patron of Youth. (S.J., 1691.) | Purity.                       | 624,818 for schools.              |
| 22 M.  | St. Germaine Cousin (1601).  | Solitude.                     | 247,222 for superiors.            |
| 23 T.  | St. Etheldreda, V. Q. (England 679).   | Continence.                   | 389,344 for missions, retreats.   |
| 24 W.  | Nativity of St. John the Baptist. A. I.  | Recollection.                 | 421,112 for societies, works.     |
| 25 Th. | St. William, Ab. C. (1142). H. H.  | Control of the Passions.      | 370,166 for conversions.          |
| 26 F.  | <b>Sacred Heart of Jesus</b> —SS. John and Paul, MM. (386), 1st D.                     | Contempt of Human Respect.    | 1,147,889 for sinners.            |
| 27 S.  | St. Ladislaus, C. K. (Hungary 1095).   | God's Greater Glory.          | 412,142 for the intemperate.      |
| 28 S.  | <b>Third after Pentecost</b> —St. Irenaeus, B. M. (205).                               | Reconciliation.               | 310,267 for spiritual favors.     |
| 29 M.  | SS. Peter and Paul, Apostles. Pr., A. I., A. S.  | Following Christ.             | 1,067,124 for temporal favors.    |
| 30 T.  | Commemoration of St. Paul.   | Fervor.                       | 1,120,743 for special, various.   |

PLENARY INDULGENCE—Ap.—Apostleship; D—Degrees; Pr.—Promoters; C. R.—Communion of Reparation; H. H.—Holy Hour; A. I.—Apostolic Indulgences; A. S.—Apostleship of Study.



# MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART

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SAINT MARY MAGDALEN

She broke a box and perfume sweet  
Poured tenderly o'er Jesus' feet;  
She broke her heart, with all its stains,  
And lo! the fragrance still remains.

SR. M. CLARISSA

# Messenger of the Sacred Heart

VOL. XII.

JULY, 1908.

No. 7



## ECCLESIASTICAL SEMINARIES

BY A SEMINARY PROFESSOR.



THE Seminary is the place where the priest is formed"; this brief statement exhausts the knowledge that people in general have of the Seminary. A young man passes our home on a summer evening, there is something distinctive about his dress and features and bearing. "He is a Seminarian on vacation," we are informed. "How long before you'll be priested?" inquires the pious old lady, who years before noted this youth kneeling, a reverent boy, beside the priest at the foot of the altar. "Four years more," the young man answers. It is only one more mystery of her religion. "He has to study Latin, of course, and to learn to say Mass," she thinks. Or, again, we are passing through a quiet suburb of a great city, and we observe on some height a massive building with a cross. "That's the Seminary of the archdiocese," we are told. And so the Seminary still remains a mere name. But what is it in reality?

The Seminary bears a certain resemblance to a professional school of law or medicine. All its students are in early manhood and have already completed a lengthy college course of general culture, including the Greek and Latin languages. And these college men turn to the Seminary to prepare for the priesthood by a further five or six year course of studies, as their classmates turn to secular schools to qualify for law or medicine. In the Seminary the intellectual life is intense; theological studies are the deepest and noblest that can

occupy the mind, and the mind of the Seminarian, because of the absence of worldly distraction and temporal anxiety, can devote itself to study with an earnest and sustained application rarely found elsewhere.

But the Seminary is much more than a professional school; for you cannot make a priest in a mere house of study. The priest requires knowledge indeed, but character still more. The Seminary, therefore, impresses a character as well as gives instruction.

It is a place of strong discipline. It leaves an enduring mark. Review a procession at some great ceremony of the Church. How diverse are the faces of the priests in racial traits, in feature and in range of expression, and yet how uniformly an indefinable likeness is repeated in each face! Why do priests look alike? Simply because they have been subject for years to a common masterful discipline which has left its mark upon them.

We admire discipline in the soldier, and begin to realize the effect of discipline when we recall the sentinel of Pompeii, found in the ashes after so many centuries, who stood at his post when the people had fled the doomed city; or the Japanese soldier at the siege of Peking who set a bomb at the gate of the city, and then calmly waited beside it, sword in hand, guarding the fuse, till he was blown to pieces in the explosion; or the French Zouaves who, in a battle during the war of 1870, replaced one another in supporting the colors of their regiment till more than twenty had fallen on the field. The disciplined soldier is the soldier through and through, who conquers fear in the face of cannon and bayonet, who, in hunger and fatigue, clings to his musket and keeps up with the line in the long march, who stands guard in the lonely night or lies down to sleep on the cold ground. Discipline is not enforced for the sake of display on public parade, but in order to carry the soldier through the campaign.

The priest, too, needs discipline as well as the soldier. He may go into the huge cities of stone and iron where the apocalyptic struggle of fury and of agony is ever waged between Heaven and Hell. There he must conquer a kingdom for Christ. He must transform a whole district where family is superimposed on family six or eight times over in rising tenements, where house is joined to house, and street added to street till the green earth and bright

sky are lost to sight, and the "glare of what is shuts out the view of things that are to be." He must keep his own imagination and passions from being stirred by the bright objects of sense and the feverish aims which the thousands about him pursue with eagerness, but at the same time he must win the thousands who are swept along by the aimless rush and unrest of the insane world to "consider in their hearts" and to rise by enduring faith to God and the invisible world which will not pass away. Or, perhaps, the priest goes to a mission in the country where the houses are scattered and the people, striving to draw a living out of the earth, "walk like the animals with their faces towards the ground." He must now, year after year, cling to his sacred ideal, feel the pains of loneliness and poverty, and, in spite of apparent failure, "lay down, for the sake of a few hundred, the life he can never live again." Here is a calling calculated to wear out the bravest spirit and to depress the stoutest heart. Small wonder, then, that the Seminary is a place of discipline. The Seminary purposes to change its charges through and through. The young man enters as a layman, he leaves as a priest. Now, a priest is much more than a layman plus a black garb and Roman collar. The gait, the manner, the tongue, the restless heart, the mind and the will, must all be disciplined in turn. The day's doings, from rising till bed-time, are under rule, written or unwritten. These rules are ordered to develop priestly qualities, just as the various apparatus in a gymnasium are suited to develop the physical man in every set of muscles.

The president of a famous secular university in the East once paid a visit to a Catholic Seminary in his neighborhood. The Seminarians were at the time in their rooms engaged in study. The distinguished visitor, as he passed the long corridors with their rows of rooms on either hand, marveled that there should be no odor of tobacco in the air, no whistling or singing within the rooms, no restless visiting from door to door. He was amazed to learn that a crowd of young men, by nature volatile and voluble, and with a fever in the blood, could be held to such strict discipline for the five or six years which they spend in the Seminary. The silence especially impressed him.

The Seminary, however, must not be thought a prison or a sort of West Point with a moral purpose thrown in. The strength of



the discipline is lodged in the breasts of the students. They have heard in their hearts the call of Christ, "Come, follow Me," and they long to be holy priests. They submit to strict rule, not grudgingly or of necessity, but as cheerful givers, because they feel that the rules of the Seminary are but the application to modern conditions of the great principles that our Lord employed in forming His Apostles. Thick walls, spiked fences, warden-like pacings of officials and eternal scrutiny day and night, befit a place of detention rather than a Seminary, and argue a lack of faith in the grace of vocation. Man grows with his purpose. For the sake of the Holy Priesthood Seminarians leave all things,—sacrifice the love of home which runs red in their veins, the pleasures of sense which enchant the young from generation to generation, and freedom to have their own way, which young and old alike esteem as the only thing that makes life worth living. They break with the world and enter into conscious sympathy with the strict rule of the Seminary because they know that the Seminary is not an end in itself, but the means and instrument to fit them for the Holy Priesthood. They see a nimbus round the rugged walls of the Seminary, and they feel its strict life transfigured in the light of the Holy Priesthood. The Holy Priesthood is the great ideal that explains everything about the Seminary.

Up to this we have not defined what the Seminary is, but rather what it is not. It is not precisely an institution, whether of instruction or of discipline; it is a mysterious Presence, and its prevailing spirit is mystic and sacramental. It is, we have said at the outset, the place where the priest is made, and who can make a priest but Christ Himself? The strength of the Seminary, therefore, is not in its ample grounds, rich endowments, splendid housing, large library or talented staff of professors; its strength is in the Personal Presence of Christ and the rule of His Spirit. Take away the altar, quench the altar-light, and you convert a Catholic Seminary, which forms priests, into a Theological institute which forms ministers or preachers.

It was our Lord's will that His religion should centre in a priesthood. When He came down from the mountain after a night of prayer and selected, from the crowd of His followers, twelve men whom He named Apostles, He opened the first Seminary. From

that moment the chief concern of His ministry was to form the picked men after His own likeness in mind and heart, so that they might continue His mission after His withdrawal from the world. He kept them close to His Person, gave them His confidence, taught them His doctrine, corrected their faults, purified and expanded their affections. Last of all, He ordained them and sent them out into the world. And what was all this, if not a course under our Lord, ending in the priesthood?

The priest is formed, therefore, under the intimate action of Christ. Who was it that first drew the boy's taste to the altar? Who taught him disgust for the coarse pleasures of sense? Who made him day-dream of the priesthood while his companions turned to the world with eager interest? Who, indeed, but the Master, who, in the night vigil on the lonely mountain, contemplated His work as a whole, and selected this boy, and marked him in advance so that those about him should read "priest" as if written on his brow? "You have not chosen Me, but I have chosen you." "Come, follow Me." And so the youth enters the Seminary to attach himself utterly to our Lord, to lend Him his mind, will and affections, in order that Christ may use these powers as His own; so that what the Saviour once did on earth by Himself alone He may now do through His devoted priest. The life of the student in the Seminary co-mingles with the life of Christ. The student lives under the sacramental spell of the chapel as the little child in the presence of its mother at home. Christ abides in him and he in Christ. Through daily meditation on our Lord's doctrine the student's mind grows bright with the thoughts of Christ; through daily Communion his heart expands with the Master's noble feelings. A moral presence of Jesus lingers about him when the corporal Presence is gone. He becomes Christ-like, not, indeed, in outward feature but in inward character; his old secular self no longer persists but Christ lives in him. And the work of the Seminary is done. The student may now be ordained and sent out into the world—the priest.

Catholics love the Seminary because they love the priest. They show their love whenever the occasion offers. When the cornerstone of the new Seminary of New York was laid about fifteen years ago, unnumbered thousands thronged to the hill at Dunwoodie.

blocking all the lines of transit in the Metropolis, and the streets of Yonkers and Mt. Vernon. It seemed as if the entire population of New York moved towards the spot en masse. Perhaps a million dollars—mostly the offerings of the many rather than the rich bequests of the few—have been spent upon that Seminary. Catholics do not begrudge any outlay of money that will insure them holy priests.

Now our Holy Father asks not money for the Seminary, but prayers. The work is supernatural from first to last. We ought to pray that the noblest youths in each generation may enter the Seminary, and that holy priests may be raised up to teach them.

“On Ember-days, particularly, the Church expects her children to unite themselves with her in prayer and self-denial, such as we read of when the Apostles imposed hands on Saul and Barnabas. The Saturday of each Ember-week is the day specially set apart for the conferring of Holy Orders.” The litany of the Saints could be recited with any prayers to the Blessed Virgin to ask Almighty God to send His people good and holy priests.

O, Jesus, through the Immaculate Heart of Mary, I offer Thee my prayers, works and sufferings of this day for all the intentions of Thy Sacred Heart, in union with the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass throughout the world, in reparation for my sins, for the intentions of all our Associates and in particular for Ecclesiastical Seminaries.

#### SPRING




STRANGE requiem earth's children sing,  
 Dull Winter's death remembering;  
 From all the little birds  
 Sweet songs that know no words;  
 A fragrance fair  
 From every flower,—a voiceless prayer.  
 E. P. T., S.J.

## THE STORY OF BROTHER GIRALDUS



ONCE in the lovely Rhineland, on one of the towering crags that overhang the river, there stood the famous monastery of Engelburg; here there dwelt a certain brother named Giraldu. Now, this brother was advanced in years and his body was worn and wasted by reason of his long fasts and vigils; for it was whispered in the monastery that no one from Bonn to Zurich fasted and prayed as much as Giraldu. Yet the Good Brother did not seem happy; his dark, piercing eyes often moved hither and thither with a restless look and sometimes he paced the lime-walk outside the cloister, his head down-bent and his crossed arms buried in his long sleeves, lost in thought and dead to every human voice.

Now the brother had a two-fold object in giving himself to prayer and nightly vigil, and this was that he might learn to pray and to become an apostolic man. In vain had the Father Abbot suggested that his strength was failing under the strain, that the secret of prayer lay, perhaps, for him in fasts and mortifications of another sort. His words availed nothing, for the brother had studied long and deeply the science of the Saints and deemed himself a master in the ways of perfection. 

For be it known that a strange thing had befallen Brother Giraldu. In his early novice days the good God had vouchsafed him much skill with his brush and many a figure of saint and angel adorned the monastery walls,—the fruit of his early labors. But as he grew older he felt day by day that his hand was losing its cunning as his heart seemed drier and more withered and the faces of his saints no longer shone with the simple piety and the noble ideals of his youth. And this made him sad, for his heart was on fire with ambition to move the souls of men by his art.

It so fell out that one morning he went to the chapter room with his paints and brushes, resolved to make a last attempt and paint a picture in the empty space behind the Abbot's chair. What would his subject be? His mind was filled with lofty inspirations. Should it be David as the mighty conqueror over his enemies, or what of

Judith and Holofernes? These were both noble thoughts; so should perish all the foci of Holy Church, he said to himself; or again should it be Paul, the mightier conqueror of souls, preaching to the Athenian crowd, the learned Greeks all hanging breathless on his words?

This last pleased him greatly. He built himself a little scaffolding of planks before the wall and began his task right merrily. "Now," he thought, "in very truth, I shall paint St. Paul as he was never painted before."

For many days he worked upon his fresco, but each night as he hung the curtain in front of the glowing tints he felt gloomier than the night before, for, try as he might, although the figures shone forth from the plastered wall, yet the faces lacked the living soul.

One afternoon, towards sunset, he was working busily upon his ladder, pausing once in a while to brush away the tears of disappointment that would gather in his eyes. Suddenly he heard a childish voice calling him. "Brother Giraldus," it said, "Brother Giraldus, what dost thou?" Close beside him was a little Child. He was clad in white and held a fair white rose in His hand.

"I am painting," the Brother answered, when he had recovered from his astonishment. "It is going to be St. Paul. Dost recognize it?"

"I was looking at thee, not at thy picture," replied the Child, "why dost thou paint ~~so~~ Paul?"

"Because," answered the Brother, "he obtained from the good God the two gifts for which I hunger, to labor well in the Master's vineyard and to pray. When Thou art older Thou shalt understand these things. I long to set the world on fire with the love of God and His dear Lady Mother and then to die as Paul did, bearing before the Judgment Seat of the Eternal a rich harvest of souls. But to do this, little One, a man must have learned well the art of prayer. Therefore it is that I fast much and watch through the long winter nights from Evensong to Prime. Then when morning is come and my brethren go into the fields, the sculleries and the stables to their various tasks, I come in here and paint all the day long hoping that, perchance, God may bless my work. Yet hath He dealt hardly with his servant; for methinks my hand hath lost its wonted skill, old age is coming on apace and nought have I done

to spread God's love in souls,"—and he looked sadly at his picture again.

Brother Giraldus marvelled at himself that he spoke thus familiarly to so young a Child; but somehow it seemed both right and reasonable and he could not help thinking he had seen Him before.

"Giraldus," the Child said gravely, "come down, for this day I must abide with thee awhile." The Brother was dazed for a moment. The words sounded so strangely familiar. Then all at once his heart began to beat fast and a sense of intense fear and joy was mingled in his breast; for a look of great majesty transfigured the features of the Child and His little robe had become dazzling white.

"Ask me aught Thou wilt and I will give it Thee," Giraldus faltered, but he dared not to ask the Child who He was.

"I want to play with thee, dear Brother," He replied, "but thou art perched too high for Me to reach. I can only talk to those who are small like Me. If thou wouldst come down to *Me*, I would fain play with thee awhile."

With trembling hand Brother Giraldus laid aside his palette and slowly descended from the little scaffolding. "Surely I will play right willingly," he said clasping his hands. "'Tis the game of hearts and roses," answered the Child, "such a wonderful game! 'Tis thou who givest thine heart to Me, then do I give thee My fair white rose, the rose of prayer. But if thy heart be not to My liking I take it not, and thou must try again, and that is the game."

Giraldus thought he saw for a moment the mark of a wound within His little palm as He held the rose, but the impression was gone almost as soon as it came.

"Thou mayest take my heart right willingly," he said, but the Child's face was sad.

"Thou speakest words, Brother Giraldus," He said, "and knowest not their weight. Long since in hours of prayer or work, when with thy brethren or in the cell alone, have I been ever at thy side, asking for thy poor heart. I made a bitter draught for thee of all that bore the impress of thine own will. So has thy soul been long disquieted within thee; yet, when thou needs must listen thou wouldst say, 'a little while and He shall have my heart; but if I shall first do this thing and that, what will the Master care?' Ah, Giraldus, Giraldus, I cannot brook all thy delaying,—it is thy *will* I ask."

Now the Brother had a great fear of this very thing of which the Child spoke, for he loved his own will as his very self.

"Truly this game is difficult to learn and sore to nature," he said, and would have turned away as he had oft done before, but when the Child looked upon him he could not say Him nay; "yea I will play it with Thee," he added, with a sigh.

Now truly never was bargain struck so hardly, for the Brother made it quite against his will; yet so did the Child rejoice thereat, one scarce might guess 'twas such a sorry triumph.

"First, I must test thy steadfastness," He said. "Give thou thy will first in pledge to Father Abbot and thy brethren; seek to be under the feet of all. Learn to mistrust thine own judgment and thine own proud heart. Know thyself and learn to despise thy petty cares, thy low views, thy ignorance and blindness of heart. Rest not thou thy heart in any occupation; and suffer not thy mind to seek out what is pleasing or displeasing to thee in each, since no work is done for its own sake. When thou canst do this with a tranquil spirit, then shall I come again and play the game with thee."

Then suddenly the Brother's heart seemed all aglow. "Ah, do not go!" he prayed, "speak to me yet again for Thy words are as honey to the mouth and as sweet music to the ear. Never have I heard the schoolmen speak as Thou speakest; for they in truth waken the intellect, but Thou, little Master, Thou kindlest the heart into a flame!"

But Brother Giraldus prayed in vain; for straightway the Child had gone.

Five years went by and all the brethren saw a great change in Brother Giraldus and they marvelled much; but no one knew except the Father Abbot to whom he had given his will in pledge for the little Master. The beloved picture was often untouched for days at a time,—not that he would not have been as glad as before to have worked at it, but he no longer had the time. For he would join the brethren now at their work in the fields and stables; the work most lowly and revolting he sought as his share, for so it seemed to him the Little Master would have it to be. He became so spent with toil that he could no longer fast and keep vigil as of old; but instead of this so docile had he become that the will of

others he seemed to have made his own. And if his proud heart suffered much at all this, no one, not even the Father Abbot knew. Only sometimes he wished the Little Master would come again and tell him how the game was getting on.

The half-finished picture was still the idol of his heart.

For the Brother was a good man and zeal for souls was his passion and so ardently did he long to consecrate his one talent to this cherished end that all his desires were aimed at that alone.

Now, one day he chanced to be looking ruefully at the picture and praying God, as was his wont, to give him back his former cunning, when lo! the Child stood beside him once more. Then, indeed, the Brother's heart leaped in his breast like an imprisoned bird.

"See, Little Master," he said, stammering for joy, "for five years have I schooled my poor heart to bow at others' beck. Nor have I only done what I was bid,—nay more—I have bent and pressed my judgment and reasoning,—God's best gifts,—till I had shaped them, too, on other moulds. Ah! give me now the rose of prayer and take Thou this heart of mine."

But this time the Child was looking not at him but at the picture. "Giraldus," He said, "thy heart is not at rest, and nought but a tranquil heart can I accept. Now must thou scourge thy restless mind with discipline of self-restraint and purge it of its useless longings. What matters it if thou art here or there, or doing this or that? If I will have thee in the fields with Me or hewing wood or drawing water from the convent spring, thou workest still for souls; nor less than he who writeth weighty books or singeth sweet melodies in choir, or preacheth the Word with golden tongue, or painteth saints and angels on the walls. Giraldus! mark it well. I need not all thy work, thy heart alone I ask. If thou wilt discipline these thoughts of thine, thou shalt find rest; and when the soul is still there alone may I abide. And let this be a sign to thee; when thou canst pass from this task unto that with even mind, and when at prayer thy will can keep at bay all that maketh food for day-dreams, the engrossing interests and the cares that fill the passing hours,—then shall I come again. For thus thy soul waxeth strong as a bow-string held in constant tension."

"But I have naught but one all-consuming desire," faltered Brother Giraldus. "Little Master, Thou knowest it well—it is that



I might work for souls. Tell me, is that forsooth so evil a thing that I must needs kill it?"

Now the Child held in His hand the beautiful white rose as before; and when the Brother said this, He smiled and held it up. "Thou art thinking of thy picture still," He said, "see thou blind one, I will show you how *I* paint a soul." Then He crushed the beautiful rose between His hands. The Brother never knew whether the thorns had torn them or whether the wound he thought once he had seen had bled afresh, but lo! the Child showed him the flower all stained blood-red. "If thou wilt suffer thus, thou shalt save souls too," He said, "even though thou never goest beyond the monastery gate, or though thy picture never be finished. But have courage! Hast seen the King's archers, how they practise aiming at a mark? Each shot is more direct than the last. So too, there comes a time when all desires are dead, when the heart sings loudest though it has most pain, for the joy of a heart undisturbed by distracted cravings maketh the soul buoyant in God's service. But yet, be on thy guard, for hast thou not known that if thou takest a holiday in the spiritual life, 'tis hard and irksome to regain the place thou hadst before?"

Now the Brother felt very sad within himself; for that which the Child asked of him meant a life of great suffering, far greater indeed than his fastings and austerities of old. Moreover, he knew well that the more a faithful soul giveth the good God, so much the more will He ask it; nay, that the sorest punishment that could befall a man would be that God should ask no more of him.

"Little Master," he said, "Thou speakest truly, nor dare I gain-say Thy words; yet I do beg Thee, let one thought of mine find utterance. So long as we are in this world of shifting lights and shadows, so long must the human heart crave some object on which to fasten. 'Tis true, God is the end of the soul; but we live encumbered with material things, amidst a world of sights and sounds and things of sense. Our very work for souls, the very virtues in which we take delight, the way in which we seem best to find God,—all these things breed desires. If Thou wilt take from it even lawful objects, on what shall it be fixed?"

The Child made no reply this time; but Brother Giraldus felt a thrill of fear, again he saw His garments shine like dazzling snow,

the rose in His hand emitted a heavenly fragrance and around His head appeared a wreath of thorns whence scarlet drops came down and stained His hair. Then in a moment He was gone.

But Giraldus' heart was changed. He had fixed all its love and all its desires upon the Christ Child and thought of earth had no longer place therein. He went about his duties as before, but now each action rose as an act of love to God with all the perfect beauty of a pure intention; for in all he did and said he would try and think what *most* the Little Master would like.

Five years thus wore on. The Child came often and would help him at his picture,—but Giraldus no longer worked at it with his former feverish eagerness, but only because it had become part of God's will for him; and when the restless desire had gone, he found his skill returned again. But he had washed off the old picture from the wall and what the new one was, no one but the Father Abbot knew.

When the picture was well-nigh finished the Child suddenly stopped His pleasant visits, at which the poor Brother was sad indeed. Often would he go to the old trysting-place and, kneeling down, would clasp his hands and call aloud with many tears: "Little Master, Little Master, come back that Brother Giraldus may play Hearts and Roses with Thee again." But the Christ Child came not.

Now it chanced that on Ascension Day the Brother heard a sermon on the words, "It is expedient for you that I go," and a sudden light flashed into his mind and he began to weep bitterly. He remembered that in the beginning the Child had won him first from love of his own will, then from his desires, "And now woe is me!" he said to himself, "mayhap I love the Little Master Himself in sorry wise and only for the sake of His sweet and lovely Presence; perchance the dear God would take this too away."

Then the poor Brother's heart sank within him indeed, for the Child had verily become the light of his countenance, his joy in sadness and his stay in all times. But he had learned to give up his own desires right willingly and yet preserve his peace of soul, so he said: "If this pleaseth Thee, Little Master, it pleaseth me also, for what right hath stupid Giraldus to tell Thee yea or nay? It were a mercy, in good sooth, that he is permitted to kneel before

Thee at all." Now it so fell out that after Matins one night the Father Abbot had a mind to keep a vigil in the Chapel of the Holy Sacrament, and as he passed through the Chapter-room on his way thereunto he saw that the curtain was removed from before Brother Giraldu's fresco and that the picture was quite finished. It was a figure of the Christ Child and He bore a white rose.

Never before had the Abbot seen such a Face painted by mortal hand and, falling on his knees, he prayed awhile. Then he passed on into the chapel. And when he fain would have knelt before the altar, he found someone was prostrate there upon the topmost step. One arm lay outstretched as though to reach as far as possible toward the Tabernacle, and in his hand was a rose of dazzling whiteness, at which the Abbot marvelled, for it was not the time for flowers.

"It is Brother Giraldu," he thought, "he hath fallen asleep here after Matins," and his heart melted for pity, for the Brother was old and feeble and suffered much from divers evils.

Then the Abbot touched him gently once, and once again, but there was no reply. For during the night the Little Master had come once more to play his wonderful game; but this time he gave up his lovely rose, and the heart of Brother Giraldu He took unto His own.

ELIZABETH A. C. ROSS.

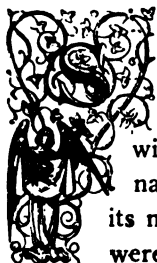
#### THE STATIONS

Pilate in fear doth wash his hands of Thee  
 And Thou, sweet Lord, dost bear for us Thy cross,  
 Only to fall anon from bloody loss  
 And rising thence a Mother's grief to see.  
 Weak Simon lendeth help reluctantly:  
 Veronica with veil doth spurn as dross  
 Rome's arms and lo! again 'neath burden gross  
 Thou liest, 'mid sad women's sympathy.  
 A third and last time Thou, alas! dost fall,  
 The while rude soldiers strip Thee of Thy gown,  
 And Thou art nailed upon the cruel rood,  
 To die athirst with love for sinners all!  
 With tender hands doth Joseph take Thee down  
 And lay Thee in his sepulchre late-hewed.

CHARLES L. KIMBALL, S.J.

## UNDER THE SANCTUARY LAMP

### THE HILLS THAT JESUS LOVED. XI. THE HILL COUNTRY.



IX months have come and gone since Zachary stood before the golden altar in the temple. The sun that morning had crept up the eastern sky and bathed with its soft light the hills of Hebron. The dome, pinnacles, turrets and spires on Mount Moriah glinted under its new-born brightness. The people, Levites and priests, were hurrying to the sacred precincts to be present at the early worshipping. The holocaust had been offered and the lamps in the seven-branched candlestick had been trimmed and lighted, the ashes had been removed from the altar and upon it a fresh fire had been kindled. The sweet and solemn tones of the liturgy were floating through the courts of the temple and its melody invited all to prayer. Zachary, holding the golden censer from which the clouds rose, was about to bow down reverently, when "there appeared to him an angel of the Lord, standing on the right side of the altar of incense. But Zachary seeing him was troubled, and fear fell upon him."

The holy priest was old and feeble. For years he had ministered before the altar. His eyes were dim, his hair sparse and white. His step had lost the buoyancy of other days, and was tottering now and uncertain. During all these years of faithful service in the temple, there had been a heavy burden and a keen sorrow on the aged priest's heart. Elizabeth, his wife, whom he had loved from maidenhood to old age, from the days of her beauty till she was bent with years, was childless. During the journey of their married life this had been their one regret, their one sorrow and disappointment. Faithful and true to every detail of their duty, they had prayed long and fervently and with hope, that God would bless their home with a child and remove the reproach so keenly felt by every Jewish woman. But the music of no childish voice had come to cheer their loneliness, no merry laugh had resounded through the silent rooms of their home in the hill country. No infant son

or daughter had been given them to guide with firm hand their tottering footsteps and brighten the evening of their lives. But now when the shadows of the other world were deepening and they thought their life's work over and they were waiting upon the will of God, till the night would come, the yearning of their hearts was granted and their prayer was heard. For when Zachary "executed the priestly function in the order of his course before God, . . . the angel said to him: Fear not, Zachary, for thy prayer is heard: and thy wife, Elizabeth, shall bear thee a son, and thou shalt call his name John." Such were the good tidings from the angel's lips of the coming of the Forerunner of the Messiah, brought to his father at the hour of the sacrifice in the temple.

Nearly six months have worn away since Zachary's heart thrilled with joy at Gabriel's message. The holy priest and his aged spouse kept the secret which God had committed to them and in silence prayerfully wondered at the ways of the Most High. When five months of this holy retirement had passed, the same heavenly messenger was to tell to other ears Zachary's joy and Elizabeth's comfort and happiness. Gabriel is bidden to go not to the Temple, not to the sanctuary, nor at the time of the sacrifice. There is a holier Tabernacle than that which is in the Holy of Holies on Mount Moriah, there is a more sacred sanctuary than that in Jerusalem's temple. On the lower slope of one of Galilee's hills nestles the obscure village of Nazareth. Thither then, to that lonely town, seldom disturbed even by the echoes of the land beyond its mountains, "in the sixth month, the angel Gabriel was sent from God into a city of Galilee, called Nazareth, to a virgin espoused to a man whose name was Joseph, of the house of David; and the virgin's name was Mary." To the inquiry of our Blessed Lady how she could be the mother of the Messiah and still be faithful to her vow; how she, a virgin, could conceive and bring forth a son, the angel answered, telling the wonder which the Most High had wrought in favor of her aged cousin Elizabeth: "And behold thy cousin Elizabeth, she also hath conceived in her old age." . . . "And Mary rising up in those days, went into the hill country with haste into a city of Juda." This was heaven's response to Mary's question not of hesitating doubt, but of inquiry, so that she should be guided in her willing self-surrender.

Mary's "rising up" was not merely her beginning of the long and wearisome journey from Nazareth over the Plain of Esdraelon through Samaria and Judea into the hill country where her cousin dwelt; but it was a spiritual start into the country of grace to loftier heights of sanctity and holiness. Because of the wonder told to the Blessed Mother, her mind went deeper into the ways of God and was lit up with a fuller light concerning the Word made flesh. Her will grew warmer with a love for her Son which had been kindled at the moment of her Immaculate Conception and from day to day had been growing hotter within her most pure heart. She must hurry to the hill country, for John, who was the Voice, was there. She could not tarry or linger, for in her bosom was the Eternal Word, the Word that had been with the Father from all eternity. The Voice and the Word cannot remain apart, but must be united. The Word must reach men's souls through that Voice. Thirty years hence that Voice of John will ring out in clear and unmistakable accents along the Jordan. It will ring out not in the sleek formalities and cringing platitudes and truisms of the priests in the Synagogue, but with all the fire and zeal which are the outcome of a union with the Word and a mission to announce that "the Word was made Flesh and dwelt amongst us." Can we marvel then at the testimony of Holy Writ? "And Mary rising up in those days, went into the hill country with haste."

On out over the plane of Esdraelon Mary and Joseph with hastening steps will hurry. Many sacred memories will crowd in upon them as they follow the white, narrow road which winds through the early spring green fields. On this soil which they tread Sisara and his troops were slain. On this very ground the brave Gideon with his loyal three hundred men, strong of arms and stout of heart, swept before them, as the winds the leaves of autumn, the swarms of the children of the East. Away towards the West was Carmel where Elias had dwelt, and at its base the great prophet had put to confusion the priests of Baal. And Mary is hurrying with the great High Priest of whom the Holy Seer was but a faint and shadowy figure. The great High Priest in the living Tabernacle of His Mother's womb, was now eager to sanctify him, who is "to go before" that Child "in the spirit and power of Elias."

Where Elizabeth dwelt cannot now be settled with certainty.

Some place the residence of Zachary among the hills of Hebron. Others maintain that it was in the wild, mountainous district west of the Holy City. The question for our present purpose is of little moment. It is sufficient for us to know that Mary, now the living Tabernacle of the Most High, was speeding over hill and valley and on through Samaria and Judea to the home of her cousin, so that she might bring to her and to St. John the blessing of the presence of her Divine Son. It is ever thus with those in whose hearts Jesus Christ reigns. His presence in human souls is never barren, never inactive. It always prompts to deeds of holy zeal. The Son of Man came to enkindle a fire on earth and the one wish of His Sacred Heart was that it should burst forth into a flame. Thus Mary, now so closely united to her Divine Son, will naturally yearn also to enkindle and spread that divine fire. Hence her speedy journey to the hill country. What a lesson for us in this beautiful mystery! Visiting of friends and relatives is so often and so commonly a duty and a pleasure in our lives. In the fulfilment of this duty, in the enjoyment of this pleasure, do we bring Christ into the lives of others? We shall see in our next Holy Hour the graces Mary carried into the lives of Elizabeth and John in the hill country. What blessings do our visits bring into the homes when from time to time we call and tarry? Are those we visit the richer in spiritual gifts and the happier in their homes from our tarrying among them for a time? How often are precious hours frittered away in useless calls? Harm, too, is often done by gossip which if we knew that it took place with regard to ourselves, we should resent most bitterly. How sad that lives which could be brightened by the visit of a friend are often darkened by unkind talk! There are burdens we could make lighter, wounds we could heal, sorrows we could assuage, shadows we could banish, clouds we could dispel, many a bitterness we could sweeten, not a few rough ways we could make smooth, if "rising up" like Mary, we would hasten generously to bring Christ into the lives of others.

But to bring Him into other homes, He must first be in the home of our own heart. We must "rise up" from our own littleness, and weakness, and sin, and fly to Him in the hill country of His Tabernacle. Visit Him there often, under the flickering light of the sanctuary lamp, In the presence of His altar, He will light

in our souls the fire of His zeal, strengthen the wish to enkindle that sacred flame and spread it in the hearts of others. Then, undeterred by difficulties, unimpeded by obstacles, and burning with holy desires, we shall hasten into the hill country of other lives and bring unto them by our presence and our words, such graces, that these souls will leap with joy and their hearts burn within them.

Through the hill country Mary hastens, perhaps over the old lime-stone road by Bethlehem and on to Hebron; and to the soul of the aged Elizabeth the Holy Spirit is whispering: "Rejoice greatly then, O daughter of Zion, shout for joy, O daughter of Jerusalem; behold thy King cometh, to thee, the Holy One, the Saviour of the world," and Mary "entered into the house of Zachary and saluted Elizabeth."

JNO. H. O'ROURKE, S.J.

*(To be continued.)*

## RABBONI

### A RESPONSORY AND A TRIOLET.



ANGELS came from Heaven to say:

"Ye that seek Him need not fear.

"Jesus dead is no more here,

"Slain is Night and born is Day.

"Why then will ye tarrying stay?"

Angels came from Heaven to say.

Then did Mary peek and peer,  
Saw their smile like lightning play,  
Saw the grave clothes where they lay,  
Turned, saw Him, and knelt to pray.

\* \* \*

Sabbath day was past and gone,  
When the Marys sought their Lord,  
Mid the mist of Easter dawn.  
Sabbath day was past and gone,  
Through the olives, o'er the lawn  
Sun uprist new glory poured.  
Sabbath day was past and gone  
When the Marys found their Lord.

MARK J. MCNEAL, S.J.



## HIS LAST FIRST FRIDAY

(*A True Story.*)



FOR eight months Peter Daly had approached the altar on the First Friday, and had received Holy Communion with the intention of atoning for the insults that our Lord receives in the Blessed Sacrament. On eight Fridays he had knelt at the six o'clock Mass in the little building that served both as chapel on Sundays and as school on weekdays to the poor Catholics who made up the congregation of the Franciscan Friar who served the Welsh colliery village of Riscadale.

Peter was a strong, sturdy old man, and through the long years that had passed since he left Ireland in search of work, and found it at length in the coal fields of Wales, he had never known a day of ill health. So the idea of being prevented by illness from finishing his devotion never crossed his mind as a possibility. He had lived inexpensively, and people often spoke of the savings that he must have put by for his old age, but those who spoke thus had never crossed the threshold of the Catholic Church or, if they had, they never guessed who it was that, from time to time, gave offerings to our Lord in his poor home. Only Father Leo knew the name of the donor of the silver chalice, of the brass candlesticks and vases, of the altar linen renewed, even of the flowers that never failed upon the feasts of the Church. At first the priest had remonstrated with the giver, but the answer had been convincing.

"If I have no money, Father," Peter had said, "don't I do away with half and more of my temptations? Save up for my old age, you say? No, sir; that's asking too much of me. One likes to spend his earnings one way and one another, and isn't it to my Best Friend I'm giving and He isn't one Who'll ever see me at a short."

So Father Leo was silenced, and Peter Daly had his way. For years he had lodged in the same cottage, cooking his own meals and giving little trouble to his landlady, but one day, in spite of his boasted health, he fell ill of influenza and for the first time since he had come to Riscadale he was dependent on another for everything.

Day followed day, and tended kindly enough by his landlady, the fever gradually passed away, but it left him weak and helpless as a child, and his strength was very slow in returning to him. At last the eve of his last First Friday came round and he had not yet been able to leave the house. A visit to the chapel next day seemed an absolute impossibility, yet Peter had set his heart on going and he did not give up hope. Badge in hand, he prayed long and earnestly on Thursday, that God would help him to get to Mass next morning, and before going to bed he prepared himself for confession and Holy Communion, for he felt sure that his prayers would be heard.

Friday morning broke clear and fine and Peter's faith had indeed been rewarded. During his illness he had felt dull and heavy and his limbs had been weighed down as though they were made of lead, but after this night's rest his head was clear again and his former strength seemed to have come back to him.

And so six o'clock found him in his accustomed place in the church where, with a grateful heart, he finished his act of homage and reparation, adding hearty thanksgiving for his sudden restoration to health.

His landlady could hardly believe her eyes when she saw him returning to the house, thinner perhaps and more bowed than of old, but otherwise apparently as well as he had ever been. He was never one for idleness and, though she begged him not to try his strength too far, as soon as his breakfast was over he turned his footsteps in the direction of his work, for the job he had last been on was a light one that he felt he could take up again. It was a fortnight since he had been obliged to leave off work and he was glad to find himself once more at the pit's mouth waiting for his comrades to assemble.

A large lift or cradle, as it is called, was generally used to lower the miners, half a dozen at a time, to the subterranean galleries, but this, to-day, was out of order and a smaller one which only held one man was about to be employed to lower workmen to repair the others.

Peter, however, was so early at the pit that he asked to go down in the small cradle before the other men had come, and the overseer in charge consented to his doing as he wished.

There are many good men amongst these western colliers, but there are very many, too, who are bad, drunken, irreligious, careless of God's very existence. Notwithstanding the daily dangers to which they are exposed—and the ways of Providence are nowhere more distinctly visible than in a coal-pit—they live on in sin and wickedness, in ignorance of God Himself, though at any moment they may be called before their Judge and tried at a bar where the sentence may be never-ending misery.

But the God of mercy "willeth not the death of a sinner, but rather that he be converted and live," and perhaps that was why He decreed that old Peter should be able to go back again to work that morning.

So far as one could see, his was the only soul amongst them all that was pure and white and fit to go before its Maker. Down, down he went into the very bowels of the earth, leaving the light and sunshine far above him. The chain groaned and creaked as it ran over the pulley, for the lift was drawn down by its own weight, but before it had run to its full length, it stopped with a jerk, as though its burden had reached its destination. But the coils still on the windlass showed that this could not be.

What had happened? Only too well they guessed. The chain had snapped and the men, who by this time were beginning to gather at the pit mouth, knew only too well that any one of them might have been in Peter's place, and then where would he have been now? His body would be lying, dashed to pieces in that black, yawning hole, and his soul—!

Pray God, that some, at least, amongst them, made good use of the extra time that had been given them to amend their lives.

Eager hands worked quickly to roll up the chain, and find out exactly what had occurred. But that which had gone down could not be drawn up again. Only a useless, hanging end came in sight, that had left its burden far below, another of the many victims that are yearly lost in coal pits all the world over. Yes, cold, limp and lifeless the old Irishman's body lay in the darkness, but his soul had flown away to finish its ninth and last "First Friday" in a better world.

Alice Dease.

## NATURE OF TRUE DEVOTION

### I.



DEVOTION is not to be identified with devotional practices any more than patriotism is with fire-works. A man may spend the great holidays quietly in his home, may saw wood on Washington's Birthday, and read a book on the Fourth of July, but if he observes the laws of his country, practises the ten commandments, he will be a true patriot and need not worry because he has not shouted himself hoarse hurrahing for the blessings of freedom or burnt his fingers setting off fire-crackers, or even tired the muscles of his arm waving the Stars and Stripes. All of these actions are laudable and have their good effects. They are manifestations of patriotism, although not the highest manifestations, and they are means—in some cases necessary means—to enkindle and foster true patriotism. Devotional practices are indeed much more necessary to devotion than all the usual means of displaying and stimulating patriotism are for the proper development of that virtue, yet a devotion may exist and be intense without having any particular and exceptional ways of manifesting itself. The hymns, the lights, the pictures, the beautiful shrines, the special services on certain days, these and many other excellent practices are required to arouse and keep alive true devotion. Without all that, there may often be reason to suspect the absence of devotion or to be skeptical of its intensity. By such displays, too, true devotion is exercised and developed, not wasting itself by use, but growing stronger, like a muscle, with exercise. Devotional practices, then, are helpful and even necessary, but they do not constitute devotion. Light and air are helpful and necessary for life, but they are from without and life is from within, and devotion, too, is from within.

We sometimes hear good men say: "This business of devotion is not for me. I am not much for feeling or sentiment." What should be said in answer? These good people should be politely but firmly assured that they do not know what devotion is. If devotion is not the same as devotional practices, neither is it the same as sentiment and feeling. True devotion is not feeling; it is willing. It is con-

viction, not sentiment. Feeling and sentiment are not always within our complete power. They may vary with the weather or with the pulse. Devotion does not watch the thermometer or fluctuate with the barometer. It does not disappear with our appetite and return after a good meal. Devotion belongs to the will and has its source in solid convictions. Give a man a firm, unyielding grasp of a truth; follow that up with a relentless determination to abide by that truth, and you have equipped a man with a full-fledged devotion.

This last winter many of our gallant firemen met the death of heroes. Did they wait, when the alarm came, for a gush of sweet feeling or the spur of sentiment to rouse them from sleep and put them in motion? They had no time to wait for such superfluities. As they rushed to their post, hastily tightening their belts, there was one idea uppermost in their minds: There is a fire somewhere and our place is at it to put it out. That was their conviction; that was their willing. Next morning, perhaps, they might feel the warmth of feeling and sentiment, if they could find, as often they would not, the scanty recognition in the papers of their bravery. Did they have devotion? The noble deaths of so many is a testimony beyond the power of words to show that men who may not know how to define devotion or call it by its right name, know well how to practise it in its highest and most unselfish form.

Yet, if devotion is not perfect or perfected without some devotional practices, so we may not deny the splendid influence of true feeling and right sentiment upon devotion. The man who would banish sentiment and feeling from the hearts of the world, is an active worker for the return of the glacial period of very hard rock and very cold ice. Who would eclipse the dawning hopes of youth or draw the curtain of twilight over the sunset memories of old age? Must all the canvas, on which is painted the pictures of the world, be made into flour sacks, and all our monuments broken up to macadamize our roads? The eloquent vender of food-tablets may prove by facts and figures, by analytical tables and accurate weights, that his vest-pocket breakfast has all the nutriment of a table d'hôte dinner, but the world will not be won away from its varied and substantial meal to any tasteless, odorless, colorless, sizeless substitute for a bill of fare. If man were a machine, then sentiment would be as useful as a bouquet on a locomotive. If we were all

angels, and had minds not continually swayed by conflicting currents of the body, or forever unsettled by brilliant pictures of the imagination, then a truth would mean a resolution, and a resolution an act, and we should leap without a pause from duty to devotion; but unhappily we are not yet bodiless angels. We throb with feeling, we glow with sentiment. Devotion is indeed conviction and willing, but true feeling and right sentiment must grace the path of duty, making conviction easier and willing prompter. Devotion will never produce its fullest and richest harvests unless feeling soften the soul and sentiment keep it ever warm. It is the purpose of many devotional practices, of pictures and songs and meetings, to awaken these emotions, stir up the being to some of its untouched depths, and so elicit the full co-operation of soul and body in realizing all the results of devotion.

FRANCIS P. DONNELLY, S.J.

*(To be continued.)*

#### UNDER HIS WINGS



ON timorous fledgeling, pillowed warm  
 Beneath his mother's wing,  
 Sleeps safely through the rocking storm  
 And dreams the dream of spring.

What tho' the outer world be chill,  
 Bright hopes his heart possess,  
 Sheltered the while from threatening ill,  
 In mother-bird's caress.

Thy timorous fledgeling, Lord, am I;  
 Beneath Thy pinions wide,  
 In storm, in sunshine let me lie,  
 Close clinging to Thy side.

That nearness to Thy throbbing Heart  
 May thrill my heart with hope,  
 Rout fear and stalwart strength impart  
 With sin and death to cope.

That when at length life's storms are o'er,  
 Dove-like my soul may rise,—  
 Beneath Thy wings for evermore

To rest in Paradise!

A. M. FREMGEN, S.J.

## THE COUSINS

(Continued.)



OLLIE had now a very busy week before her. First, there was the little visitor's bedroom to be put in order. The faded and threadbare carpet was first taken up and relegated to its proper place of obscurity in the barn, to be handed over later on to the first "rag-and-bone" man that came that way. Next the old, discolored paper was stripped from the walls, and replaced by some rolls of pretty pale blue papering which had been lying locked away in a cupboard. Then the antique mahogany furniture was polished to a shining brightness, and the chairs and sofa upholstered with the pretty rose-patterned chintz, which looked to the gratified eyes of Mollie and her mother ten times prettier now against the background of the pale blue walls.

The iron framework of the little bed was painted pale blue, the bare deal floors were scrubbed to a snowy whiteness with soap and water and freestone vigorously applied by Mollie's willing hands. Fresh muslin curtains were draped by the latticed windows, a warm rug or two thrown on the bare floor. Three or four pretty pictures were hung against the blue walls, a set of pretty blue bedroom ware was placed on the washstand, and by the time the toilet-table was arranged and the bed "dressed" with fresh linen and a spotless white coverlet, the whole little room looked as sweet and inviting as even the most dainty or most delicate of maidens might desire. And before the date of their visitor's coming Mollie had given all the other rooms a complete turning out, had put up newly laundered muslin curtains on all the windows, had filled the flower-vases with roses from the garden and woodbine from the June hedges, and altogether had left nothing undone to make the little house as fresh and fragrant and sweet as the very fields about it.

On the following Tuesday evening their visitor arrived. She was a small, pale-faced, dark-haired girl, with a slight halt in her gait, seeming very young and childish for her fifteen years, yet with a look of premature wisdom, even of pain, in her quiet, thoughtful eyes, and about the tired lines of her mouth that sent a swift little pang of pity and sympathy through Mrs. Carew's motherly heart. Mrs. Leslie, a very kindfaced and somewhat careworn-looking

woman, accompanied her daughter, and glanced about the pretty rooms and then back at Mollie and her mother with an air of pleasure, even of relief.

"Yes, I'm sure Dr. Bartlett was right," she said. "The place is lovely, just ideal, and your house—if I may say it—is so fresh and sweet. I feel somehow as if I may trust my little girl to you with an easy mind." She looked at Mrs. Carew with a pathetic appeal that brought a sudden mist before that good woman's eyes.

"You see," Mrs. Leslie went on, as Mollie, taking their young visitor at once in charge, carried the latter off to inspect the garden and the bees, and the latest brood of young chicks, "her father and I have been so anxious about the child. We lost our only other little girl through consumption, and our darling Alice is threatened with a similar illness. The doctors all recommend country air for her, and as unfortunately I cannot be spared from home myself, I was glad to hear of a comfortable, homely farmhouse where the child would be well taken care of."

"We will do everything in our power to make her comfortable and happy," Mrs. Carew assured her.

"I feel certain you will," the other answered gratefully, "and your daughter seems such a dear, sweet girl; I am glad Alice will have her company. Dr. Bartlett tells me that one of his girls often comes to stay with you also?"

"Oh, yes," Mrs. Carew answered. "Isabel has not been to see us this summer as yet, but now that Mollie is home from school for good, I expect we will see a great deal of her."

After a dainty meal of tea, with homemade bread and delicious cream, new-laid eggs and cold roast fowl and a fresh salad—which viands, alas! were largely wasted on the visitors, for Mrs. Leslie was plainly afraid of the coming parting; and even her daughter's smile held more than a hint of April-like tears behind it—Mrs. Leslie bade them good-bye and set off again on her long journey to the city.

Mollie and Alice went with her as far as the gate, where the latter stood smiling still bravely in spite of a quivering lip, and waved a farewell after the car as it disappeared and reappeared through the uneven hedgerows till at last it vanished irrevocably below the crest of a hill—and then—Mollie never knew how it was, but all at



once she had taken the child (now sobbing pitifully, with all her defenses down) into her arms and was actually carrying her bodily back to the farm—what a slender, small, handful she was, to be sure—comforting and consoling her as best she could until at last the pitiful, racking sobs ceased, and Alice was her own quiet, brave, little self once more. But after that first drawing together a friendship not to be broken by time or distance that bound them together “by stronger links than steel” was fast riveted between the two young girls.

Instead of being in any way a burden as Mrs. Carew had feared, their visitor proved to be the pleasantest of companions for Mollie and herself, an added ray of life and brightness in their lonely, too quiet existence. It was very characteristic of Alice Leslie’s “grit,” of her high, courageous spirt, that she would not look on herself in the light of an invalid at all. However much weakness and pain she might feel—and Mollie knew that she often felt both—she would not complain, or even allow others to speak of or question her as to her delicacy.

The latter, while perhaps partly hereditary, had been largely the result of an accident. When a child, she had one day let a heavy weight fall on her foot. No ill effects appeared for some considerable time; then one of the joints grew swollen and inflamed, the doctors looked grave, spoke of a tuberculous tendency, of possible necrosis, etc. One of them even advised an operation, to cut away the diseased joint.

“I asked him if there would be any danger to my child’s life,” Mrs. Leslie had told them, “and he said none whatever—unless, of course, it was just possible that tetanus might supervene—and that, of course, in any case, she would be lame all her days. Imagine, tetanus! Lockjaw for my poor little girl! Rather than face that possibility, I took her elsewhere for advice, and finally brought her to Dr. Bartlett. He was much more optimistic, said it was a very easy matter cutting off a limb or a joint, but not so easy to replace it. Having kept Alice under careful treatment for many months, he thinks now that the evil is practically cured—that change of air and a simple but wholesome and nourishing diet will do the rest. He advised also that Alice should walk only very little for the present. I myself suggested a crutch for her, but the dear child

felt so sensitive about using it that I thought it wise not to press the matter. But in these pleasant surroundings I have little doubt that she will soon get well and strong."

Though her illness interfered a great deal with her natural activity, it was wonderful in how many ways the girl managed to make herself useful to her new friends. Though the only surviving child of a very wealthy merchant, she had been brought up in the simplest and most unpretentious manner, and early learned from the mother's good example that she need never be ashamed of showing herself helpful in any way, even to her own servants.

So while Mollie was busy on her self-appointed task of keeping the house in order, sweeping, and dusting, and cooking the meals, Alice was always ready to help her as far as she could. Not only did she do nearly all the sewing and mending of the little household but she would pod the peas, and gather the gooseberries, or chop up finely the parsley for Mollie's sauce, in spite of the latter's pleadings to the contrary. And when Mollie would order her out to the sunshine and fresh air she needed, and would then see her advice disregarded, as likely as not the invalid might find herself, as on that first day, gathered up in Mollie's strong arms to be borne off bodily to the furthest and sunniest end of the garden, and deposited there with a book or a piece of embroidery, or sewing to while away the time till dinner should be ready and Mrs. Carew came in, tired and hungry, from her overseer work in the field.

Sometimes Mollie would even carry her helpless and protesting victim as far as the hay or corn fields, and leave her there on a sunny bank in her mother's care until dinner or tea time, when she returned to make herself a willing beast of burthen once again. It was useless for Alice to object; since she would not use a crutch she must put up with the consequences, and Mollie could not allow her to injure the poor ailing foot by any such tiring exertion. So that with the long hours of sunshine and fresh air—her "sunbaths," as Mollie called them—the pleasant, refreshing quiet and the nourishing food, the cream and eggs, and butter, and all the rest that was so plentifully provided for her, and partaken of with such an appetite as she had never known before, the invalid girl fast promised to become as rosy and healthy as even her mother could wish.

With all Mollie Carew's new and self-imposed duties she yet was able, by getting up with the lark each morning, to hear a very early Mass (much to her visitor's edification), in the little church below in the village, where the good priest daily offered up the Holy Sacrifice at hours best suited to the needs of his toiling parishioners, and altogether they formed such a peaceful and happy little community that it seemed in the light of a rude intrusion on their solitude and content that a letter should come one morning from Isabel Bartlett announcing (without as much as "by your leave") that she was coming down on a visit and would arrive on the following day.

"That is so like Isabel!" Mrs. Carew sighed. "She must know, of course, that we have a visitor already, and that our only spare room is occupied."

"It certainly does seem a little bit calm," Mollie admitted. "But that is just her way. What matter, mother? Let her come! She can have my room, if you will let me share yours while she is here."

"Of course, darling. You know I would love to have you," her mother answered, with a tender glance at the girl who was still, and always would be, her baby.

"Then that's all right. I'll fix up my bedroom for Isabel and take all my belongings out of it this evening."

"But that will be very inconvenient for you, dear?"

"It can't be helped, mother. I couldn't be running in and out for everything I wanted in the mornings with Isabel still asleep, and you know she is sure to stay a good while when she does come."

Dressed in the very latest fashion, and bedecked with feathers and flounces and other more or less gorgeous trappings totally unsuited to a country environment, Miss Isabel Bartlett, true to her word, arrived at the farm on the following evening. From the very first, her languid, supercilious, fine-lady airs seemed to have a disturbing, not to say distinctly irritating, effect on her fellow-visitor. Indeed Alice's feelings were decidedly those of strong indignation when on the first morning after her arrival, Isabel elected to have her breakfast in bed.

"What a lazy girl that cousin of yours is! Why don't you let her get up and hustle for herself?" Alice asked, as she encountered

her beloved Mollie a little later carrying a heavily-laden tray downstairs.

"Well, you see, she feels tired after the journey and would like a rest. Besides, she always had her breakfast in bed when she stayed here before. But of course that was in dear papa's lifetime, and we used to keep a maid then," she admitted reflectively.

"That makes all the difference, I should think. However, it's none of my business—only, Mollie, if I were you, I wouldn't be dancing attendance on any girl as you did on her last evening and this morning."

It did not lessen Alice's indignation when, a couple of hours later, Miss Isabel, dressed in a flowing negligé gown of some soft greeny stuff that suited her fair skin and golden tresses to perfection, came downstairs, and throwing herself languidly on the parlor couch, opened a yellow-backed novel and began to read it assiduously.

"At what time do they have dinner?" she asked with a yawn a little while later of Alice, who, busy on a long strip of crochet destined to form the prettiest and most serviceable of edging for Mrs. Carew's linen pillow-cases, sat regarding the new-comer with a questioning gaze of disapproval. "I suppose some unearthly hour, as usual?"

"Mollie is busy getting it ready. I wish I could help her," Alice said stiffly. "Mrs. Carew comes in to dinner every day at one o'clock."

"Heavens! what an hour! and it seems no time since I had my breakfast. These people who get up early are always turning the day upside down, don't you think? Why, Mollie gets up at such an unearthly hour I can't even imagine!"

"She goes to Mass for one thing, I believe," Alice said dryly.

Isabel shrugged her shoulders.

"Mollie was always a 'voteen,'" she said scornfully.

"By the way, you are a Protestant, aren't you?"

Alice nodded assent.

"Nearly all my friends are Protestants," Isabel assured her with a gratified air. "In fact, there are hardly any Catholics in our neighborhood. We live in Beaupare Square."

Alice seemed hardly as much impressed as she ought to have been by this announcement.

"What are you reading?" she asked.

Isabel mentioned the name of a recently published and much-discussed book by a woman-writer, famous chiefly for its infamy.

"It isn't half so interesting as her last, to my mind," she added.

Alice regarded her with uplifted brows.

"Does your mother allow you to read books like that?" she asked in surprise.

"Oh, mother never bothers about what I read," the other assured her airily. "You see she has so many social duties to attend to that she hasn't any time to worry about such trifles. You have no idea of the amount of visiting and that sort of thing a doctor's wife has to do when she lives in a fashionable neighborhood like ours."

"Well, my mother would not like me to read such a book, of that I am certain," Alice declared, and then looked up with a bright smile of welcome as Mrs. Carew came into the room.

NORA TYNAN O'MAHONY.

*(To be continued.)*

## OUR LADY OF THE WAYSIDE



ROME is the great centre, the meeting-place of all Catholic hearts, the fountain-head of all devotions, as it is the home of the Vicar of Christ. All those who have journeyed thither and had the happiness of praying by the tomb of the first Pope, St. Peter, and of kneeling at the feet of his latest representative, Pius X, do not leave the Eternal City, without visiting, if possible, the Gesù, one of the most celebrated of the Roman Churches, where for more than three centuries the sons of Saint Ignatius have kept watch and ward over the relics of their great Founder. True Catholics will not let themselves be long detained by the bewildering splendor of the gorgeous decorations, by the beautiful ceiling with its profusion of frescoes and gilding, but will hasten to kneel at the altar of St. Ignatius—that wonderful altar, surrounded with the most magnificent bronze candelabra, and decorated with the richest lapis-lazuli in the world. Above hangs a large picture of the Saint, but on festivals this is moved back and discloses a life-size statue of

Saint Ignatius, clothed in cloth of silver and resplendent with jewels. This altar is just below the chapel of the Madonna della Strada, or our Lady of the Wayside, and it is meet and fitting that *he* who so loved our Blessed Lady should find his last resting-place at her feet. Indeed the Madonna della Strada might also be called the Madonna of Saint Ignatius, as it is one of the most precious possessions of his children.

The origin of this holy picture is lost in the night of ages; but that it is of great antiquity, there can be no doubt. It is painted on a portion of an ancient wall, the composition and cement of which point clearly to its being the remains of some ancient Roman edifice, and it is to this it owes its name, having been, doubtless, at first placed in a street under one of the little niches like those still to be so frequently seen in most towns of Italy; for *strada* or *strata* means "street" or "way." Owing to the veneration in which it was held, it must have been taken from the wall and placed in a church. The painting itself is distinctly of the Roman or Latin school, not of the Greek, and it is generally attributed to the fifth century. The Divine Child held in His Mother's arms, has the right hand raised in the act of giving the Roman blessing, and there is nothing of the manner and stiffness of the Greek School. There are but few such ancient pictures in existence.

When Saint Ignatius was in Rome, at the beginning of the foundation of the Society, he would often come and say Mass before the holy picture, and soon became so attached to it, that he longed to possess it in order to place it in the first church which should be built by the Jesuits. He went to ask permission for this to the parish priest, Don Codacio, who at first energetically refused him, but suddenly moved by the grace of God, he not only withdrew his refusal and granted the picture to Saint Ignatius, but desired to give himself also to the Society of Jesus. This he did, and the church, with the consent of Pope Paul III, was given over to Saint Ignatius.

Thus did the Madonna della Strada elect to dwell among those who bear the name of her Divine Son; and this the first church of the Society, was called by His name, the Gesù. And what more natural than this choice, when we remember those who were destined to kneel before this shrine? As we ourselves pray there, the thoughts with which perhaps we entered give place to others; we are

no longer haunted by the beauties of the Forum, and the splendid ruins of pagan Rome; the memory of the old Romans fades away, and other warriors take their place, fighting in a far different cause. Before our closed eyes passes a long procession of those who in the days gone by loved with a great love our Lady and her Divine Son, and who often came here to kneel at her feet. First is Saint Ignatius, then the great Apostle, Saint Francis Xavier, with his crown of twelve hundred thousand converted souls, Blessed Peter Faber, and Saints Aloysius, Stanislaus Kostka, John Berchmans, so dear to the Blessed Virgin's heart. Here also came Saint Philip Neri, Saint Charles Borromeo, Saint Francis of Sales and many others. It is indeed holy ground on which we tread, and the very walls seem to echo with the words of the Introit from the Mass of the Madonna della Strada: "*Beati immaculati in via, qui ambulant in lege Domini.*" Putting aside our sordid cares and petty ambitions, we, too, fervently ask grace to keep to the narrow way which leads to the greatness of heaven.

It is here, chiefly, on the Feasts of the Purification and Assumption that the young Jesuits solemnly pronounce before the Blessed Sacrament exposed on the altar and in the hands of the Father General, the vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience. How many have left here to reap the crown of martyrdom; many others to toil for long years far away from all civilization, at last laying down their life out of reach of any human aid, but happy in their work faithfully accomplished. The memory of the chapel of the Madonna della Strada has gone with them into the wilds of Africa or Asia, and has ever been their help and comfort in their torments.

The church of the Gesù, as it now stands, was begun by Saint Francis Borgia, the third General of the Order. Seeing the ever increasing crowds that flocked to the shrine, he wished to raise a larger edifice, but funds were lacking. Cardinal Alexander Farnese came to his aid, and through his munificence the splendid building began to rise from the ground in 1568, and took sixteen years to build. The Holy Picture was placed in its new chapel in 1575, the older church being destroyed.

Of the royal splendor of this little chapel a word must be said. It is resplendent with the marbles of the old Roman days, and pillars of "*giallo antico*," "*corallina*," and "*porta santa*," while the walls and pavement itself are inlaid with the same precious stones; the

latter being, as it were, strewn with bronze stars. The chapel is entered through a little porch, and is of small size. The dim and uncertain light makes it difficult to distinguish clearly the details. but on the walls there are four pictures, which being removed on great days, disclose niches in which are placed reliquaries filled with the bones of the Saints and Martyrs. The holy picture itself is over the altar surrounded by gilt angels. Between the painting and the crystal are placed some wonderful jewels which sparkle and glitter in the light of the many lamps and candles. Below is a small tabernacle with a picture of Saint Joseph, who has his eyes uplifted to the Madonna above. Inside this tabernacle is kept a relic of a garment worn by our Blessed Lady. The picture was one of the first of the Madonnas to be crowned, this ceremony being instituted in 1636 and the coronation taking place two years later. This crown, with numerous other valuable ex-votos, was stolen by sacrilegious hands at the stormy close of the eighteenth century. By permission of the Pope, a new coronation took place with unparalleled splendor in 1885.

The ex-votos were once so numerous that, by permission, they were melted down into other ornaments for the chapel. These offerings still continue, and the graces which have been obtained at the shrine would want a book to themselves. Children have been cured of blindness, the sick healed, monetary help obtained through the intercession of the Madonna della Strada. At no time of the day is the chapel empty.

To those who have visited this shrine, the moments passed there will be forever among the sweetest recollections of life. But it is not only in Rome that the Madonna della Strada is to be found; replicas of the miraculous picture may now be seen in many churches of England, France, and Germany; and altars have been raised in imitation of the Chapel of Gesù, as in the Church of St. Francis Xavier, Upper Gardiner street, Dublin, and in the beautiful Chapel of our Lady of the Wayside on the grounds of the new Jesuit Novitiate of St. Andrew-on-Hudson. This devotion has thus been made known to many to comfort them in life's pilgrimage; in their troubles they invoke our Lady of the Wayside, who ever reminds them of the long way of Calvary trod by her Divine Son for love of them, until, in thinking on His sufferings, they learn to forget their own.

EVA BILLINGTON.



## PICTURES FROM THE LIFE OF CHRIST

### III.—NAIM.



HE widow's son had died. Her friends knew him to be her only hope in her old age and her sole support, and their simple hearts were moved to sympathy.

Naim is a small place, and such a piece of sad news took no long time, by dint of comment in the market-place and friendly gossip from housetop to housetop across the narrow streets in the pleasant evening, to traverse all the town. The news excited the compassion of all who had learned to admire the pleasant and edifying spectacle of the white-haired matron, poor but ever dignified, passing modestly through the streets, leaning on the arm of her only son. And now that he had been taken from her, few knew how, there were not wanting those ready to show the last tribute of a respect so long concealed.

There was no need for hirelings to swell the mourning train that drew out one forenoon from the widow's little gate and passed along the narrow street to the place of tombs. As she walked slowly to the funeral of her only hope, surrounded by kind friends whose compassion expressed itself best by silence, she thought of the days of his boyhood, and the prospects she had cherished and talked over with him, and how bravely he had spent his young strength to provide for her who would so willingly have given up all that he might prosper; and she was mindful of the pleasant days they had spent together in this little house, poor but happy as only a mother and son can be. She was going to give him up and come back to live there alone. She would find the day lonesome without him; and the pleasant evenings in the garden, under their arbor with oriental moonlight streaming through the great leaves and clusters, would become hours of melancholy. His pleasant song, as he worked in his shop close under her window, and the cheerful clamor of his tools as he labored for herself and him, would no longer make life in her home. But whatever sound there might be of birds in the branches of neighboring trees, or of children playing under their shade, or the little traffic of the village street, all would seem hushed with the silence that would come out of her house; its door no longer sounding to his welcome knock; the tools idle as he had left them the last day he aid them reluctantly aside; the room she had loved to prepare for

him now no longer disturbed save by her own fond, needless labors. Why return? Why not go with him now, down the hill to those dark mansions yawning from the rocks, and make her home there?

The train had just passed through the town gate and was descending the hillside a little, and now, coming in sight of the place of burial, turned sharply to the left.

The place and time seemed strangely out of harmony with the event. But God is a good artist. He had set His scenes for a triumph of Life. The sun was nearing noon, and streamed the splendor of a bright morning down over the little town behind them, making the white roofs gleam almost like silver amid the dark foliage of palm, fig and olive trees in the clustering gardens. The ridge of the little Hermon, rising behind the town, displayed its fertile vineyards to the warm day, and beyond it, towering like some citadel of the arch-angels, gleamed the embattled cliffs of Thabor. Before the party, as they left the gate, lay the narrow valley and the wooded slopes of the opposite ridge; and when they turned their backs on the cedars of Endor and went westward towards the tombs, the vale spread out wider and wider before them, until it lost itself in the fertile expanse of Esdraelon, stretching to the hills of Nazareth. It was one of God's opportunities.

By the merest chance—eternally foreseen—that very morning a caravan from Capharnaum turned from the plain Esdraelon into the valley towards Naim. The disciples, apostles and admiring listeners of Christ were accompanying their Master in His southward journey. The sight of their destination lent new speed to the tired travellers and they had reached and passed the cemetery before the funeral train had got far outside the gate. A few yards brought the two processions within hailing distance. The travellers from the north, recognizing the nature of the band that confronted them, with true oriental courtesy ceased their psalms and fell into a reverent hush. Christ still continued His advance, though some held back through reverence for the sad cortège. The bearers stopped at a sign from Him. There was a clear, calm word, a shrinking back for "great fear," like that which fell upon the shepherds when "the glory of God shone round about them." God had "visited His people" and fulfilled the act for which He had set the scene in that day's sunrise.

MARK J. MCNEAL, S.J.

## TALES FROM REAL LIFE

### LITTLE JAMES.



GOOD-NIGHT, James."

"Good-bye, mother."

"No, dear, only good-night. I shall see you early in the morning."

Once more that inscrutable smile and once more the gently insistent voice repeating: "Good-bye, mother."

The wistful look in the child's eyes and the soft clinging of the small hand I held made me loth to leave him, so I sat with him long beyond my accustomed time. It was very quiet in that little room, very still and peaceful in the dim red glow of the votive lamp burning before the picture of the Sacred Heart. James loved that little red light and we kept it burning for him always. During the weary watches of the night when he lay racked with pain, it was to him as a friend and brother. It would shine lovingly on the pictured face above and show him that Heart so bruised and broken by man's ingratitude, and those pitying eyes that looked down on him with such tender compassion. He once told me the long nights of pain held no terrors for him now. While all the world was sleeping, he and the little red light kept watch with the Master whom he loved. Sitting there in the quiet and the semi-darkness, my mind travelled back over the eighteen months that had come and gone since I first saw my little James. It was in a cellar we had found him, our poor little hero with his crooked back, large, wistful eyes, and patient smile. For a year or more he had lain on that same pile of rags; dirty, vermin-infested rags that had actually grown into the sores on his back. The surgeon was obliged to cut away those rags and it would be impossible to describe the sores thus revealed. They were terrible beyond description and the suffering they caused must have been intense. When the poor little back was properly cared for and the child removed to a clean bed in the tenement we hired for them, we learned their story from the sister of sixteen, who was really father and mother to the three small brothers of whom my James was the youngest. A common enough story it was,

too, but none the less pitiful because so common. It was simply the story of a worthless father spending the greater part of his time and all the money he could lay hands on for drink, drink, drink. It was the story of a heartbroken mother who fought steadily against the overwhelming evil; fought for the sake of her children, for the sake of her own self-respect; fought bravely, patiently, until death had released her.

Things were not so bad while mother lived, the girl had explained. Somehow, mother had always managed to keep them clean and give them enough to eat and send her and the two older boys to school. But mother had died when Jimmie was only five, six years ago, that was, and they had gone from bad to worse ever since. She had tried to take mother's place and do the best she could for the boys, but father was drunk most of the time; there was no money to pay the rent and they had finally drifted to the cellar in which we had found them. Little Jimmie? Well, Jimmie had never been like the other boys. As a baby he was always weak and sickly, and his back had never been right since the day father had dropped him on the floor.

Oh! no, father did not mean to hurt Jimmie, he would not hurt anyone. He was only playing with the child and—well—tossed him up in the air and failed to catch him as he came down. Father was drunk at the time and really did not know what he was doing. Since then, Jimmie's back had grown worse and worse, the hump grew bigger and the sores came and she did not know what to do for him.

Catholics? Of course they were Catholics. Mother had always sent her to Sunday-school, and since mother died she saw to it that the two boys went regularly; that is, until the last few months. Their clothes were so ragged now and they had no shoes to wear and, of course, they could not go to church looking like that. As for Jimmie, well, she was afraid Jimmie didn't know much about anything. He was not able to go to Sunday-school and she had been so busy trying to keep a roof over their heads and to find food for the four of them, that she really hadn't time to teach little Jimmie anything.

That was eighteen months before and it certainly would be hard to find a more ignorant little heathen than my James was at that

time. But what else could be expected of him, poor child? He had never even heard the name of God mentioned except in the curses that fell from the lips of his drunken father. His eleven years of existence had been merely a succession of sleepless nights and days of pain, when he had lain on his little bed or on the pile of rags, gazing out upon life with great wistful eyes; wondering, always wondering. Wondering why it was that he should be so different from other people; why they should grow larger, stronger, day by day, while he remained always so small and weak and sickly; why they should be able to walk about, to come and go as they pleased, while he was obliged to lie quietly in the same place unless someone would lift and carry him. And he did not like to be carried, it hurt his back so terribly to be moved. Mother was the only one who knew how to lift him without making him scream with pain, and mother was gone, gone forever. Her going had left a great ache and loneliness in his little heart and again he wondered why he should have to suffer so. Many a time he had beaten his pillow with his small fists and cried out in childish rebellion and anger that it was not fair, it was not right that he should have so much pain, so much sickness and trouble.

That was in the old days, however, days that were now but a memory to the patient little saint who welcomed each new pain with a smile,—glad that he should be deemed worthy to share in the sufferings of One who had said: "Take up your cross and follow Me."

From the day of his First Communion, a great change had come over little James. To him, the great mystery of the Eucharistic Presence was no mystery at all, merely a strangely beautiful fact which he accepted with a child's simple faith. During his preparation for that most important event in his life, he had said one day:

"When people receive our Lord in Holy Communion, He comes to them really and truly just the same as if He walked right in through that door and came and stood beside me and held my hand and spoke to me as you do. He comes just like that, doesn't He?"

"Yes, dear, just as truly and as really, only you cannot see Him."

"And when He comes to people like that, He stays with them until they drive Him away by being bad and committing sin, doesn't He?"

"Yes, dear."

"Well, when He comes to me, I am going to keep Him with me always, always. I shall never be cross or impatient again, and I'll never, never do anything to send Him away from me. Just think what it will be to have Him right here in this little room where I can talk to Him and tell Him about my pain when it gets very bad. Why, it will be even better than having mother back. Often, at night, when the pain would be so bad I'd think I couldn't stand it another minute, I'd just call to mother and she'd come and kneel beside me and hold me in her arms and talk to me until the pain would be easier and I'd go to sleep. That was ever so long ago, when I was only a baby, but I remember it all so well. Now, it will be even better than that, for when our Lord comes to me, I am going to keep Him right here with me always. Then, in the night, when everyone is sleeping, I can call to Him and He will come and lay His hand on my head and I will tell Him about my pain. I'll not ask Him to take it away; I'll just ask Him to tell me how He bore all His pains and to help me be as brave as He was."

That my little James kept his word was very evident, for from the day of his First Communion not even the slightest whisper of complaint ever passed his lips. No matter what his sufferings, not even a sigh escaped him. During the daily process of washing and dressing the sores on his back, a process which was absolute torture to the poor child, he would fix his eyes on the pictured face of Christ and his lips would move as if begging for help to bear the pain. The only signs of his suffering were the tightly clenched little fists and the great drops that stood out upon his forehead. During those days the child seemed to live always in the presence of the Lord and Master whom he loved with absolute devotion, and to count the moments from one Holy Communion until the next. Nothing seemed to trouble him, no pain was too great for him to bear; he seemed rather to rejoice in suffering which drew him nearer to the One whom he wished to follow.

He spoke frequently of his mother, but never any longer with regret for her loss or with a wish to bring her back again. On one occasion he said to me: "You tell me God has taken mother to heaven, to see Him, to be happy with Him forever and ever. I used to cry for her, I used to say it was mean and wicked to have her

taken away from me, I used to call out to her to come back if only for one little minute. But now, now I am glad she is in heaven, with *Him*, glad, so very glad. She will wait for me there; she'll be standing at the gate holding out her arms to her little boy. Then she will lift me as she used to do, and hold me close, and carry me to Him. It will not be long now until I see her again, not long."

After a few moments' silence, he added:

"Just think how good God has been to me. He took my own dear mother to heaven where she would be so happy and where I will be with her again so soon, and then He sent you to me to take her place while I am still here. I think I will call you mother, too, I like the name"; and from that day I was "mother" to my little James.

All this and much more passed through my mind as I sat beside his bed and watched the child lying there on his little chest and elbows. Not the least of his sufferings was that he was obliged to remain always in that same position, owing to the terrible condition of his back.

It was growing late and I knew I should have left him long ago; but it was with great reluctance that I rose at last to say good-night. Holding his hand for a moment, I asked, as I always did, if there were anything he would like me to bring him. The answer was rather surprising:

"Yes, mother; peaches."

"Peaches! Why, it is the middle of winter; where could I find peaches now, unless— Will preserved peaches do, Jimmie?"

"Yes, mother, any kind will do."

"Very well, dear. I shall bring you some early in the morning."

"Bring them to-night, mother. I'll not be here in the morning."

For a moment I hesitated. It was very late and raining hard and I did not relish the idea of the long walk back again in the storm and darkness merely to humor, what seemed to be, a childish whim. One glance at the boy's wistful eyes decided me, however. Half an hour later I was again beside him with the peaches he had asked for, but by that time all desire for them seemed to have gone, for he barely tasted them. Then, with a sigh, he laid his head down upon the pillow and his eyes closed wearily. Thinking he wished to sleep, I was turning softly away, but the little hand reached out for mine

and held me back. He looked up at me with a smile, the sweetness of which I could never describe, and said gently: "Thank you, mother, good-bye."

Once more I repeated: "No, Jimmie; good-night. I'll see you in the morning."

Once more, that strange, sweet smile, and once more: "No, mother; good-bye."

And good-bye it was. Next morning when I reached my boy's bedside, it was to find that he had indeed said good-bye to me, good-bye to earth, good-bye to pain and suffering.

Looking on the peaceful face of our little saint, on which that heavenly smile still lingered, I heard again his "good-bye, mother" of the previous night and I wondered how the child had known that that good-night was to be the last. Had the angels come down and whispered to him that his sufferings were nearly over and that he would soon be with them for all eternity? Had his mother, waiting with outstretched arms at the gate of Paradise, called to him to come to her? Had the Master, whom he loved, murmured low into his ear that that night He would claim him for His own?

I know not, but this I do know; as I knelt by my little James that morning I could almost hear the flutter of angel wings and the music of angelic voices as the heavenly hosts sang joyous welcome to one more little saint now entered into the kingdom prepared for him from the foundation of the world.

ISABEL WILLIAMS.


## RECENT AGGREGATIONS

The following Local Centres received Diplomas during May, 1908:

| Diocese.           | Place.                | Local Centre.                               | Date.                       |
|--------------------|-----------------------|---|-----------------------------|
| Duluth.....        | Cloquet, Minn.....    | Holy Family .....Church                     | May 12, 1908                |
| La Crosse.....     | Friendship, Wis.....  | St. Leo's ..... "                           | May 7, 1908                 |
| Natchez.....       | Scranton, Miss.....   | St. Peter's ..... "                         | May 21, 1908                |
| New Orleans.....   | New Orleans, La.....  | Our Lady of the Most<br>Holy Rosary ..... " | Feb. 9, 1908<br>May 7, 1908 |
| Philadelphia.....  | Langhorne, Pa.....    | Our Lady of Grace..... "                    | May 7, 1908                 |
| Providence.....    | Woonsocket, R. I..... | Woonsocket .....Home                        | May 12, 1908                |
| San Francisco..... | San Jose, Cal.....    | Holy Family .....Church                     | May 12, 1908                |
| St. Paul.....      | Lake Elmo, Minn....   | Guardian Angels ..... "                     | May 16, "                   |

Total number of Aggregations, 8; Churches, 7; Institutions, 1.




IVE on, little child, with thy story  
 Of joy and of hope and of fear,  
 With a smile for the world and its glory  
 Suppressing the burning tear;  
 Like the flower that blooms in the morning  
 'Neath the passionate charm of the sun,  
 But fades at the coming of even  
 And weeps through the whole night long,—  
 Live on, and at every sunset  
 Come down by the sanded sea  
 And weep thy heart's full burden  
 With my little Child and me.

Live on through the wastes and dreamlands  
 That may shatter thy blossoming youth,  
 But smile through the veil of thy sadness  
 For thy soul is deep-rooted in truth;  
 Through the bitter gibes of the victims  
 Of life's red-ripest wine,  
 Through the hurts that break upon thee  
 Like leaves in autumn time:  
 Live on, and at every sunset  
 Come down by the sanded sea  
 And weep thy heart's full burden  
 With my little Child and me.

We have the fire that makes life burn  
 In the far-off heavenly land,  
 Where the cherished joys of a thousand years  
 In the great God-bosom stand;  
 We have life and lengthening of days  
 And all love's melody.  
 We are Joseph and Mary,—the Child  
 Is Jesus of Galilee.

JOSEPH S. HOGAN, S.J.

## THE POWER OF THE WEAK

ISTER TERESA HELEN clicked her signal and the children rose from their knees and quietly settled themselves in their seats. They are the First Communion class of St. Mary's Sunday School, and on the morrow, the beautiful feast of the Sacred Heart, they will receive for the first time Him who said, "Suffer the little ones to come unto Me."

"Now, my good children," said good Sister Teresa Helen, "the great day for which you have been so earnestly preparing is at hand. All who have seen you during your little retreat have been very much edified, I am sure, by your recollected conduct, your fervor at your prayers, and your attention to the instructions. I hope that none of you will break the silence of the retreat until after Mass to-morrow."

"Do not forget," continued the good Sister, "that you must be in this room at six o'clock to-morrow morning. We will then say the concluding prayers of the Novena before going into the church. To-morrow will be the greatest and happiest day of your lives, and you must be sure to invite your parents to be present at the Mass. Remember, too, what I have said about asking their forgiveness for your past faults, promising them to be better children in the future, and kneeling and asking their blessing before leaving home in the morning. You are dismissed now. Good afternoon, and God bless you."

In such an assemblage of children, there are always two or three whom one naturally singles out from the rest. No one could fail to notice the sweet little face of Catherine Crane, as she filed with her companions into the street. She was the eldest of the five children of Charles Crane and Mary Kelly Crane.

Her father was not a Catholic, and while he manfully kept the promise he made at the time of his marriage, and permitted the children to be baptized and brought up in the Catholic Faith, he would not allow them to attend the parochial school, saying that he wished his "children to be able to earn their living, and religion never earned bread for any one except the priests and nuns."

Like many others, when Mary Kelly married Charles Crane she hoped that in time he would embrace Catholicity, but thus far all her efforts to convert him had been in vain. Unlike many others in her position, however, she did not drift away from the Church herself. She was very faithful in the practice of her religious duties, and saw to it that the little ones were carefully brought up in their Holy Faith. She never ceased to pray for the conversion of her husband, and taught their children to pray for him, too.

Little Catherine was, of course, well instructed in the rudiments of her religion, and being of a gentle, loving disposition, it was a great grief to her young heart that her father was not a Catholic. When Sister Teresa Helen started the novena in honor of the Sacred Heart and in preparation for the First Communion of the children, little Catherine at once determined to pray for the conversion of her father above all else. She confided her intention to her good mother, who also joined in the novena.

Early on the morning of the eventful day, Mrs. Crane awakened Catherine, and soon had her dressed in her little white gown and veil and wreath. When she was ready to start for the church, the child knelt at her mother's feet, and having asked her forgiveness for any pain she had caused her in the past, begged her blessing.

The poor mother could not restrain her tears. Placing her hand on the head of the little one she said between sobs:

"God bless and keep my little girl."

Rising from her knees, with a look of determination on her little face and murmuring a prayer, Catherine ran from the room and going straight to the bed where her father was lying asleep, she stood at the foot of it and called gently:

"Papa, papa, please wake up."

Mr. Crane opened his eyes and looking in the direction whence the voice came, thought an angel stood at the foot of his bed, so sweet and pure did the little girl look in her pretty white dress, her golden curls hanging down her back. Seeing that her father was awake, Catherine approached the side of the bed and knelt down.

"Please, papa, forgive me for all the times I have been bad and made you cross, and I promise you I will try to be a better girl. And papa, this is my First Communion day, and Sister said we must

ask our father and mother for their blessing. Won't you please give me your blessing, papa?"

When Mr. Crane recovered from his surprise, he said with a little bitterness:

"You don't want my blessing. Get your mother's. She's a Catholic, and I'm not."

"But you are my papa, and I want my papa's blessing," persisted the little one. "Please, papa, be kind to-day and give me your blessing. O, papa, I'm so happy, and it will make me sad if you do not bless me. Mamma did."

"Well, ain't that enough for you? Besides I don't know how you Catholics bless," remonstrated Mr. Crane.

"Oh, that is easy," said little Catherine, nothing daunted. "Just put your hand on my head and say 'God bless my little girl,' and then kiss me."

Mr. Crane was not proof against the pleadings of the little one. Tears rose to his eyes, and for perhaps the first time in his life he felt a respect for holy things, as he placed his hand on his little girl's head.

"God bless you, my little one," he said in a broken voice, and kissed the sweet lips.

Having gained so much, the little one was encouraged to dare more.

"Please, papa," she said in a hesitating voice, as she twined her little arms about his neck, "I have to ask you something else. You know this is my First Communion day, and all the little girls are going to invite their papas and mammas to come to the Mass and see them receive their First Communion. Mamma is coming, and I invite you to come, too, papa. I know you don't like my church," she said hastily, seeing the frown of disapproval on his face, "but, oh, papa, if you would only come this once, I am sure you would like it. All the little girls will be dressed in white like me and the church will be decorated fine with flowers and lights. Oh, papa, it would make me so happy if you would only come," she said with fervor, as she kissed him.

"But I have to go to work," urged Mr. Crane sheepishly.

"It won't matter if you stay home just this once, papa," said Catherine. "You know you stayed home to go to Uncle John

funeral. Mr. Rogan can tell them at the shop. Please, dear papa, promise me you will come," kissing him again.

"All right, I'll come just this once to please you," said her father.

"Oh, you dear, good papa," cried Catherine as she rose from her knees, "you don't know how happy I am. I'll pray for you every minute of the time," she said running from the room.

True to his promise, Mr. Crane accompanied his wife to the Mass. They found a seat where they could plainly see the altar and get a good view of the little ones. Mr. Crane was much interested in the ceremony of the Mass and listened attentively to the short instruction given by the good pastor to his little flock. Mr. Crane was much moved by the rapt attention of little Catherine, who scarcely took her eyes from the altar, and when the priest placed the Sacred Host on her little tongue, her father almost unconsciously bent his head in reverence and a tear stole down his cheek.

From that time forth he showed an interest in the children's attendance at Mass and Sunday school, and often heard them recite their catechism lesson. When the school term opened the following September, he suggested to his wife that the children might as well go to the parish school, much to the delight of little Catherine.

Mrs. Crane saw that the grace of God was working in her husband's heart, and she and the little ones redoubled their prayers in his behalf.

During the following winter there was a mission at the church, which Mrs. Crane attended. The children also were present at the exercises appointed for them, and their father listened to their childish prattle about the instructions.

On the day of the opening of the men's mission, he said to his wife:


"I guess I will have to go and hear this wonderful preacher you all have so much to say about."

He attended all the services, joined the class of instruction and at the close of the mission was baptized. Thus was a hard heart brought to the true Faith by the persevering use of prayer,—the power of the weak.

VIRGINIA STONE.

# Interests of the Sacred Heart

## A GREAT WORK WELL BEGUN.

 ONE of the features of the formal opening of the novitiate of the Marist Brothers, at Poughkeepsie, N. Y., on the feast of the Holy Family, was the solemn consecration of the work to the Sacred Heart. The Marist Institute was founded in the year 1817, in the diocese of Lyons, France, at no great distance from Vals, whence twenty-seven years later the League of the Sacred Heart was to spread over the whole world. The real object of its establishment was to undertake the education of children in rural districts and in those neglected parishes where poverty prevented the employment of other teachers. It is related in the life of its founder, the Venerable Benedict Champagnat, that seeing groups of children left to themselves in the streets, his heart was touched with pity and he exclaimed: "What good the Brothers can do as co-operators with the Pastors of the Church! If there was a Catholic school here, those children would be sheltered from the dangers of the world, learning virtue and piety, and acquiring such instruction as would be useful to them in after life."

To-day the congregation numbers over six thousand members, engaged for the most part in the rôle of teachers in parochial schools, though many hundreds of them are laboring on the missions of Oceanica, Japan and South America as coadjutors to the missionaries of different orders.

The venerable founder ever regarded America with particular affection, and his heart was filled with burning zeal to establish schools in the United States, which he recognized as a most fruitful field for the apostolate of his Brothers. But the realization of these hopes was long deferred and the advent of the Marist Congregation to our country has been of comparatively recent date. Still, so rapidly has it spread and fructified on American soil, that the last General Chapter judged it expedient to open a novitiate at Poughkeepsie, N. Y., with a view of constituting the United States a separate province.

God's blessing was on the work. Many were the applications for admission to the new novitiate, especially from New England and the Middle States, so that the formal opening found enrolled seven postulants and thirty-six juniors.

When the youthful subjects began to gather at Poughkeepsie, many brought with them the seeds of devotion to the Sacred Heart, and these little seeds so flourished in their new surroundings that this devotion soon became the guiding principle of the entire band. The monthly marking of the treasury, with its particularly large number of recorded mortifications and self-conquests, bears witness to the spirit animating these generous souls. The Sacred Heart badges worn openly even on the public thoroughfare evidence the fearlessness and simplicity of their devotion, while the fact that the Promoter's cross is the height of every boy's ambition proves their appreciation of what is meant by becoming an apostle of the Sacred Heart.

The community, at present, is made up of two classes: Postulants, who have attained the age of fifteen and who have begun the preparation proper for admission to the grade of novice after six months' probation, and Juniors, who, ranging from twelve years up, pursue here their studies until they complete their fifteenth year, with the intention of then seeking admission to the congregation. The power for good that the League wields among such boys, already imbued with the spirit of apostolic sacrifice, is beyond description. It adapts itself to the regular duties of the day and vivifies and perfects every act, giving fresh vigor to the youthful wills and arousing generous and noble purposes of soul.

It was accordingly decided to make one of the features of the formal opening of the novitiate a solemn consecration of the whole work to the Sacred Heart, to further inflame with divine love the young hearts of the future apostles of the League in schools, and to bring down the benediction of the Sacred Heart on the cradle of the American Province of the Little Brothers of Mary.

JOSEPH J WILLIAMS, S.J.



"Arise, go thy way; for thy faith hath made thee whole."—Luke xvii, 19.

## THANKSGIVINGS

Total number of Thanksgivings for last month, 2,401,783.

### SPECIAL FAVORS.

#### A Life Saved.

*Tacoma, Wash.*—"The mother of one of our pupils had been suffering for some time and became dangerously ill. To save her life it was decided that she should undergo an operation.

"The 'First Friday' was the day named. The family pleaded with our Lord that He would spare their mother's life, promising a public thanksgiving in the MESSENGER.

"The operation was a perfect success. In less than three weeks, to the joy of all, the mother was in the midst of her large family, with the prospect of thirty years of life. Her grateful children now fulfil their promise of a public thanksgiving to the Sacred Heart."

#### A Father Cured.

*Streator, Ill.*—"Thanksgiving is offered for the cure of a father who was dangerously ill with pleurisy. The right lung was badly affected, little or no air passing through that organ. When medicine seemed of no avail, a badge of the Sacred Heart was placed over the lung and almost immediately a change for the better took place. The patient continued to improve and is now able to walk out of doors.

"He still wears the badge and recites daily the beads of the Sacred Heart."

#### The Reward of Prayer.

*Blair, Neb.*—"My dear mother, a convert, sent me at an early age to a convent, where, along with an ex-



cellent education, I received the light of faith. Not long, however, after leaving the convent school, I married a man of very good heart, but of no belief in God. As the years sped on I realized more and more my great responsibility and my duty to undo the wrong I had done. God has blessed us with seven children. Their prayers joined to mine stormed heaven for their father's conversion. Last Easter, God's time had come, for on Holy Saturday my husband was baptized, and on Easter morning received his first Holy Communion. He has since joined us in the daily practice which we had adopted for years, of reciting every evening the beads and of reading good Catholic literature. For many months before his reception into the Church he had willingly worn the badge of the Sacred Heart.

"We are now, indeed, a happy family, and never shall we fail to give thanks to the Sacred Heart of Jesus for His mercy and goodness in granting us the favor we had been asking for upwards of eighteen years."

#### **Mary's Intercession with the Sacred Heart.**

*Milwaukee, Wis.*—"For years heartfelt prayers and works of mercy were offered up in vain for the salvation of X. All human means had likewise been exhausted. Nought but a miracle could reclaim his soul. One of our family repaired to our Lady's shrine, and, prostrating herself, besought our Mother's intercession. Scarcely had the suppliant risen to her feet when she found that the tide had turned and was bearing her and all her hopes to a blissful realization of God's mercy. A miracle? Unquestionably. We had not dared to hope for such great things.—Oh,

when you go to the Sacred Heart for favors, ask our Blessed Lady to go with you. You need a friend at Court, and she will not fail to help you."

#### **A Miraculous Cure.**

*Salt Lake City, Utah.*—"A young man having met with a serious accident which left a frightful sore on his foot, was told by physicians that the wound would never heal and that amputation of the foot was absolutely necessary. St. Anthony and St. Philomena were invoked, and to the astonishment of the attending physicians the wound healed rapidly and in two weeks was entirely cured.

"The recipient of so great a favor wishes to offer public thanks to the great Saints who obtained for him speedy relief, and honor and praise to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, the source of all blessings and favors."

#### **Light of Faith.**

*Richmond, Va.*—"One of our pupils has prayed for her father's conversion for many years, but he seemed entirely satisfied to live a good life without attaching himself to any church. Last March he was threatened with blindness, and his daughter spoke of this misfortune to her teacher. The latter asked if she thought her father would accept Lourdes water. The reply was negative. The next day, to her great surprise, she returned with the information that her father had asked of his own accord for some water of our Lady of Lourdes, and had promised to publish the favor in the MESSENGER. The temporal cure, however, was not granted, but the eyes of her father's soul were opened, and on the twenty-fifth of March he received Baptism from the zealous priest who had done more than

any one else to show him the path to the true church. Our pupil, thinking this favor a greater one than the physical cure would have been, requested us to have it published in **THE MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART.**"

#### **An Extraordinary Favor.**

*Detroit, Mich.*—"My aunt, seventy years of age, was at death's door with cancer. She had not practised her religion for fifty years. As I am an invalid and could not visit her, I requested her parish priest to call on her. I meanwhile sent her my badge to wear, began a novena in honor of the holy name of Jesus, offered for her my holy Communion on the First Friday, and promised to publish the favor if she died reconciled with God. Thanks to the Sacred Heart she made her peace with God and received all the rites of the Church four weeks before her death. I wish to express my most heartfelt gratitude to the Sacred Heart for His sweet mercy to sinners."

#### **A Death-Bed Conversion.**

*Memphis, Tenn.*—"A relative who had married a non-Catholic outside the Church, and who had not been to the Sacraments for twenty-five years, obtained the grace to have a priest at his death-bed and received the Sacraments—even after he had at first asked for a minister of his wife's denomination. His relatives are most grateful. Masses of thanksgiving have been offered and his sister will say to the end of her life the Litany of the Sacred Heart of Jesus."

#### **Saved From Death By Lightning.**

*Clarion, Pa.*—"I believe my life was spared twice through confidence in the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

"Where I live we are visited by

terrible electric storms. I had always a great fear of them and could get no peace of mind, until I placed myself under the protection of the Sacred Heart. I had a picture of the Divine Heart in my room, and I wore a badge of the Sacred Heart.

"Last October a terrible storm arose, but to my astonishment, I entertained no fear, as I felt confident the Sacred Heart would protect me. My confidence was well rewarded. Our home was struck by lightning, and the bolt, passing through the house, struck me and travelled over my body until it reached the badge I wore. I was unconscious for a little time. On regaining consciousness, I found my clothing nearly burned off my body. I had sufficient strength to drag myself from the burning building. I cannot understand what saved me from death by lightning nor from being burned to death except the goodness and mercy of the Sacred Heart. I wish to make public acknowledgment of this great favor of God in **THE MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART.**"

#### **GENERAL FAVORS.**

For many of these favors Mass and publication were promised; for others the Badge or the Promoter's Cross was used; for others the prayers of the Associates had been asked.

*ALABAMA.*—*Mobile*, a perfect cure without operation, relief from severe headache; *Montgomery*, preservation from pneumonia.

*CALIFORNIA.*—*Berkeley*, the obtaining of employment by three persons; *Los Angeles*, the recovery of a young woman pronounced incurable, success in examinations, the securing of a good position, success in an election, a relative's return to the Sacraments after twelve years of neglect;

*Redwood City*, the grace of frequent Communion and consequent joy and happiness; *San Francisco*, conversion of a dying man, the finding of an important document, great improvement in health.

COLORADO.—*Boulder*, success in teachers' examination.

CONNECTICUT.—*Hartford*, success of an operation; *New Britain*, a young man's recovery from appendicitis; *Rockville*, the obtaining and the retaining of a good position; *Thompsonville*, success of class examination; *Waterbury*, cure of sickness and relief from severe pain, success of two persons in school work, a son's conversion.

DELAWARE.—*Wilmington*, the regaining by two persons of normal health without threatened operation.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.—*Brookland*, a death-bed conversion, also the success of a mission.

FLORIDA.—*Orlando*, cure of blood poisoning; *Tampa*, a safe journey and employment obtained.

ILLINOIS.—*Chicago*, the overcoming of intemperance, the restoration of a home after years of litigation, relief from severe pain in the head and the heart, cure of typhoid fever and rheumatism; *Owaneco*, a successful school year and the obtaining of a good position.

INDIANA.—*Indianapolis*, a husband's return to his family; *Terre-Haute*, success of operation.

IOWA.—*Carroll*, recovery from dangerous illness and the securing of employment; *Iowa City*, safety from storms, the blessing of good health for twelve persons.

KENTUCKY.—*Fancy Farm*, reconciliation after several years' estrangement; *Leavenworth*, the preservation of eye-sight seriously endangered, the obtaining of a good position; *Louisville*, the securing of a much-needed situation.

LOUISIANA.—*Abbeville*, a young man's return to the Sacraments; *Algiers*, recovery from illness and employment secured, a child's cure of the gripe; *Burtville*, restoration to health; *Convent*, success in examination, relief from effects of a serious fall, preservation from a storm; *Donaldsonville*, cure of a sore limb; *New Orleans*, the recovery of a child threatened with dangerous operation, the obtaining of financial aid, conversion and happy death of a father, cure of a child, the payment of debts, conversion of a servant twenty years away from the Sacraments, the obtaining of means of livelihood, the grace of making a good confession under great difficulties, speedy recovery after an operation, protection from floods and storms, conversion and happy death of an Associate, recovery of several persons from dangerous illness, preservation from sickness, success of children's mission, beautiful and edifying death of a Promoter; *New Roads*, success in examinations, relief from mental suffering, the averting of an incurable disease, success of a dangerous operation.

MARYLAND. — *Baltimore*, speedy restoration to health, recovery from an almost fatal illness; *Libertytown*, success of an operation; *Mechanicsville*, the finding of a lost article; *Oakland*, relief from severe pain.

MASSACHUSETTS.—*Boston*, cure of a sore throat, a speedy cure; *Brookline*, improvement in health; *Greenfield*, a child's preservation from convulsions; *New Bedford*, relief from a very sore throat; *Weymouth*, recovery of a very sick mother from a painful illness.

MICHIGAN.—*Detroit*, the obtaining of employment; *Essexville*, the securing of a position in time of need; *Merrill*, cure of sickness and relief from pain; *Sault Ste Marie*, recovery

of a father and mother from serious illness.

MINNESOTA.—*Blackduck*, a family's preservation from diphtheria; *Collegeville*, success in a spiritual undertaking; *Duluth*, relief from a severe toothache, preservation of two children from small-pox, a husband's conversion, success in selling out a business; *St. Paul*, cure of dropsy pronounced incurable, recovery within a week from a serious illness; *Virginia*, a sister's restoration to health.

MISSOURI.—*Fredericktown*, cure of hay fever declared incurable; *Merberly*, success of an operation for appendicitis; *St. Louis*, the obtaining of a good position, the recovery of a septuagenarian from a severe attack of pneumonia, several cures.

MISSISSIPPI.—*Vicksburg*, success of a retreat and relief from pain.

MONTANA.—*Haure*, a little boy's recovery.

NEBRASKA.—*Auburn*, relief from severe pain; *Omaha*, the preservation of a family from diphtheria; *Waterbury*, a father's return to the Sacraments, a sister and niece's recovery.

NEVADA.—*Reno*, the obtaining of a good position, good health, success and happiness.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.—*Manchester*, the grace of a happy death.

NEW JERSEY.—*Jersey City*, a mother's restoration to home life, a mother's relief from a severe cold; *Ridgewood*, the obtaining of a position and start in life, cure of a chronic ailment; *South Orange*, success of an operation.

NEW YORK.—*Brooklyn*, two persons' cure, sudden recovery of consciousness and restoration to health, relief from severe pain, cure of a very sore throat; *Buffalo*, a mother's miraculous restoration to health, a mother's recovery from pneumonia; *Cape Vincent*, relief from heart

trouble, a brother's recovery from a dangerous operation, the safe return of a friend; *Corning*, a promotion received with an increase of salary, an advantageous sale of property, the obtaining of a position by a boy, a lady's recovery from a dangerous illness; *Hudson*, speedy recovery; *Larchmont*, means provided for a daughter's convent education, the averting of a threatened financial trouble; *Long Island City*, a brother's return to his religious duties; *Mamaroneck*, a sister's restoration to health; *Niagara Falls*, a mother's recovery from a serious operation; *New York City*, preservation from temptations against faith, grace of perseverance in prayer and consequent peace of mind, the happy death of an uncle, the cure of a limb, the regaining of property ownership, success of an operation, recovery from operation, grace of mission made after many years of neglect, a son's recovery from a compound fracture, the securing of a tenant, a nephew's recovery from a dangerous illness, cure of a severe case of bronchitis; *Tuckahoe*, the full payment of a long deferred debt; *Winfield*, a husband's conversion to the faith.

OHIO.—*Canton*, the averting of a great scandal, relief from nervousness, a son's recovery; *Cincinnati*, the immediate disappearance of a swelling, success of an operation for appendicitis; *Cleveland*, the obtaining of a good position; *Columbus*, the happy and holy death of three Associates, a father's return to the Sacraments, two reconciliations, relief from nervousness and sleeplessness, recovery from a serious operation; *Steubenville*, a niece's recovery; *Toledo*, a son's sudden cure.

PENNSYLVANIA.—*Lancaster*, a husband's speedy recovery, a father's safety, the success of an undertaking; *Lucas*, recovery from typhoid;

*McSherrystown*, a husband's recovery from rheumatism and sleeplessness; *Philadelphia*, the advantageous sale of property, relief from nervousness, return to the Sacraments after years of neglect, recovery from illness, relief from pain in the side, the conversion of a non-Catholic, restoration to health of two persons, the retaining of a position under serious difficulties, preservation from a threatened loss; *Pittsburg*, cure of a sudden and dangerous illness; *Sayre*, a mother's recovery from dangerous illness; *Scranton*, success in an examination, a mother's cure.

RHODE ISLAND.—*Valley Falls*, the securing of a position; *Westerly*, the securing of a position for a friend in need.

TEXAS.—*Fort Worth*, successful examinations of two young ladies; *Houston*, a little boy's restoration to health, success of a surgical operation; *Memphis*, the recovery of a very sick child; *Texarkana*, grace of being blessed with good children.

VERMONT.—*Burlington*, a father's restoration to health, the return of two brothers to their religious duties,

grace of victory over temptations; *Middlebury*, relief from severe hemorrhage, cure of a child seriously ill.

VIRGINIA.—*Richmond*, the success of a retreat, a brother's return to his religious duties.

WASHINGTON.—*Shelton*, a husband's return to the Sacraments, grace of the last Sacraments and of a happy death; *Tacoma*, restoration to health.

WEST VIRGINIA.—*Alum Bridge*, relief from very severe pains; *Elm Grove*, the averting of typhoid from an Institution; *Wheeling*, several conversions to the faith, success of a mission.

WISCONSIN.—*Jacksonport*, a mother and two brothers' improvement in health; *Milwaukee*, relief from pain, successful outcome of a delicate operation, the securing of a position; *Platteville*, the securing of financial aid; *Saint Francis*, a sister's speedy recovery, the securing of employment; *Shullsburg*, conversion to the faith.

Thanks are also expressed by Promoters and Associates for many other spiritual and temporal favors.

## TREASURY OF GOOD WORKS

Offerings for the Intentions recommended to the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

|                               |           |                                  |           |
|-------------------------------|-----------|----------------------------------|-----------|
| 1. Acts of Charity .....      | 4,444,142 | 11. Masses heard .....           | 694,414   |
| 2. Beads .....                | 741,918   | 12. Mortifications .....         | 702,527   |
| 3. Way of the Cross .....     | 1,032,069 | 13. Works of Mercy .....         | 551,359   |
| 4. Holy Communion .....       | 2,068,466 | 14. Works of Zeal .....          | 665,301   |
| 5. Spiritual Communion .....  | 542,881   | 15. Prayers .....                | 1,643,215 |
| 6. Examen of Conscience ..... | 1,158,808 | 16. Kindly conversation .....    | 1,067,393 |
| 7. Hours of Labor .....       | 660,404   | 17. Suffering, Afflictions ..... | 290,023   |
| 8. Hours of Silence .....     | 753,182   | 18. Self-conquest .....          | 385,674   |
| 9. Pious reading .....        | 503,325   | 19. Visit to B. Sacrament ..     | 348,921   |
| 10. Masses read .....         | 4,815     | 20. Various good works .....     | 410,680   |

Grand Total of Good Works, 18,870,552.

## BOOK NOTICES.

*The Way of the Cross of the Sacred Heart of Jesus.* Translated from the French of Exupère De Prats-de-Mallo, with a preface by Henry Sebastian Bowden of the Oratory. Benziger Brothers, New York, Cincinnati, Chicago.

The preceding title indicates the distinctive character of the book itself. The author tells us in a preface that his aim is to make the Stations of the Cross as so many stepping stones to reach the Heart of Jesus, where the cause and explanation of all sorrow and suffering are to be found. The meditations are in the form of colloquies between the soul and Christ, and suggest appropriate sentiments for the several Stations.

The Way of the Cross is a most useful and practical devotion. It is full of piety for the living and of indulgences for the dead. Nor is it intended merely for the simple and illiterate. It is adapted to every grade of intelligence; it is not too low for the highest, nor too high for the lowest. Moreover, the indulgences which were granted by various Popes in the course of centuries to the *Via dolorosa* in the Holy Land, are now transferred to the Stations of the Cross and are applicable to the souls in Purgatory. No set form of prayer is required, but only a little meditation on each Station. A book like the present, which aims to promote and facilitate such meditation, deserves and receives our hearty commendation.

*The Orthodox Eastern Church.* By Adrian Fortescue, Ph.D., D.D., London. Catholic Truth Society.

We Catholics of the West know comparatively little about our orthodox brethren of the East. Indeed the Eastern churches in general are commonly regarded as heretical or schismatical. We forget the large

number of Orthodox Catholics who live on the other side of the Adriatic Sea and the River Vistula. The work under review aims at removing such ignorance by supplying information in a convenient and readable form. The book is very timely, in view of the interest which Anglicans have recently taken in the early Eastern churches.

*True Historical Stories for Catholic Children.* By Josephine Portuondo. H. L. Kilner & Co., Philadelphia.

Happy is the mother who can entertain and instruct her children with interesting anecdotes drawn from history. Such is the noble aim contemplated and achieved by the present volume. There are stories about Constantine the Great, St. Leo the Great, St. Gregory the Great, Pepin, Charlemagne, Richard the Lion-hearted, Edward the Confessor, St. Louis, Jeanne d'Arc, Christopher Columbus, Ferdinand and Isabella, Katharine of Aragon, Mary Queen of Scots, Charles Carroll of Carrollton, and Marie Antoinette. They all contain a lesson as instructive as it is interesting.

*Thoughts on the Religious Life.* By Rev. F. X. Lasance. Benziger Brothers. \$1.50.

The author of this work has condensed a great deal of practical piety into a small compass. The present volume contains reflections on the general principles of the religious calling, on perfect charity, the end of the religious life, on vocation, the vows, the rules, the cloister virtues, and the main devotions of the Church, with an appendix giving numerous maxims from Saints and spiritual writers. Though the volume is not more than an inch thick, it has nearly a thousand pages, and is as light to carry as it is pleasant to read.

## OBITUARY

Lo! at the Altar, the Mass bell tolls;  
 And above the sound of their moaning  
 The *Precious Blood* on those holy souls  
 Flows down, for their debt atoning!  
 —“All you who mourn for your dead so sore,  
 Lo here is the key to their prison door!”

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| Bennett, Frank J., St. Louis, Mo.              | Horstmann, Rt. Rev. Ignatius F.,<br>Columbus, O. |
| Brady, Catherine A., Washington-<br>ville, O.  | Hughson, Mrs. Jane K., New Haven,<br>Conn.       |
| Brand, Brother F. X., S.J.                     | Katz, Rosa, Vincennes, Ind.                      |
| Burke, Mary, Jersey City, N. J.                | Kemper, Philip A., Dayton, O.                    |
| Butterly, John J., Waterbury, Conn.            | Kilkenny, Martin H., Santa Clara,<br>Cal.        |
| Cannon, Mary, St. Louis, Mo.                   | Lammen, Anna M., Cincinnati, O.                  |
| Clarke, James F., New York City.               | Latta, Wm. B., Leavenworth, Kan.                 |
| Conboy, Elizabeth, Cincinnati, O.              | Leischner, Brother Dominic, S.J.                 |
| Cummings, James, Philadelphia, Pa.             | Linehan, Elizabeth, New York City.               |
| Curtis, Mrs. Ellen, Columbus, O.               | Lydon, Margaret, Santa Clara, Cal.               |
| Dalton, Harry, Middletown, O.                  | McDonald, Laura, Santa Clara, Cal.               |
| Dalton, Florence, Middletown, O.               | McElligott, Rev. Thomas, Macon, Ga.              |
| Danson, Mary, Cincinnati, O.                   | McFall, Cecilia, Buffalo, N. Y.                  |
| Dillon, John, Jersey City, N. J.               | McNamara, Margaret, New York<br>City.            |
| Dolan, N. C., Petersburg, Va.                  | McNulty, Joseph A., Hop Bottom, Pa.              |
| Donald, Frank, Columbus, O.                    | Mara, Mrs. P. J., St. Louis, Mo.                 |
| Donovan, Daniel F., Lynn, Mass.                | Menton, Anna T., Santa Clara, Cal.               |
| Downey, Annie, Philadelphia, Pa.               | Neff, Frank J., Buffalo, N. Y.                   |
| Early, Brother James, S.J.                     | Nolan, Hanora, Middletown, O.                    |
| Epiphania, Sister, New York City.              | Nurre, Mary E., Cincinnati, O.                   |
| Flynn, Patrick A., Santa Clara, Cal.           | O'Connor, Luke, Buffalo, N. Y.                   |
| Hackenmuller, Mrs. Mary, New Or-<br>leans, La. | Quinlan, Jas. M., St. Louis, Mo.                 |
| Hagan, James, New Orleans, La.                 | Riley, Patrick, Buffalo, N. Y.                   |
| Hanle, Mrs. Katie, New Orleans, La.            | Ross, Georgia, New Orleans, La.                  |
| Harrington, Robert H., Woonsocket,<br>R. I.    | Trainer, Mrs. Margaret, Columbus, O.             |
| Harris, Edward, Akron, O.                      | Watkins, Mary E., Baltimore, Md.                 |
| Hetzler, Genevieve, Cincinnati, O.             | Wintermattel, Frances, Buffalo, N. Y.            |

### R. I. P.

Kind reader, pray for their souls and the souls of all the Faithful departed.

He loved the flowers and all the things  
 That God had made; and when the rings  
 Of death were fettered round each limb,  
 'Twas with the flowers we buried him.

E. P. T.

## O GOD OF GOODNESS

Sweet Lord, if e'er with cruel blame  
I hurt Your heart in folly's years,  
Forget the past, remove the shame,  
And proffer balm I begged with  
tears.

Your altar, where I taste delight,  
My Jesus, may I linger near;  
Love's arrows wing my way their  
flight,  
Your friendship still I hold most  
dear.

Be shepherd yet, to feed your sheep;  
Past pitfalls guide my erring feet;  
That, safe at last, secure I sleep  
Where Peace and Justice kiss and  
meet.

When daylight yields to coming  
night,

My heart in tears, to fear a prey,  
Stand close; and keep me in the fight,  
To meet the foe without dismay.

To know you, wisdom's measure fills;  
Lord, save me from chaotic loss;  
Ward off fatigue, cure all my ills,  
And brand your name my heart  
across.

With you for bread and sweeter  
wine,

My Jesus, may I eat and drink  
In gladness, till the mystic sign  
Slips past ecstastic vision's brink.

OWEN A. HILL, S.J.

## PROMOTERS' RECEPTIONS

Diplomas issued during the month of May, 1908, from the 1st to the 31st (inclusive).

| Diocese                       | Place.                  | Local Centre.                               | No. |
|-------------------------------|-------------------------|---|-----|
| Alton.....                    | Springfield, Ill.....   | St. Joseph's .....Church                    | 5   |
| Baltimore.....                | Baltimore, Md.....      | St. Ignatius ....."                         | 12  |
| Baltimore.....                | Catonsville, Md.....    | Mt. de Sales.....Academy                    | 1   |
| Baltimore.....                | Washington, D. C.....   | St. Matthew's .....Church                   | 3   |
| Baltimore.....                | Woodstock, Md.....      | Woodstock .....College                      | 3   |
| Brooklyn.....                 | Brooklyn, N. Y.....     | St. Ann's .....Church                       | 18  |
| Brooklyn.....                 | Brooklyn, N. Y.....     | St. Barbara's ....."                        | 30  |
| Buffalo.....                  | Buffalo, N. Y.....      | St. Patrick's ....."                        | 12  |
| Chicago.....                  | Chicago, Ill.....       | St. Charles Borromeo ....."                 | 14  |
| Covington.....                | Covington, Ky.....      | St. Mary's .....Cathedral                   | 18  |
| Davenport.....                | Keokuk, Iowa.....       | St. Peter's .....Church                     | 12  |
| Fort Wayne.....               | Notre Dame, Ind.....    | St. Mary's .....Academy                     | 7   |
| Marquette.....                | Menominee, Mich....     | St. John's .....Church                      | 10  |
| Monterey and Los Angeles..... | Los Angeles, Cal.....   | St. Vibiana's .....Cathedral                | 25  |
| Natchez.....                  | Woodville, Miss.....    | St. Joseph's .....Church                    | 6   |
| Newark.....                   | Harrison, N. J.....     | Holy Cross ....."                           | 25  |
| New York.....                 | Kingston, N. Y.....     | Holy Name ....."                            | 2   |
| New York.....                 | New York, N. Y.....     | Sacred Heart (Manhattan-ville) .....Academy | 13  |
| New York.....                 | New York, N. Y.....     | St. Boniface .....Church                    | 25  |
| New York.....                 | New York, N. Y.....     | St. Mary's ....."                           | 22  |
| Ogdensburg.....               | Watertown, N. Y.....    | Our Lady of the Sacred Heart ....."         | 1   |
| Philadelphia.....             | Philadelphia, Pa.....   | St. Alphonsus ....."                        | 10  |
| Pittsburg.....                | Herman, Pa.....         | St. Mary's ....."                           | 4   |
| Pittsburg.....                | Pittsburg, Pa.....      | Holy Cross ....."                           | 10  |
| Portland.....                 | Augusta, Me.....        | St. Mary's ....."                           | 36  |
| San Francisco.....            | San Francisco, Cal..... | Sacred Heart ....."                         | 12  |
| San Francisco.....            | San Francisco, Cal..... | St. Ignatius ....."                         | 10  |
| Springfield.....              | Worcester, Mass.....    | Holy Cross .....College                     | 36  |
| Trenton.....                  | Lakewood, N. J.....     | St. Mary's .....Church                      | 3   |
| Wheeling.....                 | Wheeling, W. Va.....    | Visitation .....Convent                     | 2   |

Total number of Receptions, 30.

Total number of Diplomas issued, 887.



# CALENDAR OF MONTHLY INTENTIONS

## JULY, 1908.

### THE MORNING OFFERING

O Jesus, through the Immaculate Heart of Mary, I offer Thee my prayers, works and sufferings of this day for all the intentions of Thy Sacred Heart, in union with the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass throughout the world, for the intentions of all our Associates and in particular for **Ecclesiastical Seminaries**.

| DAYS.  | FEASTS AND PATRONS.  | VIRTUES.                | PETITIONS.                        |
|--------|--|-------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| 1 W    | St. Ferdinand, C.  | Confidence.             | 2,401,783 for thanksgivings.      |
| 2 Th   | Visitation B. V. M.—H. H.  | Benignity.              | 978,255 for those in affliction.  |
| 3 F.   | <b>First Friday</b> —St. Leo II, P. C.—<br>1st D.—C. R.                                      | Intrepidity.            | 543,536 for the sick, infirm.     |
| 4 S.   | St. Bertha, W.   | Good Example.           | 955,711 for dead Associates.      |
| 5 S.   | <b>Fourth after Pentecost</b> —Most Precious Blood.  | Peacemaking.            | 338,504 for Local Centres.        |
| 6 M.   | St. Goar, C.   | Zeal.                   | 364,068 for Directors.            |
| 7 T.   | St. Pulcheria, V.  | Energy.                 | 400,766 for Promoters.            |
| 8 W.   | St. Elizabeth, Q. W.   | Almsgiving.             | 685,784 for the departed.         |
| 9 Th.  | St. Germanus, Bp.—H. H.  | Reform of Life.         | 788,652 for perseverance.         |
| 10 F.  | Seven Brothers, MM.  | Concord.                | 943,916 for the young.            |
| 11 S.  | St. Margaret, Q.   | Endurance.              | 1,104,863 for First Communions.   |
| 12 S.  | <b>Fifth after Pentecost</b> —St. John Gualbert, Ab. C. F.                                   | Forgiveness of Enemies. | 1,638,085 for parents.            |
| 13 M.  | St. Anacletus, P. M.   | Frequent Communion.     | 522,774 for families.             |
| 14 T.  | St. Bonaventure, Bp. C.  | Understanding.          | 642,385 for reconciliations.      |
| 15 W.  | Bl. Azevedo and Comp., MM.   | Martyrdom.              | 665,042 for work, means.          |
| 16 Th. | Our Lady of Mt. Carmel.—H. H.  | Devotion to Scapular.   | 644,071 for the clergy.           |
| 17 F.  | St. Alexius, C.  | Hidden Life.            | 1,906,915 for religious.          |
| 18 S.  | St. Camillus de Lellis, C. F.  | Care of the Sick.       | 866,407 for seminarists, novices. |
| 19 S.  | <b>Sixth after Pentecost</b> —St. Vincent de Paul, C. F. (Lazarists and Sisters of Charity). | Charity to the Poor.    | 887,328 for vocations.            |
| 20 M.  | St. Henry, C., Emperor.  | Detachment.             | 388,172 for parishes.             |
| 21 T.  | St. Victor, M.   | All for Jesus.          | 714,814 for schools.              |
| 22 W.  | St. Mary Magdalen, Pr.   | Sorrow for Sin.         | 355,163 for superiors.            |
| 23 Th. | St. Apollinaris, Bp. M.—H. H.  | Constancy.              | 486,382 for missions, retreats.   |
| 24 F.  | St. Christina, V. M.   | Self-Immolation.        | 546,298 for societies, works.     |
| 25 S.  | St. James the Greater, Ap. A. I.   | Cross and Crown.        | 593,188 for conversions.          |
| 26 S.  | <b>Seventh after Pentecost</b> —St. Ann, Mother of B. V. M.                                  | Trust in God.           | 370,840 for sinners.              |
| 27 M.  | St. Pantaleon, M.  | Docility.               | 576,291 for the intemperate.      |
| 28 T.  | St. Nazarius and Comp., MM.  | Encouragement.          | 481,151 for spiritual favors.     |
| 29 W.  | St. Martha, V.   | Domestic Duties.        | 252,158 for temporal favors.      |
| 30 Th. | SS. Abdon and Sennen, MM. H. H.  | True Nobility.          | 1,618,921 for special, various.   |
| 31 F.  | St. Ignatius Loyola, C. F. (Jesuits, 1556) Pr.   | Zeal for God's Glory.   | For Messenger readers.            |

PLENARY INDULGENCE—Ap.—Apostleship; D—Degrees; Pr.—Promoters; C. R.—Communion of Reparation; H. H.—Holy Hour; A. I.—Apostolic Indulgence; A. S.—Apostleship of Study.



# MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART

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ST. AUGUSTINE AND ST. MONICA.

“‘Ah could thy grave at home, at Carthage, be!’  
*Care not for that, and lay me where I fall!*  
*Everywhere heard will be the judgment-call;*  
*But at God's altar, oh! remember me.”*

# Messenger of the Sacred Heart

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## CHRISTIAN EDUCATION

BY THE RT. REV. MGR. MICHAEL J. LAVELLE, V.G.



NO interest of the Sacred Heart can be dearer to us than the subject of this month's General Intention.

"Suffer the little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of Heaven."

These are the words our Blessed Lord addresses, at this season, to every Catholic, and especially to every Catholic father and mother throughout the land. If we really love Him, as we profess by our membership in the League of the Sacred Heart, we will, one and all, obey His voice. Those of us who are parents will send their children to schools in which they will be brought close to Him, and wrapped in His fond embrace. Those who are not possessed of offspring will strive by prayer and word and work to advance the happy day when every child of the Church shall enjoy the blessings of a thorough Catholic education.

The Catholic Day School is the most perfect instrument that has ever been devised by human intelligence, corresponding with Divine Grace, for teaching human souls to know, love and serve God in this world, and thus to be happy with Him forever in the next. It takes the child at his most impressionable age, gives him daily instruction in the saving truths of religion, makes him recognize the beauty of virtue and the deformity of vice, warns him of his dangers, points out the safe paths, sings into his ear the marvellous story of God's infinite, constant love and surrounds him with an atmosphere of

spirituality which makes the facts of faith and all they demand and promise, as real to him, and as tangible, as the physical objects where-with he is surrounded.

This would be a priceless boon in any circumstances. But it is especially precious and necessary in these days, when that same child is destined to dwell, later on, in the midst of materialistic sentiment, to hear the most fundamental truths of religion questioned, and to see the example of indifference and scepticism about him on every side.

We have a magnificent Catholic school system, thanks be to God, built up by sacrifice, energy and piety. Every diocese in the country has made heroic efforts to provide for our golden youth Catholic tuition and care. Our schools are thoroughly graded and regularly inspected, after the most approved and up-to-date methods. They aim to give a secular training that will equip the pupils perfectly for all their needs in this world, whilst they always keep in view the things that lead to life eternal. Under God's Providence, we owe the extraordinary strength and vitality the Church has attained in the United States to the schools more than to any other single agency—perhaps more than to all other aiding forces combined.

But marvellous and happy as have been the effects of Catholic education hitherto, we look, with God's good help, for even greater results in the near future. It is for the attainment of these further blessings, as well as for the preserving of what we already possess, that the millions of Associates of the League of the Sacred Heart will pray during this month of August.

1st. There are now in the United States about one million pupils in our Catholic Schools. We have probably two million more children of school age in our country proper, and more than another million in the Philippines and in Porto Rico, now integral parts of the Republic. These also we must bring to the great boon. To this end, very many more schools must be established, and financial means must be procured for their education, equipment and support.

2ndly. There is still a fraction of our people who do not see clearly the need of Catholic schools. These argue that the religious training of our youth can be accomplished in the home and in the Sunday school; that State public schools are superior in point of secular training; that it is pitiable and needless to deprive our boys

and girls of this worldly advantage; and that it is unwise, as well as wasteful, to expend so much money on our schools, when the State stands ready to supply us free of cost.

All such reasoning is inaccurate, and prompted by the spirit of worldly wisdom, which is not the wisdom of God. The home does not pretend to teach adequately arithmetic, geography or history. How then can we expect it to teach religion, which is so incomparably more important?

The Sunday school is certainly a laudable, pious and beautiful institution. But its powers are too meagre. It gives but one hour a week, on the day when all people, young as well as old, feel they have a right to rest. Even when extra instructions are offered in the week-days, these must be added to the already more than sufficiently long curriculum, thus becoming distasteful and even odious. Besides, in this system, the constant spiritual atmosphere, and the example of the lives of the noble Brothers and Sisters are lacking. No reasonable man would wish to belittle Sunday schools. But, compared to Catholic day schools, they are what the candle is to the electric light, the needle to the sewing machine, the stage coach to the railway train, the sailing ship to the ocean greyhound, the mail to the telephone or to wireless telegraphy.

As for the alleged superiority of State public schools, in the matter of secular instruction, nothing could be more pertinent than the following article which appeared in one of our prominent New York newspapers, written by a man who is the manager of a store needing at present 200 boys and girls who would start at salaries varying from \$5 to \$7 per week: this, of course, to inexperienced help. Says this gentleman:

“I was so discouraged with letters and application blanks written by graduates from our public schools that I decided to try the parish schools. I went first to the priest in charge of the St. Joseph’s School, Sixth Avenue and Waverly Place, Father Spellman by name. I thought I would like to get boys from that parish, because it is so close to the business section. Father Spellman was courteous, but he could not oblige me. Every one of last June’s graduates had been placed in store or office, and every graduate in the class of June, 1907, was spoken for by some business man in the Wall street

or wholesale district. I am not a Catholic, but I believe in the old-fashioned three R system followed in the parish schools. I sent two of my men to up-town parish schools and found the same conditions prevailing—every boy had a place waiting for him. I am a good American, too, but I must confess that the best boy for a business man to select to-day as a beginner is the lad who is fresh from these institutions with his common school education. He cannot do gymnastics, he has never seen a pot of flowers, nor a bowl of goldfish on the window-ledge of his schoolroom, he cannot cut out paper boats nor knit reins for his little brother, but he can write a legible hand, spell correctly, and figure accurately. Furthermore, he regards his elders with respect, not as a joke."

3rdly. We have a growing need of Catholic High Schools to complete our system, to form a bridge between the elementary school and the college and to afford an opportunity for scientific and technical study to those who lack the time, the means or the taste for a College course. Such High Schools have been established in various parts of the country, but they are still too few in number, and their desirability and utility are not yet sufficiently recognized.

4thly. There is an alarming tendency among Catholics who have attained wealth and superior position to send their children to non-Catholic colleges and academies, partly through a notion as unfounded as that exploited above, that these give a superior secular education, but much more from what are called *social* and *business* reasons—the hope that in these institutions their children will form friendships which will be very advantageous to them in after life. These parents, in many cases, are people who owe all their success to the loyalty and confidence of their Catholic friends and the Catholic public at large. As far as the recognition and friendship of those outside the Church is concerned, for which they kick away the ladder by which they rose, they and their children generally meet with ostracism and contempt. What really happens is disrespect of the children for their parents and for the Church, and mixed marriages—with almost certain loss of the Faith, sometimes in the first, frequently in the second or the third generation.

5thly. Last year, \$17,000,000 were donated by private individuals to universities and colleges throughout the United States.

Of this immense sum, Catholic institutions received a portion too small to mention, and yet, we need money sadly for the development and improvement of our institutions of higher learning.

6thly. As our whole educational system progresses, we are liable to find ourselves in straits to supply the demand for trained Catholic teachers, both Religious and Lay. Our ecclesiastical Superiors will be obliged to exercise all their wisdom and energy to provide for this most important want.

These, then, are, in detail, the points for which the League of the Sacred Heart will pray in the General Intention of this month of August; and for which we should supplicate the Sacred Heart all our lives:

1st. That the number of Catholic schools may steadily increase, until they will be able to accommodate every Catholic child throughout the United States.

2dly. That *all* Catholic parents may learn to appreciate Catholic education at its true value, and be as anxious to give it to their dearly beloved children as they are to supply them with their daily bread.

3rdly. That our high schools may speedily grow in numbers, efficiency and popularity.

4thly. That those Catholics who can afford to give their children collegiate education may learn the folly, the danger and the disloyalty of sending them to non-Catholic institutions.

5thly. That we may learn to treat *our* colleges and universities with the same solicitude and generosity that non-Catholic establishments receive.

6thly. That the Lord may send laborers into His vineyard furnishing an always adequate supply of consecrated Religious and of learned, devout laymen and women to conduct the instruction in our constantly increasing schools of all grades.

Our prayer will surely be heard. What will be the result? "Thy kingdom come!" We are fresh from the lesson of the New York Centenary. An infant diocese, a handful of priests and a few thousand scattered Catholics grew, in one hundred years, into nine dioceses, 2,800 priests, 1,600 churches, an army of religious schools, hospitals, colleges, orphanages, institutions of every kind, and three millions of the finest Catholics this world has ever seen. This means



that the Catholic population doubled in geometrical proportion in every twelve years of that century. Figure it out, and you will see that, in case by our efforts of prayer and word and work, we do our full duty towards Catholic education, the literal interpretation of our Lord's prayer for one fold and one shepherd can be realized before the second century shall have closed.

MICHAEL J. LAVELLE.

O Jesus, through the Immaculate Heart of Mary, I offer Thee my prayers, works and sufferings of this day for all the intentions of Thy Sacred Heart, in union with the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass throughout the world, in reparation for my sins, for the intentions of all our Associates and in particular for Christian Education.

#### A MESSAGE



MESSAGE from the Sacred Heart!

What may Its message be?

*"My child, my child, give Me thy heart—  
My heart has bled for thee."*

This is the message Jesus sends

To my poor heart to-day,

And from His throne in Heaven He bends

To hear what I shall say.

A message to the Sacred Heart!

Oh! bear it back with speed;

*"Come, Jesus, reign within my heart—*

*Thy Heart is all I need."*

This prayer I'll pray while here I pine,

From Heaven and Thee apart—

Nor cease, dear Lord, till I am Thine

For ever, heart to heart.

M. RUSSELL, S.J.

## NORA'S NINE FRIDAYS



O luck again to-night, Jim?"

It was a young man who entered the little room where his wife was waiting for him, but there was none of the buoyancy of youth about his lagging footsteps or his careworn face.

"No, no luck, Nora," he said wearily. "None will ever come our way, I'm thinking. We'd better have stuck to the old country after all."

He dropped heavily into a chair as he spoke, and flung himself back in it as though tired out mentally and physically.

There was dissatisfaction in Nora O'Kane's grey eyes as she looked at her husband, but there was also a profound sympathy, and the latter predominated. Her own disappointment was a thing to be put in the background,—where she promptly put it—and all the tenderness and compassion in her warm Irish heart, and there was a good supply of both, now welled up to the surface to console the man she loved in his hour of trial. She crossed the room and knelt down beside him.

"The luck will turn, dear," she murmured caressingly. "You must cheer up. Sure we've been through bad times together before this, but there are good ones in store for us by-and-by."

"It will be some time before we get to them at this rate," he returned dubiously. He was Irish too, but his temperament was not so sanguine as his wife's nor his outlook so hopeful—possibly because he lacked her faith that prayers offered up by aching hearts on earth are heard and granted, in God's own good time, in heaven.

Before they came to America that vast country had shone out to be fore their dazzled vision like a dream of the Arabian Nights. But the reality by no means came up to their anticipations. There was money to be made, no doubt, and employment to be obtained, but so far neither the one nor the other had come in the O'Kanes' way. It had become impossible to live any longer in Ireland. Times were bad, and Jim's father, a small farmer in Wexford, had strongly advocated his son's departure for America. Fortunes were being made there every day and only a week or so before Larry O'Flynn had returned with his pockets full of money, and not only

that, but, as his exultant mother remarked to all her acquaintances, "a check book no less."

So, Jim and Nora, like the hero and heroine of a fairy tale, had set out to seek their fortune, but hitherto they had not met with the success of Larry O'Flynn, and the check book loomed before them in the far, far distance, an apparently unattainable possession. Jim's ambition was to obtain a post as clerk in some large warehouse. He was clever at accounts and could write a good hand, but it seemed as though there was no market for either of these accomplishments. Nobody wanted him as a clerk, and, indeed, nobody wanted him in any capacity, and it was with a very heavy heart that he had returned that evening to his humble lodging to break the news to Nora that he had failed again. Poor little Nora, with her pretty face and dainty ways! She deserved a better fate, he told himself, than to be the wife of a failure, a man, who was no good in his own country nor in a strange land and who was incapable of earning a livelihood in either.

"Don't let us worry any more about it to-night," said Nora, breaking in upon his gloomy reflections. "You are down on your luck just now, and I don't wonder at it, but perhaps things will look brighter in the morning. And,"—she hesitated and glanced somewhat timidly at him,—“it is the First Friday to-morrow you know.”

"Well?" said Jim vaguely, "what has that got to do with us?"

"A great deal," replied Nora. "Everything in fact. You see, Jim, I have promised the Sacred Heart that if you find some employment I will have our thanksgiving printed in THE MESSENGER, and I am going to communion every first Friday for that intention, and—and—won't you do it too?"

Jim regarded her for a moment in bewildered silence. When an Irishman is pious he is very pious indeed, but when he isn't,—well, he is apt to consider the duties of religion as a nice little amusement for his female relations. And in that respect, as well as in a good many others, he much resembles the natives of sunny Italy.

"I think I will let you do all that sort of thing for me, Nora dear; you shall do the praying part of the business if it amuses you, and I will do the *practical* part and look about for work."

Nora smiled to herself. It seemed to her that what she was go-

ing to do was more practical than her husband's hitherto fruitless efforts, but she was a wise little woman and she had already learned by experience that silence pays better than argument, especially where a man is concerned, so she changed the subject by suggesting supper and seeing for herself that it was as appetizingly served as their circumstances permitted.

The next morning she knelt in fervent prayer before God's altar, her whole being impressed with the conviction that her request would be granted. It is faith that works miracles,—faith that is rewarded with the gift of that which it asks for, while the petitions of the half-hearted, of those who pray despairing of a favorable answer, meet with no response.

The weeks passed by and yet Jim O'Kane failed in his attempt to find lucrative employment. Day by day he grew more discouraged, but his wife invariably met him with a cheerful face on his return in the evening and no amount of disappointments seemed able to obscure the sunshine of her smile.

One afternoon she was sitting alone in the firelight waiting for Jim to come home. A black cloud of depression was hovering about her. It had not quite overwhelmed her, but its baneful presence was very perceptible in the atmosphere. And yet, it was not that her faith in Providence had failed her, but human nature is so constituted that even when the spirit believes the flesh grows weak and the question, "will it come right after all?" repeats itself over and over again in our minds with a persistency that will not be denied. And the devil smiles to himself, for he loves a melancholy soul.

Suddenly she roused herself with a start at the sound of a knock at the door.

"May I come in?" inquired a cheerful voice.

Nora rose hastily and stood gazing with a bewildered look in her grey eyes at her unexpected visitor.

"You don't know who I am, Mrs. O'Kane?" he remarked. "But I have known you ever since you were a little tot not so high as this table."

Nora smiled. The geniality of the tone was infectious and there was a breezy magnetism about the new comer that attracted her irresistibly.

"We are all fellow-countrymen, too," he went on, "if I can put it that way as you aren't a man at all. But I see, though you are smiling at me so prettily, that you don't know who I am from Adam, so, perhaps, I'd better explain. My name is James Murphy, from the county Waterford. Now has the fog lifted at all?"

"My father's old friend!" exclaimed Nora delightedly. "Why I have heard of you all my life!"

"That's right. Now you have got it, my girl. I would have been round to look you up before. I hear you've been here quite a time, but I have been in Europe on business,—had a flying look at the old country on my way back, hadn't seen it for years,—and I only got here three days ago. John Harrison told me you were in this city, said your husband was looking out for a job this side and was sorry he couldn't accommodate him anyhow. Now tell me straight. What can he do, this boy of yours? In as few words as possible, for my time is precious. One learns the value of time over here."

Nora's heart warmed to this man with his rugged features and kindly expression, and as briefly as she could,—for she was an Irishwoman,—she recounted the list of Jim's accomplishments, and told him how urgent it was he should obtain employment in this prosperous new country. She added, with a break in her voice, that their little store of money was fast coming to an end, and how she dreaded the idea of being obliged to write to her parents for more, for they also were but badly off, and had hoped that her absence across the sea would have resulted in comfort for her and Jim. James Murphy listened to her in silence, a tender look softening his keen eyes. He had loved her mother in the days of his hot-headed youth, but when he found that his best friend loved her too, he had weighed together in the balance his feelings for the woman, and his friendship for the man who had been as a brother to him, and finally decided in favor of the latter. So, in spite of the fact that he knew that pretty Nora O'Brien's heart was more than a little touched by his honest affection, he effaced himself and went to America, and, as sometimes happens in these cases, she married his friend.

"I will tell you what I will do, my girl," he said as the daughter finished her pitiful little story. "Send your Jim to me to-morrow

morning and I will put him through his paces, and see what stuff he is made of, and then I will give him a letter to a man who is under obligations to me and who has a large warehouse in East street, a flourishing concern where the clerks are paid handsomely—that is to say, if Jim comes up to the mark; but I expect, if you haven't been exaggerating his perfections, he will do all right." And then cutting short Nora's expressions of fervent gratitude, he hastily took his departure.

When Jim returned an hour later, with a glum face and failure written as usual in capital letters on his features, he found his wife radiant.

"This is what comes of making the Nine Fridays and promising publication," she exclaimed when the glad news had been told and retold. "Next Friday will only be the third and see what the Sacred Heart has done for us already."

"Done for you, my dear?" answered Jim with an admiring glance at her bright face. "I expect I only come in on your account. I said I would leave the praying part to you and indeed it is you who have got me this piece of luck, and now, perhaps, it is time I began to pray a little, too." "I,"—he paused with the air of one making a tremendous effort,—I'll go and have a talk with Father Molloy on Saturday, and faith, it's the story of eight or nine months, I forget which, that I will be telling him. But better late than never, eh, little woman?"

And Nora, with tears in her eyes and happy laughter on her lips,—like a true child of Erin,—cordially agreed with him.

GRACE V. CHRISTMAS.

## TWO BROTHERS



NE sought the world; he rose to heights supreme,  
His every effort into gold, 'twould seem,  
Was turned: but still of rest and peace he'd dream.

The other turned to Christ and in that breast  
When all the troubles of a world oppressed,  
He found a Heart, and in it peace and rest.

DENIS A. O'BRIEN.

## UNDER THE SANCTUARY LAMP

### THE HILLS THAT JESUS LOVED. XII. THE HILL COUNTRY

(Continued.)

"She entered the house of Zachary and saluted Elizabeth."



PERHAPS, at about sunset as the shadows of the hills are lengthening eastward, our Blessed Lady reaches the home of Elizabeth. Her journey has been no easy pilgrimage. The distance from Nazareth to the hill country covers some ninety weary miles through Galilee, Samaria and Judea. Over many a hill and through many a valley the Virgin Mother has sped laboriously, her heart rejoicing the while, that she bears her Son to begin His great work in the soul of the yet unborn Baptist. Loving and tender will be the welcome with which the aged mother will receive her young Galilean relative. Holy men and women had often entered the home of Zachary. Many warm and heartfelt greetings had frequently been whispered on that holy threshold. But no visitor has ever been so acceptable, no reception so kind and so joyous as that given Mary when she came "into the hill country with haste."

Between Zachary and his aged wife there will have been no secrets, in fact there never were such in their long married life. "They were both just before God, walking in all the commandments and justifications of the Lord without blame." This venerable Priest will surely have told his spouse the high destiny of their child, that "he shall go before Him in the spirit of Elias." Hence they will know that the weeks of Daniel are about to expire, and that the long years of waiting for the Messiah are past. It will be clear to them that if the "Forerunner" is at hand, He who sent Him will not tarry long nor delay. When the dawn is breaking over the hills in the east the full light of day will soon be in the sky. Naturally they cannot know when the clouds will "rain down the Just One, or when the earth will open "and bud forth a Saviour." They are not aware of the precise time of the coming of the Messiah, nor do they know who is destined to be His mother. This knowledge, which is of heaven and not of earth, will be granted from above. "For

Elizabeth was filled with the Holy Ghost and she cried out with a loud voice, and said: 'Blessed art thou among women, and blessed is the fruit of thy womb.'"

This greeting sounds like the echoes of Gabriel's message in Galilee. The memory of the angel's visit in Nazareth are renewed by the salutations from Elizabeth at the threshold of her quiet home in the hill country. Mary's lips had never breathed the divine secret and yet her cousin is aware of her motherhood. A strange meeting this between the two mothers! The one is aged and feeble, on the edge of the tomb and looking into the future with the light of gratitude in her eyes for the answered prayer of long weary years of waiting. She will have high hopes for the child so marvellously given her in her waning days, but neither the imagination of a fond mother, nor the sublime strains of the inspired "Benedictus" can unfold fully the heroism of the Baptist nor the greatness of his mission. The other mother is young and still in the earlier years of maidenhood. Her long life has yet to be lived and many years must die before she reaches the age of her cousin. Yet she is immeasurably older in grace. The snow-capped summit of the mountain is less above the green field in the lowland valley, than Mary is above her relative in favor with God. To Mary the future of her Son is no dim mystery, no matter of conjecture or uncertain hope. The distant and the near lights and shadows of her Child's life, its sorrows and its joys, its years of repose and obscurity, its years of active work and public toil, are not hidden from her gaze into the future. Were this the case, the consent to become the mother of our Blessed Saviour would be shorn of much of its lustre, heroism and merit. When our Blessed Lady, with bowed head murmured "Behold the handmaid of the Lord," it was no blind impulse eager to obey, but a deliberate act of transcendent merit. This merit was the greater, we may believe, from the fact that the future cares of her Son stood out in their details before her mind. From the cold early spring night in Galilee to the dark Good-Friday afternoon on Mount Calvary, the Blessed Mother saw and felt the sorrows and joys of her Divine Son.

She had hastened into the hill country to rejoice with her cousin upon the favor found before the Most High in her declining years. No doubt, too, she wished to assist Elizabeth in any need that at



such a time might arise. What then will be our Lady's wonder to find that her secret is known—a secret, too, that as yet had not been revealed even to St. Joseph! Her secret had been made known to Elizabeth, not by human tongue, for as yet no human mind knew it, and it was told to her cousin not in human language, but by the Holy Ghost Himself. For scarcely had Mary reached the threshold of Zachary's home than she is greeted by her holy kinswoman. "Whence is this that the mother of my Lord should come to me?" At last the promises of God to His people have been kept, the signs verified, prophecies fulfilled, "and the Word was made flesh, and dwelt amongst us." This is what Elizabeth in a loud voice proclaims, both because she "was filled with the Holy Ghost," and because the Child in her womb gave evidence of the presence of His Maker. "For, behold, as soon as the voice of thy salutation sounded in my ears, the infant in my womb leaped for joy."

Our Blessed Lady listens to this outburst of happiness in silent and prayerful thankfulness and wonder. Hidden in the uncreated bosom of the Father, her Son had wrought that matchless wonder of redeeming grace, His own dear Mother's Immaculate Conception. Now hidden in the bosom of His stainless Mother He hastens to bring about by that same redeeming grace the sinless birth of His own Precursor. The Baptist, by the rotation of the earth, is six months older than His Saviour, Who was begotten before the centuries began before the angels sprang, swifter than the eagle's flight, from the power and the love of the Father—yet that Infant Saviour cannot endure to see John's soul tainted and tarnished by sin. With hurrying steps His Mother will bear Him into the hill country, to cleanse that soul till it be white and more dazzling than the snow on the top of Lebanon glinting in the evening sun. John is in the power of the evil one. God's great enemy has fastened the shackles and chains of a slavery about him, more galling than the serfdom of Israel in Egypt in earlier days. He is a foe to Him Who has loved him from the everlasting years. So the unborn Babe in Mary's womb will quicken her footsteps over Judea's hills, that He may strike off the chains that fetter His "Forerunner"; that He may make him free who otherwise would be born a slave; that He may make him a friend who otherwise had entered into the world in the ranks of the enemy. The emancipation of a whole nation of slaves, the freedom

from bondage of the Israelites when they crossed the Red Sea free men, is not such an act of mercy, as was the sanctification of the Baptist in his aged mother's breast.

Small wonder, then, that the infant leaped for joy in his mother's womb. He was free and his soul was brilliant with a light not of earth, not of time, but of heaven and of eternity. He was now the friend of the bridegroom—as he was to say later, and he would rejoice at His coming. The full use of reason—in other's the growth of years—was bestowed upon him and he could make acts of love and worship such as ascended to the throne of God only from Mary's peerless heart. From the souls of patriarch and prophet and priest had gone acts of adoration; from the lips of Moses on Mount Sinai, of Elias on Mount Carmel, of Melchisedech on Mount Moriah, had gone up prayers to their Creator, but no worship of His Maker had gone out from human lips save Mary's, and Her Child's comparable to that which ascended like sweetest fragrance from John's purified soul unto the throne of God. Why then marvel at the joy of Elizabeth's child?

What joy, too, this mystery must have been to Mary! John was the first convert of the Blessed Mother's Divine Babe. Our Lord had come to cast fire upon earth and now this fire of heavenly love was kindled in the heart of the Baptist. Later on John would light up in men's hearts this same sacred fire, even in the hearts of Peter, Andrew and the Beloved Disciple. Jesus was to yearn for souls with a far more burning thirst than He yearned for the water at the well in Samaria thirty-three years hence, and John was to do his share in slaking that burning and constant thirst of the Master's soul. What untold happiness then to Our Lady to quicken her steps towards the hill country on this mission of loving zeal! What do we do to appease this craving, this yearning of the Sacred Heart for souls? "Give Me," that Heart sighs, "the souls for which My hands were pierced, my feet were dug and my side crushed in by the cruel spear." Can we hear that pleading and look at the wounds in the outstretched hands and refuse?

JOHN H. O'ROURKE, S.J.

*(To be continued.)*

## ON THE COUNTY ROAD.



WITH a sigh of fatigue the vagrant threw himself down in the shadow of the trees and gazed into the distance. Mile after mile, over hill and valley, the county road lay hot and dusty beneath the pitiless rays of the noon-day sun. For mile after mile, since early morning, he had followed that road knowing it would eventually lead him to home, and rest, and Marjorie. Yes, that was all he wanted now, rest and Marjorie; Marjorie, his little sister, his pet and pride, in that far-distant, but never forgotten past; Marjorie, who had believed in him, and loved him, and clung to him when all besides had regarded him with eyes of cold suspicion. And yet he had not stolen that money; he had not, though appearances had been against him, and all his world save Marjorie had believed him guilty. He had been careless, weak, foolish, what you will; but a thief? No, not that; at least not then in those early days. That came later when the prison life, prison association, and prison taint had done their work.

Somehow, the trial of that lad down yonder, the trial he had witnessed only yesterday, brought back vividly his own trial of so many years ago. Again he stood in the crowded court-room, facing judge and jury, the dreadful word "guilty" ringing in his ears. Again he heard that startled cry of protest which told him that Marjorie's faith was still unshaken. Again he listened, as in a dream, to a trembling, husky voice pronouncing sentence upon him. The voice was changed beyond recognition, though he knew it belonged to one who had been his father's best friend, one who had many a time held merry revel with him and Marjorie when they were little children. He dared not look up into the kindly, pitying face, for he knew even this old friend believed him guilty. Again he saw Marjorie as she was led away by the stern, proud man, his father's brother, who was the only relative he and she had left in the world. Her parting smile had sunk deep into his memory to remain with him all the days of his life, that brave, loving smile so full of faith in him and hope for the future.

Yes, history was certainly repeating itself, only this time *he* was not the victim. Long ago, though innocent, he had been made to suffer for the guilty; now, though guilty, he was to go free and another to suffer in his place. He was sorry for the lad, oh! yes, he was sorry. He had not slept all night for thinking of him. The great, appealing eyes of the boy haunted him. He was a fool to have gone to the trial yesterday, but in spite of himself he was drawn to the place by an attraction he could not resist. He wished he had not gone, for he could not banish from his mind the despairing, heartbroken look on the young man's face as his sentence was pronounced, and his frail, hard-working, little mother was borne fainting from the courtroom.

It was hard on those two, of course it was hard; but the term of punishment was not a long one and the boy was young. Three years could not matter much to a lad of his age. They would pass quickly and then he would be free, still young, with all his life before him in which to live down his unfortunate past.

Yes, but could he live it down, could he ever live down those three years in jail? What answer would the other boy give to that question, that other boy, who had been tried and condemned unjustly so many years ago? What answer would the middle-aged man of to-day give—the thief, the vagrant, the wanderer on the face of the earth? What had those years in prison done for him, those years of bitterness and despair, of daily association with none but the very dregs of humanity? Let his present condition bear witness to what those years had done for him. What was he now but a broken-down tramp, old before his time, his health gone completely, creeping home for rest and shelter to the only being who would still hold out to him the hand of loving welcome?

That was just where the trouble lay. If he were younger, stronger, if he were not so sick, and worn, and wasted, he would go back and face those three years himself. He had served several terms already, and one more would not make much difference—that is, if he were not so sick. The hard life he had led, the exposure, the tramping from place to place, had brought on this fearful cold that he could not seem to lose. He had thought the coming of summer would cure his hacking cough, but it had not.

Now, his one hope lay in reaching Marjorie. She would know

what to do for him; she would provide him with medicine and employ skilful physicians to cure this cold of his. And it was only a bad cold that ailed him; of course, that was all. Those dispensary doctors never knew anything, they always liked to frighten people. Just give him half a chance with plenty of rest, good food and proper treatment, and he would soon be strong and well again. Then, with Marjorie still to help him, he would begin the new life in which prison stripes, prison walls, and long tramps over the county road would be forgotten.

He knew he could depend upon Marjorie's help, she had offered it before, but he was too proud to take it then. That was when his first sentence had expired, and he had faced the world once more, faced it with courage and with hope. Despite the cynical warnings of his prison acquaintances, he had confidence in his own ability to live down his foolish, wasted youth and early manhood. A few months later he met one of the very men who had warned him of the futility of such hopes. In despair, he clasped hands with his old prison-mate, and they had gone on their way together, the way of the jail-bird, the thief and the vagabond.

It was a stifling day in midsummer. Even on that shady hillside the heat was almost intolerable. What must it be down there in the sun-baked prison yard shut in by the high, brick walls he knew so well? And that poor boy down there, and that poor little mother! Why could he not forget them? Why should they persist in haunting him so? The old life and all it contained were left behind forever. His feet were turned now in a new direction, and there must be no looking back. He must banish these troublesome thoughts and snatch a few hours of sleep before resuming his journey in the cool of the evening.

Resolutely he closed his eyes, determined to think only of Marjorie and the happy future to which he was travelling. The stillness was profound, broken only by the lazy droning of the bees flitting from flower to flower, or by an occasional whistle from a distant steamboat passing up the river. Still, it was long before slumber visited the weary tramp, and even then it brought no relief from his restless wanderings. Through the long afternoon, he tossed and moaned in troubled dreams, in which Marjorie and that boy, with the great, pleading eyes were locked fast in a burning prison while

he stood by unable to move or cry out, or render them any assistance

When he awoke, he was trembling in every limb, great drops of sweat stood out upon his forehead. For a full moment he was unable to gather his scattered senses; then, as consciousness slowly returned, he sat up and looked about him. He must have slept the entire afternoon, for the sun was nearing the horizon, and it was time for him to be on his way. First he would make a supper on what was left of the food he had brought with him, and then for the county road once more, the county road and home.

His scanty repast was almost finished, when he became aware of a new sound, which seemed to harmonize with the sylvan stillness rather than break in upon it. The faint notes of an organ floated to him on the evening breeze, and, mingled with them, came the tones of a woman's voice, subdued by distance, but sweet and tender and strangely familiar.

Fascinated, he arose and moved in the direction of the music, making his way with difficulty through the thicket of trees and bushes. The voice reminded him of Marjorie's, and the air was one he had heard her sing the last time he had seen her. It was on just such a summer night as this. He had come to the neighborhood of his old home, and had gone to see the familiar place. Under cover of the friendly darkness, he had stood for nearly an hour watching Marjorie as she played and sang to the old man, her uncle and guardian, dozing in his chair. Song followed song, and finally her fingers wandered into the plaintive melody that was borne to him now on the evening breeze. With sad eyes up-lifted, she sang:

“Ave Maria, bright and pure,  
Hear, oh, hear me when I pray.  
Pain and sorrow try the wanderer  
On his long and weary way;  
Fears and perils are around him,  
Pray for him, sweet Mother, pray.  
Mother of Christ, Star of the Sea.  
Pray for the wanderer! Pray for me!”

He knew that hymn was really the prayer of her loving heart, a prayer for him who, all unknown, stood just outside her open win-

dow. As she had prayed that night, was this hidden singer praying now unconsciously for the wanderer who was being drawn nearer and nearer by the sound of her voice.

As he came out into the clearing he found himself facing a church, a little wayside chapel. The singing ceased, but the fingers of the musician strayed idly over the keys in snatches of exquisite harmony. Standing at the foot of the steps and looking up at the golden cross above the door, he felt a strange desire to enter. It was long, very long, since he had been inside a church, much longer still since he had approached the Sacraments.

A vague unrest and longing seized upon him, a longing to open that door almost within reach of his hand and to breathe again the peaceful atmosphere of the house of God. Slowly, he mounted step by step, then paused with his hand upon the door. In the very act of opening it, something seemed to hold him back, some feeling of unworthiness, some thought of the low estate to which he had fallen. It was not for such as he to enter that holy place. Once he might have done so, but not now. His place must be outside the pale. With downbent head, and an odd feeling of shame and despair in his heart, he turned to descend the steps, but found himself face to face with someone coming up. His eyes encountered the kindly glance of an aged priest, and a fatherly voice spoke gently to him:

"Why do you not enter, my son? The door is always open."

For answer he simply hung his head and moved one step farther down, but a detaining hand was laid upon his arm. Again he looked up and met those kindly old eyes, which, in spite of their gentleness, seemed to read him through and through. The priest mounted the steps, threw open the door, then held out his hand to the vagrant with a smile of invitation. It was a smile wholly pitying, wholly tender, and one he could not resist.

Together, they entered the sacred edifice, and passed up the aisle to the very steps of the altar. As the tramp bent his knee before the Tabernacle for the first time in many years, the priest's hand was laid upon his shoulder, and the priest's voice whispered in his ear:

"Pray earnestly, my son; pray earnestly to the God of love and

mercy, and I will pray for you. When you want me, you will find me over there in my confessional."

The tramp started. Confession? He had not thought of that. And yet, why not? A faint memory came to him of the wonderful peace and happiness that were his on the Communion days of his boyhood, and with that memory came the thought of the sin and trouble, the unrest and turmoil that had filled his life for so many years. Would it be possible for him ever to feel again that sweet peace and contentment? No, he feared not; there could never be peace or pardon for such as he. His sins were too black. They cried aloud to Heaven for vengeance. No, confession was not for him, repentance was not for him, pardon was not for him.

At that moment, the level rays of the setting sun streamed through the stained glass window directly over the high altar, throwing into strong relief the picture of the Sacred Heart. The sad eyes looked with loving pity straight into the eyes of the tramp; the lips seemed half parted as though about to speak to him; one hand pointed to that Sacred Heart which is so filled with love for us, while the other was extended in silent appeal. As he gazed up at the sweet face, the same voice he had heard before commenced to sing again a low, minor strain, and the words of the hymn seemed as if spoken to his very soul.

"Two hands have haunted me for days,  
Two hands of slender shape;  
All crushed and torn as in the press  
Is bruised the purple grape.  
At work or meals, at prayer or play,  
Those mangled palms I see;  
And a plaintive voice keeps whispering:  
'These hands were pierced for thee.'  
For me, sweet Lord! for me?  
'Yea, even so, ungrateful child,  
These hands were pierced for thee.'

"Through toil and dangers pressing on,  
As through a fiery flood;  
Two slender feet beside mine own  
Mark every step with blood.



The swollen veins so rent with nails  
It breaks my heart to see;  
While the same, sad voice cries out afresh:  
‘These feet were pierced for thee.’  
For me, dear Christ! for me?  
‘Yea, even so, rebellious soul,  
These feet were pierced for thee.’

“As on they journey to the close,  
Those wounded feet and mine,  
Distincter still the vision grows,  
And more and more divine.  
For in my Guide’s wide open side  
The riven Heart I see,  
And a tender voice sobs like a psalm:  
‘This Heart was pierced for thee.’  
For me, great God! for me?  
‘Yea, enter in, poor wandering one;  
This Heart was pierced for thee.’”

As the last notes died away on the evening air, and the singer rose to close the organ, a green curtain was drawn aside, it fell again, and the tramp had entered the confessional.

A little later, he stood once more on the county road gazing hungrily at the hills so sharply outlined against the brilliant western sky. Beyond those hills lay home—home and Marjorie. He fancied he could see her standing there in the midst of that sunset glory, her hands outstretched in loving welcome, her voice calling his name. Then her figure was blotted out by a vision of the boy down yonder, the boy in prison-stripes, looking out with despairing eyes through the barred window of his narrow cell. For a moment he stood there hesitating, then faced resolutely towards the dull grayness of the east and commenced to retrace the weary miles he had travelled that morning with hope singing high in his heart. That hope was gone, the hope of health, and happiness, and Marjorie, but in its place was something better, a great, wonderful content and peace such as he had never known.

The radiance gradually faded from the sky, the twilight shadows

deepened into night, the stars came peeping and twinkling one by one, and still his tired feet pressed onward. The moon rose in all its glory and looked calmly down upon the solitary figure moving along the county road, upon the little wayside chapel on the hill, and upon the form of the priest as he locked the chapel for the night, and stood for a moment, his face turned towards the east, his lips moving in prayer. At the same moment it looked through the windows of a little home over there beyond the hills, and shone gently upon the upturned face of a woman from whose lips a song, half hymn, half prayer, arose to Heaven:

“Mother of Christ, Star of the Sea,  
Pray for the wanderer. Pray for me.”

ISABEL WILLIAMS.

## CONSOLING THOUGHTS



HE deeper the darkness the brighter the morn;  
The spirit's rare gladness of sorrow is born.  
The fiercer the tempest the sooner a calm;  
The sharper the anguish the sweeter its balm.

The brightest of blossoms lie close to the sod;  
The lowliest children are dearest to God.  
The heaviest crosses, though crushing us down,  
Have roots that will nourish the rose for our crown.

SR. M. CLARISSA.

## NATURE OF TRUE DEVOTION

### II.



IN discussing devotion to the Sacred Heart there is especial need of remembering what devotion really is and how it may exist without great feeling of many devotional practices. The devotions of the Church have all enriched her emotional language, but none perhaps more so than devotion to the Sacred Heart. The most sacred words on man's tongue, words throbbing with the tenderest feelings, are frequent in this devotion, and one who would forget that devotion was of the will might feel such language was a foreign one to him and one he could never master or speak with ease. Devotion to the Sacred Heart has also grown and developed, manifesting itself in a variety of ways, and if devotional practices constituted devotion, the bravest would perhaps be appalled and discouraged when they saw how impossible it would be for them to take up a small part of the countless practices that the friends of our Lord's Heart have invented and spread abroad to do Him honor. It is consoling, however, to remember that we can be truly and profoundly devoted to the Heart of Christ without these many means that help others. We need not sing, or need not be able to sing, all the hymns or say all the prayers or attend all the meetings or join in the services that have multiplied and will multiply around this devotion. We shall have as much of that as we like and as will help us, but to have devotion to the Sacred Heart, we must have, first, our conviction, and then our determination.

The fireman goes to a fire wherever it may be and whenever it may be because it is his conviction that his place of business is there and he is determined to be at his place of business if there is anything to be done. What is the conviction of a man devoted to the Heart of Christ? Devotion to the Sacred Heart is devotion to the love of Christ. It comes from a profound conviction that Christ is our true friend, that at first He was God without a human nature, that afterwards He became man, that He became Christ, all for us and to show His friendship for us. God so loved the world as to

give His only begotten Son. Christ our Lord was born of friendship for us, had no other reason for every breath of life He drew except friendship for us, and hesitated not to give the supreme test of the most loving friendship by going to His death for us. Admit that truth: "Christ is my friend"; don't say it merely to yourself, but realize it; possess it and let it possess you, and you have the beginning and seed of devotion to the Heart of Christ. Now, follow up that conviction with a determination that you will recognize the fact of Christ's friendship in your life, that you will be His friend as He has been yours, and you have the full-grown devotion to the Sacred Heart. You may not dance with joy under the circumstances, though it would be an excellent thing if you could; you may not be thrilled through with the grandeur, the divinity of that conviction, though perhaps some day you may; but if the conviction is there, and the determination is there, you need not be alarmed at the absence of the feeling; your devotion is true devotion. The fireman says: "My conviction is that I should be at the fire; my determination is to get there as soon as possible." He is devoted to his duty. Let any man say: "My conviction is that Christ was and is my friend; my determination is to show myself His friend," and he is devoted to the Heart of Christ and will be ready with the brave fireman to make sacrifices, and heroic ones, if his duty calls for them.

It may be objected here that there is, then, no difference between being a good Catholic and being devoted to the Heart of Christ. There need not be any difference at all in what is done, but there is a great difference in the motive for which it is done. To go to Mass on Sunday, to go to Confession and Communion, to observe the laws of God and His Church for no other reason but because you are afraid of hell, is to be devoted principally to your eternal comfort; to perform those very same actions because you wish to acknowledge and testify your friendship for Christ, your friend, is to be devoted to the Heart of Christ. The motives for which we do an action are under the control of our free will and we are responsible for them. Of course, good motives will not make a bad act good, but they will ennoble any act that is not bad and intensify one that is good. The cup of water that is given in kindness deserves our gratitude; the cup of water that is given in the name of Christ will receive the reward of Christ because it is an act, if we so wish it, of loving friend-

ship for Him. A man dies for his wealth and he is a brave man; he dies for his country and he is a hero and a patriot; he dies for his religion and he is a martyr. Christ died for me and he is my friend and my God. The death is the same; the motive is different and makes a profound difference in the result. You may be a good Catholic for many good and laudable motives, and if you are a good Catholic because you wish to testify in some small way your love of Christ, then you are devoted to the Sacred Heart.

But why, it may be asked, do we speak of devotion to the Sacred Heart instead of devotion to Christ? The question may be answered by another; why have nations flags; why have causes their rallying cries, and colleges their colors and cheers? Why do we speak of the Wars of the Roses; why of the thistle of Scotland and the shamrock of Ireland? Why, but because we want a brief, telling way of summing up and expressing what we hold most dear. A word will do service for a thought, will hold it and keep it for centuries still fresh and green as when first the thought was given to it. So a symbol will express a whole cause, will explain it, will enshrine it forever. Symbols many and various have been seen among men, but where has there been one more touching, more significant than the one used in this devotion? Christ himself, we fondly believe, chose this symbol of His Heart as His standard, a symbol that is the complete and tenderest expression of all we mean and practise in this devotion. The Heart of Christ is the symbol, the representation, the expressive picture of the Love of Christ. Every language has made the heart a synonym for love, and the Heart of Christ, as the standard of this devotion, means and signifies Christ's love, and bears in all its details the strongest and most lasting proofs of that love.

On the battlefields of old, just where the enemy turned to flight and defeat, the victorious general built of the spoils of war and the weapons of the conquered, an enduring memorial which in days gone by was called a trophy. Our Leader, our greatest Conqueror, has reared a trophy. The enemy had advanced, apparently victorious, until his spear was thrust into the very Heart of our Captain, but there where the enemy's victory seemed complete, his overthrow was accomplished. The tide of victory swept at that point to its highest and bloodiest surge but then ebbed forever. From the weapons of his enemy, from Cross and Crown and opened Heart,

our conquering Leader fashioned a trophy which was the best testimony of His Love and the most abiding memorial and standard of the cause to which we give ourselves in Devotion to the Sacred Heart.

### III.

One more question, and everything on this point will, we think, be clear. What has the Apostleship of Prayer, then, to do with Devotion to the Sacred Heart? "It is in league with the Sacred Heart," is the full answer. They are allied forces in the same cause, partners in the same work, engaged in the same important business, fighting for the same great end. If, indeed, there can be an alliance or partnership where one of the two parties concerned does almost everything and the other almost nothing. Yet little as the Apostleship of Prayer does in the great work of saving souls, that little must be done. Christ's grace does everything, but it does it, so Christ willed, through sacraments and prayer. By prayer it is that we league ourselves with the Sacred Heart for the salvation of souls.

Again, the Apostleship of Prayer is in league with the Sacred Heart because devotion to that Heart is the great means by which it carries on its campaigns. From that devotion it draws its weapons and the strength to wield them; by that devotion it unites its forces and wins its victories. That devotion, too, it propagates with all its power and keeps alive by its essential practices. The motive, we said, makes the devotion. "For Christ my friend," is the motive of devotion to Christ's Heart. But how do we put that motive into our life? By willing it. And when do we will it? When we think of it; and we must often think of it and will it, if the flame of our devotion is not to fail. It is just here that the Apostleship of Prayer comes in with its Morning Offering, and makes us say every morning of our lives: "This day and all that is in it for the Heart of Christ, for Christ, my Friend." The Morning Offering is the daily birth of conviction and determination; it is the new making of the fire of devotion; it is the tightening of the belt as we go where duty calls us. In the Morning Offering we catch sight, "by the dawn's early light," of our glorious standard, our unexampled trophy, and plunge once more into the fray.

Finally, the Apostleship of Prayer in its divine ambition to enlist all souls in a union of prayer for the salvation of men, is trying to

infuse into every soul the purpose that was in Christ's Heart, to warm every heart with Its warmth, and color every heart with Its color, to make of mankind, we may be so bold as to say, one great, throbbing heart, another Heart of Christ, doing by the countless acts of prayer what He did by His countless drops of blood, building up the Kingdom of God with the redeemed. All the rays of sunlight that fall every day upon the great globe of the earth are but a few rills of light from the fathomless ocean of the sun. The banded millions of the League are far from what they would like to be; they are a shadow to their Model's substance; their limited love compared to His is like the slight lift of the tide far up some inland river when compared with the mighty wave that rises in the central seas; yet if all hearts upon earth respond even faintly and far off to the pulsings of Christ's tide of love, they will be what the Apostleship of Prayer wants them to be—they will form a throbbing, loving, world-wide Heart of Christ.

FRANCIS P. DONNELLY, S.J.

#### B E N E D I C T I O N



OD'S glory lights the dome,  
Sweet incense fills the air,  
Our King majestic makes His home  
A lowly house of prayer.

Sweet Jesus, breathes my heavy heart,  
Sweet Jesus, hear my plea  
Ah! bend my soul to Thy control  
And bring me close to Thee.

G. A. CONNORS, S.J.

## MATER ADMIRABILIS



AMONG the many postulants at the Sacred Heart Convent of Trinita di Monti in Rome, was one who, even as a child, had had a wondrous devotion to the Blessed Virgin in the Temple. As she grew to womanhood her love had increased and strengthened with her years until she found no labor too great, no task too arduous to perform for the honor of her Heavenly Queen.

The Community were all at recreation one Sunday afternoon, in the long cool cloister opening on the courtyard of the old monastery. They were speaking of the beautiful Roman custom of honoring the Blessed Virgin in her best-loved month, when the portress interrupted them to call the Superior away as a Cardinal had come to see her. At once all exclaimed: "O! if the Blessed Virgin could take our Mother's place."

As if by an inspiration the young postulant's glance was directed to a deep niche in the opposite wall, high-arched, and forming an ideal frame for a picture. Without stopping to think, she cried: "Shall I ask her to come and stay with us?" Their glad answer was unanimous. "But how will you do it?" they questioned. That she would not tell, and no one could persuade her to say another word on the subject.

Before she had entered the convent she had studied fresco painting, and had shown considerable talent in her work, and now her great desire was to paint that dear Virgin of the Temple on the corridor wall.

She went to the Superior who listened with kindly attention to the plea for permission, and after much hesitation finally gave her consent. Overjoyed the young novice set to work at once, and every spare moment was given to the great task she had begun.

It was truly a labor of love, and the days flew by on swiftest wings, almost unheeded so intent was she on her work.

On the Feast of our Lady of Peace she worked steadily all day on the pure, tender face of the Madonna, and at nightfall, tired out but happy, she went to rest. Next morning her first visit was to her



dear Virgin, and with a throb of disappointment and pain she beheld naught but a glaring, confused mass of color, a veritable blot on the pure white wall. In fact it was such an eye-sore to all who passed that end of the corridor that the young novice begged that a curtain be hung before it to hide it from sight.

Behind that, weary, but with a brave heart, still she worked and prayed as in a Temple apart, hoping against hope that she might yet do justice to the Mother she so tenderly loved.

As the days passed, and the rough plaster absorbed the moisture of the paint, the colors grew softer and more delicate, and the outlines more and more distinct, until at length some faint resemblance to the ideal Madonna was pictured before her. At length it was finished, the last loving touches had been given, the last little details had been completed, and the dear Mother of pure love and tender pity stood revealed in all her glorious beauty.

She was pictured as a tender maiden seated in the paved court of the Temple, her distaff by her side, and at her feet a basket of soft white wool, upon which a half open book of the Sacred Scriptures was resting. A pure spray of annunciation lilies put forth all its sweetness in a tall slender vase near her. Her face was towards the Holy of Holies, and behind her lay in all its pomp and magnificence, Jerusalem, the city of Kings. Her head was slightly inclined and her eyes cast down in meditation. The busy shuttle for the moment rested in her quiet hands, the soft silky skein still joined to the distaff. One foot rested on a low foot-stool before her.

"O Mary Mother most admirable, pray for thy children gathered round the throne," was the prayer that welled up in the full hearts of the awe-struck religious as on their knees they first beheld the miraculous picture. A deep, mysterious peace pervaded the place as if the Master had marked it out for His dear Mother's Sanctuary.

Not long after its completion, His Holiness, Pius IX, visited the cloister. Before his coming the picture had been called the "Virgin of the Temple"; but on rising after his prayer, Pius IX in loving tribute cried exultingly, "Truly thou art 'Mater Admirabilis.'" And Mater Admirabilis she remained, the model, guide and tender Mother, the one to whom all hearts turn in ineffable joy and confidence, the special protectress of the children of the Sacred Heart.

MARY ADELAIDE GARNETT.

### GOD'S GIFT



OD gave to me a page of white,  
A golden pen, and bade me write  
Until the advent of the night.

I wrote with slow and trembling hand,  
My lines, discouraged, often scanned,  
Yet trusted He would understand.

And still I ever feared disgrace  
When I my sorry work should place  
Before the great Creator's face.

An angel came unto my side  
And watched; and in my childish pride,  
The scribbled page I fain would hide.

He spake: "My child, dismiss thy fear,  
Each line that thou hast written here  
Is copied in another sphere.

Altho' it seem far otherwise,  
Thy page is pleasing to the eyes  
Of those who dwell in Paradise.

For thou wast faithful! Hence, behold,  
When death's dark portals are unrolled,  
Thy page shall greet thee writ in gold."

E. F. HENDRIX, S.J.

## THE COUSINS.

(Continued.)



FEW minutes later they all sat down to dinner, which consisted of some fine salmon-trout of Paddy Murray's catching, with peas, cauliflower, mashed potatoes, and a small roast fowl.

"You might give me a little of that, too, Aunt Mary," Isabel said coolly, as Mrs. Carew helped Alice to a portion of chicken.

"But, Isabel, it is Friday," Mrs. Carew protested in surprise.

"No matter, you know I could never endure fish, and mamma always allows me to have meat whenever I like. Besides, you can hardly call chicken meat, exactly."

Mrs. Carew smiled in spite of herself.

"It is something very like it, at any rate. We could give you eggs, you know, Isabel," she began. "I only intended the chicken for Miss Leslie."

"I shouldn't care for eggs, thank you, having already had two for breakfast," Isabel persisted; "as I am not very strong, I may have some chicken, I think."

Alice laughed—it was characteristic of her that she was nothing if not candid.

"You *look* strong enough, at any rate," she declared, while Mrs. Carew, though evidently annoyed, acceded to her niece's request with as good a grace as she could muster.

This action of Isabel's was only of a piece with her usual deportment at the farm. She retired to her room each night at the same time as Alice, totally disregarding her aunt's suggestion that she might, perhaps, like to remain and recite the Rosary with herself and Mollie. From the little blue and white room overhead, Alice Leslie could hear the fervent, solemnly-repeated prayers of the two good women below, and her own petitions went up to heaven along with them. Had she dared, she would have liked to ask permission to say the Rosary too—but perhaps they might

find it an awkward intrusion, and in any case her own dear mother might not like it.

But as time went on and her health daily grew better, she would often steal out of bed an hour earlier in the morning, while Isabel lay asleep, so as to have some of her beloved Mollie's most pressing household tasks already accomplished for her by the time that dear and best of girls should have returned from Mass. She took almost as much pleasure as Mollie herself did in the decoration, with many lights and beautiful flowers, of the Blessed Virgin's altar for every particular feast; and once, when Isabel had flung some foolish, oft-repeated taunt at her cousin's "voteen ways," Alice felt stung into retorting on the latter's behalf: "Well, if I were a Catholic, I'd try to *be* a Catholic, anyhow!" and whether because of this speech, or because of some higher motive, Isabel's taunts were not only silenced, but she ever afterwards refrained from eating meat on fast days, even when the tormenting Alice with a mock air of solicitude repeatedly invited her to do so.

One morning about this time they were all sitting at breakfast together when the postman came with the letters. There was one for Isabel, and two for Alice, one missive directed in a bold, masculine hand as well as the long letter full of mother-love and solicitude, which came from Mrs. Leslie every day with the regularity of the sun.

Having read her mother's letter, Alice opened the other, and gave a little cry of delight and surprise.

"This is from Uncle Dick, Mollie," she exclaimed eagerly. "He is my godfather, and a regular old dear! He has lived in Paris for the past five years, and wants to see me now before he returns there. He asks if we could put him up for a few days or a week. Of course you couldn't do that, Mrs. Carew, I suppose? But perhaps we could find rooms for him in the village? I'd so love to have him near us!"

Mrs. Carew looked questioningly toward Isabel. If that young lady had not been so completely absorbed in her own thoughts and affairs, it might perhaps have dawned on her that her aunt's earnest gaze held a strong conjecture as to the possibility of her now giving up Mollie's room and returning to her suburban home. But nothing seemed further from Isabel's thoughts.

"Probably Mrs. Dennison would be able to give him rooms," Mollie suggested, after another glance at Isabel. "She has a very pretty parlor and a comfortable bedroom, and they are vacant just now, I believe. But, of course, if your uncle wished it, Alice, he could have most of his meals here."

"That would be a great deal of trouble for you, wouldn't it?" Alice said, with a grateful look. "But you know, I should love to have him here as much as possible. It would only be for a short time."

Mollie assured her that it would not be at all too much trouble. Now that she had got into the way of housekeeping, she took a real pride and pleasure in the work of her hands.

"Who sweeps a room as for God's laws  
Makes that and th' action pure,"

had come to be a favorite maxim of hers. Everything that came to her hand to do, Mollie did with all her ability and with an ever-glad and willing spirit. She would love to please Alice in any way she could, and after all, there could be no great difficulty in providing for and entertaining such a dear kind old gentleman as Alice's uncle must surely be from his niece's affectionate description of him. She was determined to have everything as nice and as comfortable as she could for the stranger as long as he should remain in the neighborhood.

Great was her surprise, however, when Mr. Richard Latonche arrived on the following day. Instead of being an amiable and good-natured old gentleman, gray-headed and bearded and possibly bent with years, as Mollie had in her imagination pictured him, Alice's "Uncle Dick" proved to be quite a young man, not more than thirty at most, thin, clean-shaven, and handsome, with the merriest pair of blue eyes and the pleasantest manner in the world. His coming was like a warm ray of sunshine in the house, and as Mrs. Carew took to declaring, it did her heart good to hear a man's voice once more in the house and to listen to Alice and himself laughing and joking for all the world like a pair of happy children.

Perhaps, however, the one most gratified by Mr. Latonche's coming—such an unexpected and acceptable break in the monotony of her daily existence—was Miss Isabel Bartlett. That young lady

from the first moment of his arrival seemed to put forth all her arts and blandishments to please, and if possible, ensnare the young man's fancy. For in addition to being young and gay, and debonair, Isabel had quickly discovered that the Mr. Latonche was also a most eligible *parti*. He was Mrs. Leslie's only brother, a dozen years younger than that lady, and had inherited with her at their father's death such a substantial patrimony as rendered him independent for the rest of his days without the added income which he derived—rather than live in idleness—as representative in the French capital of a large English business firm.

Already, in fancy, Isabel saw herself happily installed as Richard Latonche's wife, in that queen of cities, leading a gay life of fashion and frivolity, without a care in the world save to dress and amuse herself, to be petted, and flattered, and admired. Under the intoxicating influence of those day-dreams her old air of languor and bored indifference at once disappeared, and she blossomed into a new life and exuberance.

Various charms and accomplishments hitherto unknown and unsuspected by her companions began now to be displayed. She was the soul and life of all their little daily expeditions. She sang and played untiringly each evening, and as she had a well-trained voice and a pleasing touch on the piano, her contributions were welcomed by all, and especially by Mr. Latonche. It did indeed seem as though that gentleman were already smitten with Miss Bartlett, and perhaps it was little wonder. The girl was so handsome and graceful of appearance; she dressed with good taste, and certainly no one could seem more charming and amiable of disposition than she did—since Mr. Latonche's advent, at least.

All this time, to Alice's disappointment if not actual chagrin, her friend Mollie had been keeping resolutely and inexplicably in the background. For one thing, Mollie Carew felt oddly shy of the good-looking stranger; and perhaps it was this more than any real necessity that kept her, Martha-like, "busy about many things," chiefly in that sacred domain, the kitchen, in accordance with her expressed determination that Alice's much-loved uncle should be cared for and made comfortable in every possible way.

Richard Latonche sometimes looked at her curiously, admiring the fair, sweet face, under its cloud of golden hair, the thoughtful

blue eyes, so like, yet unlike those of her cousin, and said to himself, "what a beautiful girl this Miss Carew would be if only there were a little more life, more brightness and animation about her!"

Yet, occasionally, he had intercepted a tender glance turned towards her mother, a roguish, quizzical one thrown in Alice's direction; and it seemed to him as though, just for that moment, the sun itself shone out of the sweetness of her smile. At such times, while pondering on those rare swift visions of possible depths of feeling and character, with which he now wished to make closer acquaintance, it may have seemed to him that Isabel's airier, livelier ways, her songs and her showy piano playing—which Alice designated by the irreverent title of "fireworks,"—had lost much of their charm, if they had not indeed already grown tiresome and monotonous.

One morning at breakfast Alice informed her friends, with a very pleased face, that her uncle was seriously thinking of resigning his Parisian appointment, of investing his money in land and settling down to a quiet country life at home in Ireland.

Isabel alone looked ill-pleased at the announcement. Not to go to Paris after all! The lot of a well-to-do country gentleman's wife might be comfortable enough, but it was sure to be deadly dull, not at all to be compared to the gaiety and brightness of a Parisian existence. Oh, no! As soon as she could with propriety do so, she must persuade Mr. Latonche (whom she already regarded in the secrecy of her own heart as her lover) to give up this absurd and *bourgeois* project of his. But when she learned that he was already deep in the negotiations for the purchase of a large farm in the immediate neighborhood, her annoyance could hardly be concealed.

NORA TYNAN O'MAHONY.

(*To be continued.*)

#### THE PRECIOUS BLOOD

POOR gentle Nature sheds a flood  
Of tears upon the parched earth;—  
Thou, Lord, dost fructify our dearth  
Of grace with precious drops of Blood.

E. P. T., S.J.

## THE VALE AND THE MOUNT.

I have lifted up my eyes to the mountains, from whence help shall come to me.—Psalm cxx.



WHY raise my eyes to the mountains? Why not cast them down to the valley where all is cool, and fresh, and green? Why not sit beside the plentiful stream and drink of the waters of refreshment that flow in the alley of delights? Surely there is no need to forsake this beautiful land and look to the cold, bleak hill-top.

Let us see for a moment what are our ideas of a valley. We naturally look upon a valley as a place below the surrounding country, smiling, and verdant, and rich, if you will, but still below the level; then in another sense there is a somewhat sombre thought connected with the word valley, for we speak of the valley of death and the vale of tears. Moreover to reach a valley we must descend, we must come down from our high level, and we are all conscious of the facility with which we can descend and of the difficulty and fatigue we experience in climbing again.

Then too, there are attractions in the valley; it is cool, fragrant, bright; its blossoms are enticing, its fruits rich, its waters refreshing, its shades inviting and, most attractive of all, its descent is easy and without labor or pain.

Such is the great valley of the world; it smiles before us, it stretches out its arms to us and bids us rest in its bosom. Its fruits are so delicious and sweet to the taste, friends are around us and the charm of their companionship makes the world-valley doubly attractive. Our affections are deep-rooted here, all our ambitions are centered in this delightful lowland where, perchance, sickness and death, and the hand of want have never touched us, where God is not so very close, to weary us with His ceaseless urgings to seek a higher plane and to build our hopes on a loftier level.

Often, it is true, we felt inspired to fling aside the attractions of the valley and rise to the full height of the mountain of sanctity, but



oh, the path was so rough we fainted by the wayside. God seemed to leave us; we were wearied. The temptation is so great for our poor human hearts when we try to journey up the mountain. Can we resist? Our feet are weary and pierced with numberless thorns, our garments are tattered, the sun beats warm upon us, we are scorched, bewildered, our lips are parched and, worst of all, our friends,—no; those we once thought friends—look coldly on us as we pass, and then can you expect us to look up to the high mountain and climb to its summit, while the charming world-valley invites us to rest beneath its branches?

We do not know the charm of the mountains, but we do know the charm of the valley and we go down to it, and we rejoice in it and sing our songs of gladness.

Ah, there is the stone of stumbling; we do not know the charm of the mountain; if we did perhaps we should prefer the highlands to the lowlands and build our home upon the lofty hills and look down upon the restless lovers of the plain. Everything on the mountain is gigantic; the great oaks breast the four winds of heaven and the tall pines murmur their melancholy song as the night breezes play in their branches. The streams are not streams but torrents; the rocks are immense, and when one of them is moved from its place the crash reverberates through the woods as though huge thunder peals were breaking the vast stillness. Then the air is pure, the waters are clear and, best of all, from the top of the mountain can be seen, as it were, the distant stretches. The valley looks so insignificant, now that we are on the heights and we wish we could stay here forever.

So it is with sanctity; when you have reached its high levels, everything is big and open and generous; the heart expands, the streams of strong manly affection flow in abundance and sweeten with their silent waters all that was bitter and harsh; there is no littleness on this mountain, it is the place where the saints dwelt and the saints were men of large hearts. It is the place where dwelt the Great Heart of Love. He Himself is in very truth the mount of all sanctity, and surely His Heart never grew cold for all its high holiness. His was the most loving Heart that ever beat within the breast of man and there is no fear while He is there to meet us on the mount.

But the way up the mountain is hard and steep; and who shall be our guide? Let us look for a moment at the Good Shepherd who has gone down into the valley after a lost sheep and is now returning. Let us follow Him and see how much of His life He spent on the mountain. First of all, at His birth the angels appeared to the shepherds on a hillside; He was born on the side of a mountain; He fed the five thousand on the bosom of a mountain, and when the miracle was over He was alone praying on the mountain. He was transfigured on a mountain; He saw from a mountain the city of His love and wept over it. On a mountain, the saving Mount of Calvary, He was crucified, and lastly from a mountain He ascended into heaven.

Rejoice then, poor soul, grasp the Shepherd's staff and go upward and onward. The paths of the mountain are sanctified by the feet of the Holy One of God, of Him who came with dyed garments from Bosra, the Beautiful One in His robe walking in the greatness of His strength. His gentle eyes are on you, His soothing voice is urging you forward. His tender hands are stretched out to clasp you if you slip, "lest you dash your foot against a stone," and His loving Heart is pulsating with love for you.

Oh, is the way up the mountain so hard after all? To be on the mountain you must avoid sin, and be pure and prayerful, and kind, and patient; you must ever have your eyes raised to the summit, whence you may look out as from an eminence and see the folly of the old world-valley below.

On the way you may be bruised and torn by many a disappointment, but He will be there to greet you in your new life,—He the Shepherd of the Mountain. He will feed you with the Bread of Delights. You will kneel day by day at the altar of Calvary and see the bright saving Blood dropping for your sake and washing away your sins though they be as numberless as the sands of the sea.

Then will you find it a thousand times more delightful to raise your eyes to the mountain of prayer, and peace, and penance, than to remain in the heartless, restless, fatiguing valley of the world.

JOSEPH S. HOGAN, S.J.

## APOSTLES TO LOOK UP TO



It is now nearly thirty years ago since a boy took up in despair a history of the Catholic Church in America, by John O'Kane Murray. Almost every other book in the scanty library of the boy's father had been read. Of what was left, the history looked most promising. He opened the book with listless curiosity and began to read some short sketches of the missionaries of North America in early days. His listlessness gave way to eagerness. Here was thrilling incident, heroic bravery, and fascinating, though frightful tortures. The boy had read Indian stories. Here were true Indian stories with more interesting adventure and more attractive heroes. What did the letters, S.J., mean after the names of these missionaries? He looked the matter up and discovered that these men whom he had learned to love and admire were members of a religious order, which, he found, still existed. That was the beginning of a religious vocation. The young admirer of those missionary heroes is now their unworthy brother in religion. The coveted letters are after his name, but their heroic bravery is still teaching him and still inspiring him to deserve the letters.

The members of the Apostleship of Prayer should all be filled with the spirit of Apostles. They must have models to look up to. The missionaries among the North American Indians whose lives have elicited the admiration of friend and foe alike, whose letters tell of the most thrilling experiences the Church has known since the days of the Roman emperors, will furnish such models. Promoter or Associate can find nowhere better means to enkindle or fire to brighter flames the spirit of the apostles. Those missionaries came to our own land; they were the first of our color to tread its forests; they began the history of our country; they traversed its broad extent, discovered and named its lakes and rivers, and reddened, many of them, the places of their discovery with their blood. Local pride, patriotism, religion and every high motive that can stir the heart of man, make these heroic missionaries attractive to study. They were true apostles, and they were apostles we love to look up to, and so they are the fittest models to form and inspire other apostles.

But where, the Promoters and Associates may ask, where shall

we be able to see and know these great men? Must we go through the half a hundred volumes of their Relations? We need not, because we have had a master mind do that for us, and we have these apostles put before us living and breathing in a narrative of the keenest interest.

(1) *The Pioneer Priests of North America* is the work of Father Campbell. There is introduction enough for the book, and guarantee of its worth and testimony to its excellence! Father Campbell has done greater things, perhaps. His lectures, his noble panegyrics, his sermons on memorable occasions, crowd upon the memory with the thought of his name. But that he has done anything better than this work of love about the early priests of New York, can well be doubted. We can vouch for the fact that one reader was hurried on from one sketch to another with the same interest that stirred so many years ago the young mind we spoke of.

Modern history is following the example of many of our States and is "going dry." Facts are crowding persons to the wall. Now persons are always more interesting in the long run than facts. Father Campbell is more than a chronicler. He gives indeed facts. The significance, the variety, the striking character of the details gleaned from the original sources show him to be a true historian, make his work a permanent contribution to the history of the times, and all this is done without detracting in the least from the interest. One element in that interest is quite remarkable. Father Campbell is never so lost in the facts as to forget his reader. His mind is keen to detect modern instances, and a fight or a journey or a scene in a wigwam suggests an analogy with modern conditions. The thing is done in an instant. One brief sentence, clear and illuminating, and best of all, suffused with the most delicate and exquisite humor, refreshes the reader and transfigures the facts with its splendor. We would say to anyone to read this book for these flashes of imagination, if for nothing else.

But more than facts, ever so well put, are given to us in the *Pioneer Priests*. The human element, the element of the highest and most enduring interest, stands out prominently. The history of the Catholic missions and much of the history of the times come to us with the sketches of eighteen Jesuit missionaries to the Iro-

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(1) *Pioneer Priests of North America*, by the Rev. T. J. Campbell, S.J.; Fordham University Press, Fordham University, N. Y.; 1908. \$1.60.

quois. The skill shown in the distribution of the facts throughout these lives is remarkable. There is no repetition, even where the lives cover the same periods. The background is always different and always varying. Still more remarkable is the art with which unity of portraiture is preserved through all the shifting scenes. Battles, tortures, intrigues, now in Quebec, now near Albany, now near New York, French, Dutch, English, come and go with bewildering and fascinating variety, and yet above it all stands out the clear and striking likeness of the missionary. No two are alike. Each has his own traits. A dramatist of the first order could not have more subtly drawn his characters than Father Campbell has done. They were all Jesuits and have common family traits and yet they are all different, even when moving in the same circumstances. Neither are the colors too bright or the figures overdrawn. Cautiousness, self-restraint and moderation are in evidence throughout although, on a subject where Parkman and Kip have been enthusiastic, no one would have been astonished had a brother Jesuit been rather laudatory. Father Campbell is loyal to his brothers, but never beyond the requirements of the facts.

For the Promoters and the Associates whose attention and friendship we ask for this book, it will be the apostolic character that will be most attractive. There they will see the true apostle; there they will find the models to look up to in their apostleship. We had determined at first to try to draw out from these many pioneers the grand traits that go to make an apostle, but the hand of their artist should be the one to combine fitly their common qualities into one picture. Besides the readers will be able to do a little of that for themselves and will choose from each apostle that virtue which they need most in their apostleship. They will see personal holiness and zeal and prudence; patience in disappointment, resourcefulness in difficulties, hope and courage even in the darkest disasters. In success they will learn not to relax in vigilance; in failure they will learn to look to the future, even beyond the grave sometimes, to behold the harvest whose sowing is full of pain. In the rapid, crystal, sparkling stream of Father Campbell's narrative they will note these and many other virtues of the true apostle, and they will become better Associates and better Promoters of the Apostleship of Prayer from the pages of the *Pioneer Priests of North America*.

D.

## A BIT OF DRIFTWOOD



LACK TIM was his soubriquet among the few that knew him. Probably he himself forgot the name his parents had given him; but the hue of this swarthy face, of his thatch of hair and bushy beard gave him some claim to the name he bore. His one clear aim in life was to get through each day with the least possible amount of work; for the rest, the roads were always before him, and God's sky above him, and it was a bad chance, indeed, when a sheltered corner could not be found at night for a person of such an adaptable nature as his. As for the changes of sunshine and rain, his rare seasons of plenty, and his frequent seasons of want—well, even a tramp's glorious life has its ups and downs of fortune; and he accepted everything as it came in the spirit of a philosopher, never unduly elated, and never long cast down. His code of morality was characteristic. Expediency was the key of it. He never stole unnecessarily, and never took anything from persons who might be in need themselves; but when sharp hunger blunted his sense of the rights of ownership, he did not scruple to help himself to such eatables as might be left unprotected by the well-to-do. Also, whenever, as frequently happened, owing to the wear and tear of his travels and exposure to the weather, his costume became inadequate, he was wont to supplement the deficiencies thereof by annexing sundry garments opportunely drying on the hedges and bushes; nay, he had even been brought to the pass of exchanging hats and coats with the scarecrows in the fields—and the change was to their mutual advantage.

To his credit it must be said that he never hurt a living thing, man or beast; and the little children, undaunted by his rags, or the unkempt head and bushy beard, looked into his eyes, and seeing his kindly soul beaming through, slipped their little hands trustingly into his grimy paws. As for the dogs who made overtures to him with a view to adoption, their name was legion; in fact, there would be counting his canine followers, but that Jake had a way of free off their ardor by a low growl and a lifting of the corner of his eye—warnings not to be despised—that they had better not touch his preserves. Jake was as ugly a specimen of a dog-tramp as his master was of the human variety. His breed no man

off-hand, but he was red and wiry; his distinguishing features were an ear and a half, and an inch long stump of a tail able to express the whole gamut of feelings and emotions. All over his body he bore right proudly the scars of many an honorable fight engaged in since first he adopted Black Tim, and took to the road with him.

This interesting pair slouched into a town one bleak evening at the end of April. They were cold and tired after a long tramp in the heavy mud, with the pitiless rain beating in their faces. Slowly they shuffled down the street, uncertain where to make for, when the lights streaming through the glass doors of a church attracted Black Tim by their cheering brightness, and entering, he sat down near the door just in front of a statue of our Lady. A sermon was going on, the priest preaching on the coming month of Mary, exhorting the people to do honor to their Queen and Mother during the month dedicated to her, not only in the greater things, like the purifying of their lives, but also in lesser things, giving her little tokens of their love and thought by offering her those sweetest messengers of love—the flowers, the delicate, sweet-scented blossoms of spring. Black Tim listened dreamily, the warmth and light of the church half numbing him after his long, cold walk. He had often been in a church before, for shelter or a rest like now; but of God and the Faith he knew little or nothing. Yet now he was strangely impressed by the words of the priest, who went on to describe in rich and graphic language how the very earth, old mother earth, puts forth her daintiest flowers, and decks her bosom with all the beauty of promise and hope and renewed life, to do honor to the Virgin Queen—picturing scenes in the woods and fields, and by the wayside that Black Tim knew so intimately, and loved so well—thereby earning his respect and fixing his attention. After the sermon came Benediction, and the music and comfort overcame our tramp, and he slept. It seemed to him that the beautiful Lady on the pedestal stood before him with a smile of surpassing tenderness on her face, and a wondrous light hovering over her brow, and gleaming from her starlike eyes. In her hands she held some drooping blue-bells and primroses; the incongruity between the majesty of the Lady and the simple faded flowers struck him even in his dream. She motioned him to follow her, and attempting to do so, he awoke, to find all the people streaming out of the church, and the lights being outed one by one.

The dream left him dazed by its vividness; half fearfully he glanced up at the statue to see if it were still in its place. Then he went out where the drenched and shivering Jake waited for him in the cold grey evening.

Next day, the eve of May-day, was glorious and fine, the cold grey pall of yesterday was torn aside like an ugly veil from over a beautiful picture, all the fresh young leaves were trembling in the belated sunshine, and the flowers lifted their drowned faces gladly to the glow and heat. Black Tim and Jake moved out of the town, overjoyed at the welcome change. Jake tore along the road chasing the birds, barking rapturously for the very joy of living, while his master scanned the sky for the promise of settled weather, and idly mapped out his itinerary.

They were two very happy vagabonds, and are we not told that a happy heart is a prayer? Groups of children were busy gathering flowers and ferns by the roadsides and in the fields for the altars of Mary in the churches and in the schools and their homes. The sight of them suddenly reminded Tim of the sermon of the night before, and also of his odd dream. An unaccountable impulse seized him to gather some flowers also, to place at the feet of the Lady Queen who loved beautiful things so much. He knew the shady places where the richest blue-bells grew, with the thickest cluster of bells on their juicy stalks; and he knew the mossy banks where the delicate primroses reared their pale and star-like blossoms above the green. Only the largest and finest he plucked, binding them together with moss and leaves. Hiding them in his ragged coat, he retraced his steps to the church. Luckily there was nobody in sight of the statue of our Lady. Shamefacedly he shuffled up, the wondering Jake at his heels, and placed his flowers in one of our Lady's outstretched hands, and it seemed to him that the painted blue eyes looked down on him with something of the infinite gentleness of the Lady in his dream.

In his confusion he muttered, "I'm sorry, my Lady, they are not nicer flowers!" then made his way hurriedly out of the church, and out of the town.

Through the fields outside the town, where he got his flowers, there flowed a river, a broad, swift, silent river of many sources, treacherous in its silent strength, and flooded exceedingly by the



recent heavy rains. The children were attracted by the beauty of the flowers that grew along its banks, where the ground was sodden and slippery after the rain.

As Black Tim passed on his way along the road, he heard an agonized scream, then another and another coming from the direction of the river, followed by the shouting of the children, and he knew at once what had occurred. Clearing the wall at a bound, he ran down the hill to see the little head disappearing rapidly down with the current. Frantically the children screamed, "There she is, oh! there! Save her!" Without a moment's hesitation, Black Tim plunged in, but the current was very swift and strong, and the child was tossed like a cork in the mighty swirl of the turbid water. At last he caught the little dress, and struck out for the bank; but he was hampered by his ragged clothes, and dizzy from his struggle with the current. A sudden whirl of the water swung him helplessly round, dashing his head against a sharp-toothed rock just hidden under the ruffled surface. Faint with pain, blinded with blood, he set his teeth tight, telling himself that he *would* reach the shore with the child, that he would not let go. But he was just getting faint again when men came rushing to the bank, and strong arms brought the tramp and the child he saved ashore.

Tenderly they laid him on the lush green grass. He was found to be beyond human aid, but a priest knelt beside him to bless him and help him to cross the dark portals of death. After all, what happier end could he have desired than this, with all he loved about him, the soft, green grass beneath him, the blue sky above him, the rush of the river and the songs of the birds in his ears? Yes, and there was Jake, old faithful friend, licking his hands and face passionately, to bring warmth to them, for they were growing cold, so cold. And the priest prayed fervently beside him. Somehow that gave him a vague sense of rest and well-being. What was that the priest said in the church last night—that the Lady Queen of Heaven would come to meet her friends with flowers all round about her, and at her feet? and he began to murmur disjointedly about primroses and blue-bells, that they were not good enough to offer the Lady—and the priest, bending his ear to listen, thought that he was delirious. And so, even before the wild flowers in our Lady's hand had time to droop and wither, Black Tim's wandering life had ended.

CLARE.

# Interests of the Sacred Heart

"Would to God they burned at our hearts all the day long! Life is short and we have much to do: but prayer is mighty, and love stronger than death; and so let us all set to work for the interests, the dear interests, the sole interests of Jesus."—*F. W. Faber.*

## NEW GENERAL DIRECTOR OF THE APOSTLESHIP OF PRAYER



WE take pleasure in informing our Associates that Rev. Joseph Boubée, S.J., has, by special appointment, succeeded Rev. Augustine Drive as the General Director of the Apostleship of Prayer.

## THE CAUSE OF BLESSED MARGARET MARY

On May 26, the cause of the canonization of the Blessed Margaret Mary Alacocque was advanced another stage, when the members of the Sacred Congregation of Rites held an ante-preparatory meeting to discuss two miracles which have been alleged in favor of the cause. It is possible that her canonization in St. Peter's may take place before the close of the present year.

## THE APOSTLESHIP OF PRAYER IN BRITISH HONDURAS

"We have been here more than two years. Our work was very discouraging, as religion and morality are almost an unknown quantity. The response to our efforts was nil. I had intended to start the League of the Sacred Heart, as soon as I was settled down, but I did not have the courage, when I saw the listlessness and carelessness in regard to religion, which the people manifested. It seemed to be doomed to failure. So I waited a year and more. I had the diploma of aggregation and the necessary papers but I made no use of them and thought it more prudent to wait.

"On one of my trips up the Old or Belize River, I went to a village, or rather, group of villages, for the purpose of opening a school. I had brought with me a small statue of the Sacred Heart, hoping for a special blessing on the undertaking, if Its image were

honored in the school. The first evening I had the usual devotions and instruction. I had intended to speak about some other subject but, during the prayers, I suddenly determined to explain the Apostleship of Prayer. I did so, and the effect was marvellous. Everyone present came forward to give his name for membership, and many promised the three degrees. I say it was marvellous, for the inhabitants were practically without religion. The preceding Eastertide only four had gone to their duties. They took up the practices of the Leagues with the greatest enthusiasm and are faithful to them. I have had from forty to fifty communions every month at that village ever since.

“This success encouraged me to begin the Apostleship at Benque-Viejo. We had a novena before the feast of the Sacred Heart last year, during which I explained the Apostleship. The attendance during the novena was simply wretched and on the eighth day I was thoroughly disgusted and entirely discouraged. But the last day a young man came to the house to give his name for the League. I promptly appointed him as a Promoter, and he went to work with a will. On the feast many gave their names and now the League has over 400 members. The first year of our residence, 40 made their Easter; to-day we have 60 to 80 going to Holy Communion every First Friday. We cannot adequately thank the Sacred Heart for this wonderful change.”

#### A MODEL PROMOTER

*Stockton, Cal.*—“On the ninth day of April, it pleased God to call from earth, the soul of our beloved Promoter, Mrs. Catherine Crow. In her death this centre loses a zealous Promoter of the cause of Christ's loving Heart. Since her reception as a Promoter, June 24, 1891, her zeal had never waned, her members were many and, through her earnest and persuasive solicitations some have become Promoters. Even in her vacations she continued her work and enrolled members who had no home centres. In her regular attendance at our meetings prior to the long illness that confined her to her home, she left us an example well worth emulating. At the formation of our Council she was elected our first vice-president, and ably filled the office. Throughout her long illness of over a

year and a half, she maintained the cheerfulness of disposition that so endeared her to those who knew and respected her."

# AN APPEAL FOR MESSENGERS

The St. Vincent de Paul Society of Philadelphia appeals to our readers for copies of the MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART to be distributed among the sailors. Those who desire to help this missionary work should send copies to the Particular Council, 1331 Walnut St., or to Mr. P. J. Coyne, 2437 South Walnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

## PETER'S PENCE.

In response to our appeal for Peter's Pence, as a contribution for our Holy Father's jubilee year, we are glad to acknowledge the following donations received up to June 20th:

|                                    |         |                                |      |
|------------------------------------|---------|--------------------------------|------|
| Rev. E. H., E. St. Louis, Ill..... | \$10.00 | C. L. S., Towson, Md.....      | .50  |
| L. B., San Antonio, Tex.....       | .25     | W. B., Jacksonville, Fla.....  | .50  |
| L. S., Pittsburg, Pa.....          | 1.00    | Anon. ....                     | .50  |
| M. H., Brooklyn, N.Y.....          | 2.00    | Mrs. J., Everett, Wash.....    | .50  |
| Mrs. F., Allegheny, Pa.....        | .40     | M. F., Walla Walla, Wash.....  | 2.50 |
| M. M., O'B., Brooklyn, N. Y....    | 1.00    | B. D., Frederick, Md.....      | 1.00 |
| M. T., Hoboken, N. J.....          | 1.00    | S. S., Frederick, Md.....      | 1.00 |
| W. M. S., Tampa, Fla.....          | 1.00    | Mrs. W., Philadelphia, Pa..... | 1.00 |
| N. K., Lenox, Mass.....            | 2.00    | H. M., Oconomowoc, Wis.....    | .25  |
| W. W., Marfo, Tex.....             | .10     | Anon. ....                     | 1.00 |
| M. A. C., Dorchester, Mass.....    | 1.00    | V. E., Leipsic, Ohio.....      | .06  |
| Total.....                         |         | \$28.55                        |      |

# RECENT AGGREGATIONS

The following Local Centres received Diplomas from May 21st to June 24th:

| Diocese.                 | Place.                   | Local Centre.                   | Date.         |
|--------------------------|--------------------------|---------------------------------|---------------|
| Albany.....              | Troy, N. Y.....          | St. Vincent's..Female Or. Asy.  | June 10, 1908 |
| Baltimore.....           | Washington, D. C.....    | St. Rose's....Industrial School | June 18, 1908 |
| Boise.....               | Nezperce, Idaho.....     | Holy Trinity.....Church         | June 24, 1908 |
| Boston.....              | Concord Junc., Mass..... | Help of Christians.....Church   | June 23, 1908 |
| Brooklyn.....            | Elmhurst, N. Y.....      | St. Bartholomew's....."         | June 23, 1908 |
| Cleveland.....           | Cleveland, O.....        | St. John Nepomucene's....."     | June 18, 1908 |
| Dallas.....              | Mineral Wells, Tex.....  | Our Lady of Lourdes....."       | June 9, 1908  |
| Dubuque.....             | Fillmore, Iowa.....      | Sacred Heart....."              | June 12, 1908 |
| Grand Rapids.....        | Ludington, Mich.....     | St. Stanislaus....."            | June 24, 1908 |
| Little Rock.....         | Lake Village, Ark.....   | Our Lady of the Lake....."      | May 22, 1908  |
| Milwaukee.....           | So. Milwaukee, Wis.....  | St. Mary's....."                | June 11, 1908 |
| Mont. & Los Angeles..... | Gilroy, Cal.....         | St. Mary's....."                | May 26, 1908  |
| Mont. & Los Angeles..... | Palms, Cal.....          | St. Augustine's....."           | June 23, 1908 |
| Natchez.....             | Scranton, Miss.....      | St. Peter's....."               | May 21, 1908  |
| Providence.....          | Wickford, R. I.....      | St. Bernard's....."             | June 19, 1908 |
| Scranton.....            | So. Waverly, Pa.....     | St. John's....."                | June 12, 1908 |
| Winona.....              | Windom, Minn.....        | St. Francis Xavier's....."      | May 26, 1908  |

Total number of Aggregations, 17; Churches, 15; School, 1; Institution, 1,



"I will give praise to Thee, O Lord, with my whole heart; I will relate all Thy wonders."—Ps. ix, 2.

## THANKSGIVINGS

Total number of Thanksgivings for last month, 2,599,926.

### SPECIAL FAVORS.

#### A Marvelous Cure.

*Chicago, Ill.*—"A little girl nine years of age was stricken with an affliction of the spine which paralyzed the lower limbs so that she was unable to walk. The advice of prominent surgeons was sought, but they could give very little encouragement, saying that perhaps the little one might walk in two years. For over six months the little girl was in this condition. An aunt of the little girl who is a devout member of the League of the Sacred Heart, had her enrolled in the League and began a novena of nine First Fridays. During the novena, on the First Friday of March, the little girl having just returned from a ride in her go-cart, her father, ever anxious for the slightest sign of improvement, on lifting her out, said: 'Stand up, little one, and let me see you walk.' Immediately the little girl stood on her feet and exclaimed: 'Oh! I

am cured,' and began running and jumping up and down. At first those present were struck with astonishment, and the father, fearing the relief was not permanent and their joy only temporary, chided the little one for running around so much; but the little girl, with child-like faith, and so confident of her cure, said: 'Oh! I am cured for good, papa, and I guess if you had not walked for six months you'd want to run around too.' The attending doctors frankly admitted this cure to be beyond the power of any human agency.

"Out of gratitude to the Sacred Heart this favor is published, with the hope that this miraculous cure may lead others to a greater love of the Sacred Heart in the devotion of the Nine First Fridays."

#### The Return to God.

*Leavenworth, Kansas.*—"Last December I was called upon to visit a

sick lady whom I had known for more than fifty-one years. About fifteen years ago I learned that she ought to be a Catholic, yet I never knew her to attend church or her religious duties. When I heard how serious was her illness, and recalled that she was seventy-seven years of age, I felt there was no time to be lost. I took with me a badge of the Sacred Heart, promising to have the favor published if she consented to see a priest. I found her scarcely able to speak, and in consequence could not say much to her. However, when I was about to withdraw, kneeling by her bedside I pinned the badge on her breast, saying: 'This will make you well in soul, and perhaps in body if it is God's will. And now,' I added, 'you must not leave us without receiving the Sacraments of the Church for the dying. We sometimes can live without God and His graces in this world, but it is not well for us to die without either, and the best of us need all the Church can give us when we come to die.' A few days after, she sent for a priest, made her peace with God, received all the Sacraments with the best dispositions of a sincere penitent, and together with the health of the soul, also that of the body, to the surprise of the attending physician and the members of her family."

#### **Cured of Intemperance.**

X., *New Jersey*.—"A friend of mine who was addicted to the use of intoxicants, to the injury of his business, took the pledge in May, 1907. I was afraid he would not be able to overcome his numerous temptations, but through the Sacred Heart and the intercession of Our Lady of Victory, the past year has been nothing short of a miracle to him."

#### **A Conversion.**

"I wish to return thanks for the conversion of a young man, who was utterly devoid of any belief, and who, at times, even doubted the existence of God. After travelling extensively through the Eastern and Western Continents, he finally took up his permanent abode in a city where he found he had a cousin, a member of a cloistered order. He called through courtesy only. The good religious at once realized the designs of God in thus directing his footsteps to the Convent, where prayers were offered to God to obtain for him the light of faith. Thanks to the Sacred Heart, he was baptized and made his first Communion on his twenty-fifth birthday. The greatness of this grace he regards as the effect of the prayers, and his one desire now is to procure for others the same gift, by being instrumental in bringing them into the true fold."

#### **A Wonderful Cure.**

*Saginaw, Mich.*—"A little child of five years was taken ill with a contagious fever. All hope of her recovery had been given up, when a badge of the Sacred Heart was placed upon her and she began to get better. She is now entirely cured.

"The attending physician, a non-Catholic, not knowing that prayers had been offered up for her, pronounced her recovery a miracle. I wish to have you publish this in the *MESSANGER* for the honor and glory of the Sacred Heart."

#### **GENERAL FAVORS.**

For many of these favors Mass and publication were promised; for others the Badge or the Promoter's Cross was used; for others the prayers of the Associates had been asked.

*ALABAMA.*—*Birmingham*, a request granted quickly and unexpectedly;

*Mobile*, the safe return of a friend; *Montevallo*, a sister's restoration to normal mental condition.

CALIFORNIA.—*Berkeley*, a position secured; *Monterey*, relief from nervousness, light in spiritual perplexities, victory over many temptations, almost complete recovery of a sick child, peace of mind and banishment of great fear; *Oakland*, the obtaining of a better position and of an increase in wages; *San Francisco*, the securing of a desirable position; *Stockton*, cure of a person sick more than a year; *Vallejo*, the healing of a wound.

COLORADO.—*Denver*, a child's recovery; *Pueblo*, the obtaining of a position.

CONNECTICUT.—*New Haven*, a reconciliation, relief from an attack of neuralgia; *Waterbury*, recovery from illness, success in college, a mother's restoration to reason and grace of a happy death.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.—*Washington*, two unexpected conversions, a sister's reinstatement in position, speedy relief from nervous prostration.

FLORIDA.—*St. Augustine*, the recovery of stolen money and the cure of an obstinate infirmity; *Tampa*, the securing of a steady business engagement.

GEORGIA.—*Atlanta*, recovery from a severe illness; *Aurusta*, cure of an obstinate sore; *Macon*, peace in family.

ILLINOIS.—*Altamont*, instantaneous relief from convulsions; *Chicago*, an important reconciliation, the averting of a hemorrhage, a priest's restoration to health, cure of rheumatism; *Hegewisch*, the giving up of intoxicating drinks by a husband, recovery from affliction causing loss of speech; *Moline*, relief from nervousness, success in an undertaking and improvement in conduct; *Otta-*

*wa*, the happy marriage of a zealous Promoter, favorable news in answer to prayer to the Sacred Heart, success in two enterprises, great relief from a swelling in the side, success in examinations, relief after months of anxiety about a spiritual matter, great improvement in health of a nervous person; *Springfield*, a child's cure of the habit of truancy.

INDIANA.—*La Porte*, a child cured of spinal paralysis; *Terre Haute*, a successful mission and preservation from lightning.

IOWA.—*Iowa*, cure of a lame hip; *Sioux City*, a boy's recovery from acute attack of typhoid.

JAPAN.—*Yokohama*, the sparing of a mother's life without recourse to a surgical operation.

KANSAS.—*Ellis*, recovery of sick relatives, the finding of a rosary.

KENTUCKY.—*Lexington*, recovery of two children from croup and pneumonia.

LOUISIANA.—*Alexandria*, success of a business undertaking, a father's restoration to health; *Convent*, the conversion of a young girl, cure of erysipelas; *Gretna*, success of an operation; *New Orleans*, the happy death of a brother, the obtaining of employment, a reconciliation, a cure of a child; *North Attleboro*, the recovery of a niece from cardiac rheumatism; *West Newton*, relief from sore throat for husband and wife.

MAINE.—*Bangor*, the obtaining of employment; *Portland*, the settlement of a business trouble; *Sanford*, an extraordinary cure.

MARYLAND.—*Alberton*, recovery of health; *Baltimore*, success in an undertaking, improvement of an unruly child, the obtaining of a situation and improvement in health; *Wilton*, the averting of a serious operation, recovery of a mother from serious illness.

MASSACHUSETTS.—*Boston*, a sister's recovery, a mother's recovery and preservation of her children from scarlet fever; *Holyoke*, relief from pain, cure of sore throat, relief from great mental strain; *Jamaica Plain*, the obtaining of a position; *Lynn*, the averting of two threatened operations; *Salem*, the discovery of an error in balancing books; *Springfield*, recovery from operation for appendicitis, the obtaining of work; *Stoughton*, the grace for a young man to comply with his Easter duty; *Worcester*, relief from anxiety and improvement in health, a cure obtained without operation.

MICHIGAN.—*Detroit*, success of a surgical operation; *Hubbell*, a brother's return to his religious duties and improvement in health; *Traverse City*, the return of a careless Catholic to the Sacraments.

MINNESOTA.—*Elizabeth*, grace of vocation; *St. Paul*, the securing of a tenant.

MISSISSIPPI.—*McComb*, preservation from cyclones, the return of a young man to his duties and grace of a happy death.

MISSOURI.—*Kansas City*, the partial recovery of two religious, cure of a victim of intemperance; *Springfield*, the return to their duties of two men away from the Sacraments about twenty years; *St. Louis*, three conversions, the return of a lady to the practice of her religious duties after thirteen years, successful termination of a good work, the sparing of a sister's life, the success of a serious operation, deliverance from great anxiety, cure of pain in the side, recovery from typhoid.

MONTANA.—*Butte*, temporal blessings received through devotion to the Sacred Heart; *Helena*, success of two young men in a difficult examination.

NEBRASKA.—*Tilden*, relief from financial difficulties.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.—*Manchester*, the amicable settlement of a business matter without resort to law.

NEW JERSEY.—*Hammonton*, relief from daily attacks of convulsions; *Jersey City*, the securing of a position, relief from severe pain; *Newark*, recovery of a relative from a dangerous illness; *Princeton*, a daughter's relief from pain, recovery of consciousness; *Paterson*, relief from a troublesome affliction; *West Hoboken*, the securing of work, freedom from temptations to commit suicide, relief from a severe toothache.

NEW MEXICO.—*Las Vegas*, preservation from a contagious disease, the recovery of a child.

NEW YORK.—*Bridgewater*, success in examinations; *Brooklyn*, restoration to health, the non-interference of a non-Catholic father with his son's first communion, the obtaining of a position with increase of wages, relief obtained for father and mother from acute pain, fidelity to assistance at Mass on Sundays and holy-days, the almost immediate relief from violent attacks of coughing, the cure of a sore hand, relief from fever, a child's recovery from diphtheria; *Buffalo*, the obtaining of two good positions and increase in wages, improvement in health; *Churubusco*, restoration to health; *Cohoes*, success in a difficult examination; *Flushing*, the securing of a large contract; *Hoosick Falls*, the cure of a sister from nervous trouble; *Niagara Falls*, recovery from illness, the return to her duties of a relative thirty years away from the Sacraments; *New York*, amicable adjustment of a lawsuit, the obtaining of a special request, success in examination, a conversion to the faith, improvement in sight and preservation from death



in an accident, the recovery from an ailment of many years, a brother's safe return, an advancement in position, the return to the Sacraments of a relative after twenty years, the obtaining of work, preservation from a severe injury, preservation from harm during a severe storm, recovery of an aunt from a serious illness; *Rochester*, cure of a dangerous illness, relief from pain and recovery from serious illness, a reconciliation; *Port Leyden*, relief from mental trouble; *Richmond Hill*, the obtaining of a position; *Saratoga*, preservation from the effects of the bite of a rattle-snake, a rapid cure; *Yonkers*, preservation of three children from effects of scarlet fever.

NORTH DAKOTA.—*Grand Forks*, success in examinations; *Mapes*, a daughter's recovery from a dangerous illness.

OHIO.—*Berea*, the obtaining of a position; *Canton*, two reconciliations, five conversions, employment obtained by seven persons, three resigned and peaceful deaths, the averting of a great scandal; *Cincinnati*, success in work and increase in salary; *Cleveland*, recovery from a very severe attack of the grippe, relief from acute pain in the head, grace of a happy death, peace of mind, the obtaining of a good position by two persons; *Dayton*, success of an examination, the recovery of peace of soul; *Mt. Angel*, the grace of a happy death, success of a dangerous operation; *Reading*, a boy's preservation from the fatal effects of an accident, a brother's safe return; *Toledo*, the recovery of a child troubled with epilepsy.

PENNSYLVANIA.—*Allegheny*, the obtaining of a position; *Athens*, a situation secured; *Erie*, relief from pain in the side; *Landsdowne*, the cure of an infant, relief from sore

eyes; *Monessen*, restoration to health; *Philadelphia*, a mother's recovery, the obtaining of a position, the cure of an afflicted person, the securing of a position, success of an operation, the retaining of a position, the return of an uncle to his religious duties before death, settlement of an estate; *Pittsburg*, cure of ophthalmia, pronounced miraculous by physician, recovery after successful operation.

RHODE ISLAND.—*Westerly*, relief obtained without operation.

SOUTH CAROLINA.—*Charleston*, relief from intense pain and preservation from pneumonia.

SOUTH DAKOTA.—*Watertown*, grace of an increase of love and devotion to the Sacred Heart, a successful mission.

TENNESSEE.—*Knoxville*, the obtaining of a desirable position; *Memphis*, recovery of a sick child and a position secured.

TEXAS.—*Dallas*, relief from acute bronchitis; *El Paso*, work secured from an unexpected source; *San Antonio*, success of a dental operation.

VERMONT.—*Pittsford*, wonderful preservation of an infant's life.

VIRGINIA.—*Richmond*, a cure effected without operation.

WEST VIRGINIA.—*Raleigh*, preservation of mother and child and family blessings; *Wheeling*, conversion of a sinner.

WISCONSIN.—*Benton*, a conversion; *Milwaukee*, the averting of a serious illness, unexpected success in examinations and in other school work, the return of a brother to the practice of monthly Communion; *Mineral Point*, preservation from illness; *Soldier's Grove*, the averting of the curse of intemperance in a family.

Thanks are also expressed by Promoters and Associates for many other spiritual and temporal favors.

## BOOK NOTICES

*A Manual of Moral Theology* for English-speaking Countries. By Rev. Thomas Slater, S.J., St. Beuno's College, St. Asaph. With notes on American Legislation by Rev. Michael Martin, S.J., Professor of Moral Theology, St. Louis University. Vol. I. Benziger Brothers, New York, Cincinnati, Chicago. 1908. \$2.75 net.

We are sure that the priests of the country will extend a hearty welcome to this *Moral Theology*, the first complete manual written in English. A detailed review would be out of place in our columns, but we must say that a careful examination has convinced us that the work is thoroughly satisfactory. Of especial interest to us in the United States are the notes on American legislation. Father Martin has confined himself to those points in which the ecclesiastical or civil laws of the United States differ from those of England. The volume may be highly recommended to educated men, especially in the professions, and to non-Catholics, among whom it might do great good as an effective answer to Protestant misrepresentations of the moral theology of the Catholic Church.

*The World in Which We Live.* By R. J. Meyer. S.J. B. Herder, St. Louis. \$1.50 net.

Rev. Father Meyer, the author of this work, is the Provincial of the Missouri Province of the Society of Jesus. The present publication is the second of a series; the first, "First Lessons in the Science of the Saints," appeared in 1902; the third part will appear in due course. In this second part the Reverend author, whose competence as a theologian is well known, depicts the world as it

appears to the eyes of faith, and points out the dangers of worldliness in its various manifestations. The treatise deserves high commendation as a book for solid and fruitful spiritual reading.

*Father Junipero Serra.* An Historical Drama. By Chester Gore Miller. Chicago.

The presentation of this drama for the first time on any stage took place at Portland, Maine, early in May. The author is not a Catholic, and the audience was made up chiefly of non-Catholics, but the high character of Father Serra, and his noble loyalty to the interests of the Indians, for whom he and his fellow-Franciscans toiled, won unstinted applause. The play had already met with a flattering reception from church dignitaries and press critics when it was published in 1894.

*A Synthetical Manual of Liturgy.* By the Rev. A. Vigourel, S.S. Translated by Rev. John A. Nainfa, S.S. John Murphy Company, Baltimore. \$1.00 net.

This work is a brief, but complete, summary of Seminary teaching on Liturgy. It might well be adopted as a text-book in all English-speaking Seminaries, and ought to prove useful and interesting not merely to the busy priest, but to those of the laity who seek instruction on such topics as the Liturgical Books, the Mass, the Feasts, and various ceremonies of the Church. It contains a valuable list of books on liturgical subjects.

*For My Name's Sake.* Translated by L. M. Leggatt from the French of Champol's "Sœur Alexandrine." B. Herder, St. Louis, Mo. \$1.10.

Do you wish to read a beautiful

story? Then get *For My Name's Sake*. It gives a touching picture of the conditions brought about by the suppression of the Convents in France.

*The Ministry of Daily Communion.* A consideration for priests. By F. M. De Zulueta, S.J. Benziger Bros., New York.

*Parents and Frequent Communion of Children.* By F. M. De Zulueta, S.J. B. Herder, St. Louis, Mo. 5 cents.

*The Spouse of Christ and Daily Communion.* By F. M. De Zulueta, S.J. B. Herder, St. Louis, Mo. 30 cents.

These writings of Father De Zulueta will earn for him the title of "Apostle of Frequent Communion" among English-speaking people. We hope that the first book will find its way into the hands of every priest in America. The second little pamphlet ought to be widely distributed among parents and teachers. The third is intended especially for those who have consecrated themselves to God's service in religion. They were all written to solve the difficulties that may suggest themselves about the practice of daily Communion. The more earnestly all of us work to carry out the wishes of our Holy Father on this point, the sooner shall we see the glorious renewal of all things in Christ.

*Althea.* By D. Ella Nirdlinger. 60 cents.

*Dear Friends.* By D. Ella Nirdlinger. 60 cents.

Both of these lively little stories deserve a place in every school library for children. They are published by Messrs. Benziger Brothers, New York.

*The St. Nicholas Series.* Edited by Dom Bede Camm, O.S.B. Benzi-

ger Brothers, New York. 80 cents per volume.

Four handsome little volumes of this new series of Catholic books, beautifully printed, and illustrated with pictures in three colors, have just come to us from Messrs. Benziger. Two volumes contain a story by Father David Bearne, S.J., entitled *Barnaby Bright*, which will interest both old and young, perhaps the old more than the young; youthful readers are hardly able to appreciate the author's careful style and charming characters. There is a volume on *Blessed Thomas More*, in which the Martyr Chancellor is pictured us in the intimacy of family life. It is written by a nun of Tyburn Convent. The fourth volume, from the graceful pen of Katharine Tynan, is an attractive sketch of Father Theobald Mathew, the great Irish Apostle of total abstinence. We hope that the series will meet with the well-merited patronage of Catholic schools and families.

*Home for Good.* By Mother Mary Loyola, of the Bar Convent, York, England. Edited by Father Thurston, S.J., P. J. Kenedy and Sons, New York.

Those who have read any of Mother Loyola's books accept her name as a sufficient guarantee for safe piety and literary merit. The object of the present work is to help the young in deciding their vocation, to make them take a more serious view of life, and to give them a relish for the duties and charms of home in preference to dangerous amusements abroad. The book will be especially serviceable for those who are likely to find home life somewhat tame and dull after several years spent at college or academy.

## OBITUARY

Jesu, by that shuddering dread which fell on Thee,  
 Jesu, by that cold dismay which sickened Thee,  
 Jesu, by that pang of Heart which thrilled in Thee,  
 Jesu, by that mount of sins which crippled Thee,  
 Jesu, by that sense of guilt which stifled Thee,  
 Jesu, spare those souls which are so dear to Thee,  
 Who in prison, calm and patient, wait for Thee.  
 Hasten, Lord, their hour, and bid them come to Thee,  
 To that glorious Home, where they shall ever gaze on Thee.

CARDINAL NEWMAN.

The Most Rev. Peter Bourgade, D.D., Santa Fe, N. Mex.

The Rev. C. E. Burke, North Adams, Mass.

The Rev. M. M. Ward, C.S.Sp., Bennett, Pa.

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| Benson, Joseph, New York City.         | Hughes, Mamie, Ottawa, Ill.            |
| Bradfield, Thomas, Boston, Mass.       | Hurley, Johanna, Holyoke, Mass.        |
| Breen, Mary A., Philadelphia, Pa.      | Irving, E., New York City.             |
| Cavanaugh, J., Thompsonville, Conn.    | Jennett, Russell J., San Antonio, Tex. |
| Clarke, Margaret T., Columbus, O.      | Kennedy, Katharine, Springfield,       |
| Cody, Katherine, Worcester, Mass.      | Mass.                                  |
| Coleman, Mary, Jersey City, N. J.      | Kerrigan, John, St. Louis, Mo.         |
| Collins, Thomas, Sr., Elizabethport,   | Kline, May, Philadelphia, Pa.          |
| N. J.                                  | Kuhn, John, Cleveland, O.              |
| Collins, Thomas, Jr., Elizabethport,   | Leahy, Mr. Ottawa, Ill.                |
| N. J.                                  | Loftus, James, St. Louis, Mo.          |
| Connor, Bridget, West Brookfield,      | McCabe, Thomas, Holyoke, Mass.         |
| N. J.                                  | McCarren, Catherine, Jersey City,      |
| Cooney, Elizabeth, Butte, Mont.        | N. J.                                  |
| Costello, Katherine, Hoboken, N. J.    | McDonald, Christine, Butte, Mont.      |
| Cottrill, William, Chicago, Ill.       | McDonald, Mary, Jersey City, N. J.     |
| Cullen, Ann, San Francisco, Cal.       | McGoldrick, John, Philadelphia, Pa.    |
| Dacy, Ann, Springfield, Mo.            | McKenzie, Margaret, Vandergrift,       |
| De Aza, Sr. M., Jersey City, N. J.     | Pa.                                    |
| Doherty, John, Alexandria, Va.         | McCarthy, Charles, Oswego, N. Y.       |
| Fenlon, Sarah, Worcester, Mass.        | McPartland, Mary N., Verdon, S. D.     |
| Greene, Julia M., Jersey City, N. J.   | McPartland, Bridget, Cambridge,        |
| Griffin, Catherine, Jersey City, N. J. | Mass.                                  |
| Haime, Harriett, Springfield, O.       | Maguire, Mary, New York City.          |
| Hart, Catherine, Jersey City, N. J.    | Marrer, Theodore, Cleveland, O.        |
| Hausser, John, Jersey City, N. J.      | Mary Adelard, Sister, Portland, Ore.   |
| Haynes, Elton, Jersey City, N. J.      | Matthews, Sister Xavier, Kenosha,      |
| Healey, L., New York City.             | Wis.                                   |
| Hirschauer, Margaret, Cleveland, O.    | Monaghan, Mary, Jersey City, N. J.     |
| Hughes, Mary L., Brooklyn, N. Y.       | Moss, Edward A., Philadelphia, Pa.     |

- Muesler, Sister M. Teresita, Kenosha, Wis.  
 Murray, Mary, Philadelphia, Pa.  
 O'Brien, Bessie, Chicago, Ill.  
 O'Brien, M., Thompsonville, Conn.  
 O'Harc, Nellie, Worcester, Mass.  
 O'Neil, John, Weston, Mo.  
 O'Neil, Katherine, Weston, Mo.  
 O'Neil, Katherine, St. Joseph, Mo.  
 Redding, Edgar J., Gettysburg, Pa.  
 Reidy, Johanna, Hoboken, N. J.  
 Rex, Mary, St. Louis, Mo.  
 Richard, Alphonse D., Nebraska City, Neb.  
 Ryan, Eliza, Springfield, Mo.  
 Ryan, Margaret, Athens, Pa.  
 Ryan, Mary Alice, Philadelphia, Pa.  
 Ryan, Katie E., Richmond, Va.  
 Sanner, Catherine, Cleveland, O.  
 Schien, William, St. Louis, Mo.  
 Seidekum, Mary, St. Louis, Mo.  
 Shea, Katherine, Holyoke, Mass.  
 Shelly, Mrs., Camden, N. J.  
 Shuman, Francis, Alexandria, Va.  
 Skelly, Thomas, Staten Island, N. Y.  
 Sonneborn, Charles, Canton, O.  
 Sords, Thomas F., Cleveland, O.  
 Sweeney, Hannah, St. Louis, Mo.  
 Tanes, Jane, Trenton, N. J.  
 Thompson, E., Olganam, Conn.  
 Tynan, Mary, Worcester, Mass.  
 Venai, Catherine A., Philadelphia, Pa.  
 Votypka, Anna, New Prague, Minn.  
 Walsh, Sr. M. Sabina, Chicago, Ill.  
 Weinshenk, Barbara, Galena, Ill.  
 Williams, Thomas E., Lexington, Ky.

R. I. P.

Kind reader, pray for their souls and the souls of all the Faithful departed.

## TREASURY OF GOOD WORKS

Offerings for the Intentions recommended to the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

|                               |           |                                  |           |
|-------------------------------|-----------|----------------------------------|-----------|
| 1. Acts of Charity .....      | 5,134,266 | 11. Masses heard .....           | 840,325   |
| 2. Beads .....                | 978,493   | 12. Mortifications .....         | 1,389,903 |
| 3. Way of the Cross .....     | 1,152,265 | 13. Works of Mercy .....         | 712,160   |
| 4. Holy Communion .....       | 2,153,797 | 14. Works of Zeal .....          | 727,327   |
| 5. Spiritual Communion .....  | 806,510   | 15. Prayers .....                | 2,126,199 |
| 6. Examen of Conscience ..... | 1,428,107 | 16. Kindly conversation .....    | 177,109   |
| 7. Hours of Labor .....       | 875,437   | 17. Suffering, Afflictions ..... | 867,308   |
| 8. Hours of Silence .....     | 1,126,470 | 18. Self-conquest .....          | 491,053   |
| 9. Pious reading .....        | 746,266   | 19. Visit to B. Sacrament .....  | 1,174,115 |
| 10. Masses read .....         | 347       | 20. Various good works .....     | 908,698   |

Grand Total of Good Works, 23,316,144.

# PROMOTERS' RECEPTIONS

From May 30th to June 24th.

| Diocese.         | Place.                   | Local Centre.                      | No. |
|------------------|--------------------------|------------------------------------|-----|
| Albany.....      | Albany, N. Y.....        | The Cathedral .....                | 50  |
| Albany.....      | Albany, N. Y.....        | St. Patrick's .....                | 10  |
| Albany.....      | Hoosick Falls, N. Y..... | Immaculate Conception .....        | 6   |
| Albany.....      | Kenwood, N. Y.....       | Sacred Heart .....                 | 7   |
| Albany.....      | Palmer Falls, N. Y.....  | Immaculate Conception .....        | 24  |
| Altoona.....     | Bellforte, Pa.....       | St. John the Evangelist.....       | 3   |
| Alton.....       | Marshall, Ills.....      | St. Mary's .....                   | 9   |
| Alton.....       | Springfield, Ills.....   | St. Joseph's .....                 | 7   |
| Baker City.....  | Baker City, Ore.....     | St. Francis de Sales Pro-Cathedral | 20  |
| Baker City.....  | The Dalles, Ore.....     | St. Peter's .....                  | 10  |
| Baltimore.....   | Hollywood, Md.....       | St. John's .....                   | 15  |
| Baltimore.....   | Leonardtown, Md.....     | St. Aloysius .....                 | 28  |
| Baltimore.....   | Washington, D. C.....    | St. Rose's .....                   | 6   |
| Baltimore.....   | Washington, D. C.....    | St. Patrick's .....                | 7   |
| Baltimore.....   | Washington, D. C.....    | St. Aloysius .....                 | 50  |
| Baltimore.....   | White Plains, Md.....    | St. Joseph's .....                 | 8   |
| Boston.....      | Boston, Mass.....        | St. Mary's .....                   | 7   |
| Boston.....      | Boston, Mass.....        | Holy Cross .....                   | 18  |
| Boston.....      | Boston, Mass.....        | Our Lady of Victory.....           | 10  |
| Boston.....      | Boston, Mass.....        | Boston .....                       | 20  |
| Boston.....      | Cambridgeport, Mass..... | Blessed Sacrament .....            | 28  |
| Boston.....      | Cambridgeport, Mass..... | St. Mary's Annunciation.....       | 74  |
| Boston.....      | Groton, Mass.....        | Sacred Heart .....                 | 10  |
| Boston.....      | Lowell, Mass.....        | Sacred Heart .....                 | 50  |
| Boston.....      | Roxbury, Mass.....       | St. Patrick's .....                | 12  |
| Boston.....      | Roxbury, Mass.....       | Immaculate Conception .....        | 6   |
| Boston.....      | Salem, Mass.....         | Immaculate Conception .....        | 6   |
| Boston.....      | So. Boston, Mass.....    | SS. Peter and Paul.....            | 20  |
| Brooklyn.....    | Brooklyn, N. Y.....      | Mercy .....                        | 7   |
| Brooklyn.....    | Brooklyn, N. Y.....      | St. James .....                    | 2   |
| Brooklyn.....    | Brooklyn, N. Y.....      | St. Martin of Tours.....           | 6   |
| Brooklyn.....    | Brooklyn, N. Y.....      | St. Ambrose's .....                | 5   |
| Brooklyn.....    | Brooklyn, N. Y.....      | Holy Family .....                  | 3   |
| Brooklyn.....    | Brooklyn, N. Y.....      | St. Michael's .....                | 5   |
| Brooklyn.....    | Brooklyn, N. Y.....      | Our Lady of Good Counsel.....      | 48  |
| Brooklyn.....    | Elmhurst, N. Y.....      | St. Bartholomew's .....            | 33  |
| Brownsville..... | Beeville, Texas.....     | St. Joseph's .....                 | 38  |
| Burlington.....  | Middlebury, Vt.....      | Assumption .....                   | 6   |
| Buffalo.....     | Buffalo, N. Y.....       | Holy Family .....                  | 7   |
| Buffalo.....     | Buffalo, N. Y.....       | St. Mary's .....                   | 9   |
| Buffalo.....     | Buffalo, N. Y.....       | St. Joseph's .....                 | 6   |
| Buffalo.....     | Buffalo, N. Y.....       | St. Joseph's .....                 | 8   |
| Buffalo.....     | Frederonia, N. Y.....    | St. Mary's .....                   | 12  |
| Chicago.....     | Aurora, Ill.....         | St. Mary's .....                   | 17  |
| Chicago.....     | Chicago, Ill.....        | St. Dominic's .....                | 18  |
| Chicago.....     | Chicago, Ill.....        | Our Lady of Mt. Carmel.....        | 3   |
| Chicago.....     | Chicago, Ill.....        | Holy Angel's .....                 | 12  |
| Chicago.....     | Chicago, Ill.....        | St. Finbar's .....                 | 1   |
| Chicago.....     | Chicago, Ill.....        | Our Lady of Victory .....          | 12  |
| Chicago.....     | Chicago, Ill.....        | St. Vincent's .....                | 13  |
| Chicago.....     | Chicago, Ill.....        | Good Shepherd .....                | 12  |
| Chicago.....     | Chicago, Ill.....        | St. Columba's .....                | 6   |
| Chicago.....     | Hegewick, Ill.....       | Assumption B. V. M.....            | 7   |
| Cincinnati.....  | Cincinnati, Ohio.....    | St. Patrick's .....                | 4   |
| Cincinnati.....  | Cincinnati, Ohio.....    | St. Henry's .....                  | 1   |
| Cincinnati.....  | Cincinnati, Ohio.....    | Holy Trinity .....                 | 1   |
| Cincinnati.....  | Cincinnati, Ohio.....    | Mt. Notre Dame .....               | 6   |
| Cincinnati.....  | Cincinnati, Ohio.....    | Notre Dame (E. 6th St.).....       | 10  |
| Cincinnati.....  | Cincinnati, Ohio.....    | St. Peter's .....                  | 12  |
| Cincinnati.....  | Cincinnati, Ohio.....    | Blessed Sacrament .....            | 5   |
| Cincinnati.....  | Cincinnati, Ohio.....    | St. Patrick's .....                | 4   |
| Cincinnati.....  | Cumminsville, Ohio.....  | St. Boniface's .....               | 23  |
| Cincinnati.....  | Ellenor P. O. Ohio.....  | Mt. St. Mary's .....               | 18  |
| Cincinnati.....  | Evanstown, Ohio.....     | St. Mary's .....                   | 20  |
| Cincinnati.....  | Norwood, Ohio.....       | St. Elizabeth's .....              | 1   |
| Cleveland.....   | Canton, Ohio.....        | St. John's .....                   | 6   |
| Cleveland.....   | Canton, Ohio.....        | St. Peter's .....                  | 5   |
| Cleveland.....   | Cleveland, Ohio.....     | St. Mary's .....                   | 35  |
| Cleveland.....   | Cleveland, Ohio.....     | St. Augustine's .....              | 20  |
| Cleveland.....   | Navarra, Ohio.....       | St. Clement's .....                | 4   |
| Cleveland.....   | So. Lorain, Ohio.....    | St. John's .....                   | 6   |
| Cleveland.....   | Toledo, Ohio.....        | St. Francis de Sales.....          | 29  |
| Columbus.....    | Columbus, Ohio.....      | St. Joseph's .....                 | 2   |
| Columbus.....    | Columbus, Ohio.....      | Holy Rosary .....                  | 3   |
| Columbus.....    | Zanesville, Ohio.....    | St. Nicholas' .....                | 15  |
| Covington.....   | Bellevue, Ky.....        | St. Anthony's .....                | 3   |
| Covington.....   | Covington, Ky.....       | St. Patrick's .....                | 2   |
| Covington.....   | Covington, Ky.....       | St. Peter's .....                  | 2   |
| Denver.....      | Denver, Colo.....        | Immaculate Conception .....        | 24  |
| Detroit.....     | Detroit, Mich.....       | Our Lady of the Rosary.....        | 15  |

| Diocese.                    | Place.                     | Local Centre.                         | No. |
|-----------------------------|----------------------------|---------------------------------------|-----|
| Detroit.....                | Jackson, Mich.....         | St. Mary's ..... School               | 18  |
| Dallas.....                 | Forney, Tex.....           | St. Martin's ..... Church             | 2   |
| Duluth.....                 | Cloquet, Minn.....         | Holy Family ..... "                   | 3   |
| Dubuque.....                | Cascade, Iowa.....         | St. Martin's ..... "                  | 10  |
| Dubuque.....                | Dubuque, Iowa.....         | Visitation ..... Academy              | 6   |
| Fort Wayne.....             | E. Chicago, Ind.....       | St. Mary's ..... Church               | 6   |
| Fort Wayne.....             | Hammond, Ind.....          | St. Joseph's ..... School             | 10  |
| Fort Wayne.....             | Tipton, Ind.....           | St. John's ..... Church               | 2   |
| Fort Wayne.....             | Union City, Ind.....       | St. Mary's ..... "                    | 12  |
| Galveston.....              | Galveston, Tex.....        | Ursuline ..... Convent                | 7   |
| Galveston.....              | Houston, Tex.....          | Sacred Heart ..... Church             | 4   |
| Harrisburg.....             | York, Pa.....              | St. Mary's ..... "                    | 12  |
| Hartford.....               | Danbury, Conn.....         | St. Joseph's ..... "                  | 8   |
| Hartford.....               | Danbury, Conn.....         | St. Peter's ..... "                   | 9   |
| Hartford.....               | Derby, Conn.....           | St. Mary's ..... "                    | 18  |
| Hartford.....               | Hartford, Conn.....        | St. Joseph's ..... Cathedral          | 20  |
| Hartford.....               | S. Manchester, Conn.....   | St. James' ..... Church               | 4   |
| Indianapolis.....           | Indianapolis, Ind.....     | St. John's ..... "                    | 5   |
| Indianapolis.....           | St. Mary's, Ind.....       | St. Mary's ..... Academy              | 6   |
| Indianapolis.....           | St. Meinrad, Ind.....      | St. Meinrad's ..... College           | 1   |
| Indianapolis.....           | Richmond, Ind.....         | St. Mary's ..... Church               | 1   |
| Indianapolis.....           | Vincennes, Ind.....        | St. John the Baptist..... "           | 5   |
| Jamaica.....                | Kingston, Jamaica.....     | St. Ann's ..... "                     | 12  |
| Kansas City.....            | Kansas City, Mo.....       | St. Vincent's ..... Academy           | 3   |
| Kansas City.....            | Shakelford, Mo.....        | St. John the Baptist's ..... Church   | 1   |
| La Crosse.....              | Sparte, Wis.....           | St. Patrick's ..... "                 | 5   |
| La Crosse.....              | Wilson, Wis.....           | St. John the Baptist's..... "         | 1   |
| Lead.....                   | Fort Yates, N. Dak.....    | St. Benedict's ..... "                | 6   |
| Leavenworth.....            | Leavenworth, Kans.....     | Immaculate Conception ..... Cathedral | 9   |
| Louisville.....             | Fancy Farm, Ky.....        | St. Jerome's ..... Church             | 10  |
| Louisville.....             | Knottsville, Ky.....       | St. William's ..... "                 | 2   |
| Louisville.....             | Stanley, Ky.....           | St. Peter's ..... "                   | 5   |
| Louisville.....             | St. Joseph's, Ky.....      | St. Alphonsus ..... "                 | 1   |
| Marquette.....              | Crystal Falls, Mich.....   | Guardian Angels..... "                | 10  |
| Marquette.....              | Hubbell, Mich.....         | St. Cecilia's ..... "                 | 1   |
| Milwaukee.....              | Columbus, Wis.....         | St. Jerome's ..... "                  | 4   |
| Milwaukee.....              | Milwaukee, Wis.....        | Gesu ..... "                          | 15  |
| Milwaukee.....              | Racine, Wis.....           | St. Patrick's ..... "                 | 9   |
| Milwaukee.....              | Watertown, Wis.....        | Sacred Heart ..... College            | 3   |
| Monterey & Los Angeles..... | Magnolia Springs, Ala..... | St. John the Baptist's ..... Church   | 12  |
| Monterey & Los Angeles..... | Redlands, Cal.....         | Sacred Heart ..... "                  | 2   |
| Nashville.....              | Memphis, Tenn.....         | Good Shepherd ..... Convent           | 9   |
| Natchez.....                | McCourt, Miss.....         | St. Alphonsus ..... "                 | 15  |
| Natchez.....                | Vicksburg, Miss.....       | St. Francis Xavier's..... Academy     | 9   |
| New Orleans.....            | Charleston, La.....        | St. Mary's ..... Church               | 6   |
| New Orleans.....            | Convent P. O., La.....     | Sacred Heart ..... Academy            | 6   |
| New Orleans.....            | Jeannerette, La.....       | St. John's ..... Church               | 3   |
| New Orleans.....            | Madison, La.....           | St. Francis Xavier's ..... "          | 6   |
| New Orleans.....            | New Orleans, La.....       | Holy Family ..... Convent             | 1   |
| New Orleans.....            | New Orleans, La.....       | Holy Name ..... Church                | 6   |
| New Orleans.....            | New Orleans, La.....       | Sacred Heart ..... Church             | 2   |
| New Orleans.....            | New Orleans, La.....       | St. Alphonsus ..... "                 | 12  |
| New Orleans.....            | New Orleans, La.....       | Holy Rosary ..... "                   | 12  |
| Newark.....                 | Harrison, N. J.....        | Holy Cross ..... "                    | 2   |
| Newark.....                 | Jersey City, N. J.....     | St. Paul's ..... "                    | 42  |
| Newark.....                 | Jersey City, N. J.....     | St. Peter's ..... "                   | 15  |
| Newark.....                 | Plainfield, N. J.....      | St. Mary's ..... "                    | 2   |
| Newark.....                 | Newark, N. J.....          | St. Aloysius ..... Convent            | 20  |
| Newark.....                 | Newark, N. J.....          | St. Benedict's ..... College          | 6   |
| New York.....               | Fordham, N. Y.....         | Fordham ..... University              | 23  |
| New York.....               | Kingston, N.Y.....         | St. Joseph's ..... Church             | 2   |
| New York.....               | Matteawan, N. Y.....       | St. Joachim's ..... "                 | 10  |
| New York.....               | White Plains, N.Y.....     | St. John's ..... "                    | 4   |
| New York.....               | Newbury, N. Y.....         | St. Patrick's ..... "                 | 3   |
| New York.....               | New York, N. Y.....        | Our Lady of Lourdes..... "            | 17  |
| New York.....               | New York, N. Y.....        | St. Thomas the Apostle's..... "       | 6   |
| New York.....               | New York, N. Y.....        | St. Jerome's ..... "                  | 2   |
| New York.....               | New York, N. Y.....        | St. Patrick's ..... Cathedral         | 40  |
| New York.....               | New York, N. Y.....        | St. Raphael's ..... Church            | 9   |
| New York.....               | New York, N. Y.....        | St. Nicholas Tolentine's..... "       | 16  |
| New York.....               | New York, N. Y.....        | St. Andrew's ..... "                  | 6   |
| New York.....               | New York, N. Y.....        | St. Bridget's ..... "                 | 2   |
| New York.....               | New York, N. Y.....        | St. Lucy's ..... "                    | 12  |
| New York.....               | New York, N. Y.....        | St. Augustine's ..... "               | 4   |
| New York.....               | New York, N. Y.....        | Our Lady of Loretto's..... "          | 4   |
| New York.....               | New York, N. Y.....        | St. Stephen's ..... "                 | 5   |
| New York.....               | New York, N. Y.....        | St. Patrick's ..... "                 | 6   |
| New York.....               | New York, N. Y.....        | St. Vincent de Paul's ..... "         | 2   |

| Diocese.           | Place.                    | Local Centre.                   | No. |
|--------------------|---------------------------|---------------------------------|-----|
| New York.....      | New York, N. Y.....       | St. Columbus' .....             | 6   |
| New York.....      | New York, N. Y.....       | St. Peter's .....               | 2   |
| New York.....      | New York, N. Y.....       | St. Veronica's .....            | 15  |
| New York.....      | New York, N. Y.....       | St. Joseph's .....              | 7   |
| New York.....      | New York, N. Y.....       | Ascension .....                 | 6   |
| New York.....      | New York, N. Y.....       | St. Francis Xavier's .....      | 12  |
| New York.....      | New York, N. Y.....       | St. Ignatius Loyola's .....     | 6   |
| New York.....      | New York, N. Y.....       | Sacred Heart .....              | 36  |
| New York.....      | Poughkeepsie, N. Y.....   | St. Mary's .....                | 12  |
| New York.....      | Passaic, N. Y.....        | St. Nicholas' .....             | 14  |
| New York.....      | Rosebank, N. Y.....       | St. Mary's .....                | 5   |
| New York.....      | Yonkers, N. Y.....        | Immaculate Conception .....     | 17  |
| New York.....      | Yonkers, N. Y.....        | St. Joseph's .....              | 12  |
| Ogdensburg.....    | Alexandria Bay, N. Y..... | St. Cyril's .....               | 1   |
| Ogdensburg.....    | Clayton, N. Y.....        | St. Mary's .....                | 2   |
| Ogdensburg.....    | Ogdensburg, N. Y.....     | St. Mary's .....                | 8   |
| Ogdensburg.....    | Watertown, N. Y.....      | Catholic .....                  | 24  |
| Omaha.....         | Omaha, Neb.....           | Mercy .....                     | 5   |
| Omaha.....         | Omaha, Neb.....           | Sacred Heart .....              | 6   |
| Oregon City.....   | Oregon, Neb.....          | Purification B. V. M. ....      | 5   |
| Peoria.....        | Altowa, Ills.....         | Mercy .....                     | 2   |
| Peoria.....        | Peoria, Ills.....         | St. Mary's .....                | 50  |
| Philadelphia.....  | Philadelphia, Pa.....     | St. Edward's .....              | 11  |
| Philadelphia.....  | Philadelphia, Pa.....     | St. Peter and Paul's .....      | 3   |
| Philadelphia.....  | Philadelphia, Pa.....     | Holy Angel's .....              | 24  |
| Philadelphia.....  | Philadelphia, Pa.....     | St. Joseph's .....              | 18  |
| Philadelphia.....  | Philadelphia, Pa.....     | St. Monica's .....              | 12  |
| Philadelphia.....  | Philadelphia, Pa.....     | St. Malachy's .....             | 3   |
| Philadelphia.....  | Philadelphia, Pa.....     | Our Lady of Victory's .....     | 11  |
| Philadelphia.....  | Philadelphia, Pa.....     | Gesu .....                      | 25  |
| Philadelphia.....  | Philadelphia, Pa.....     | St. Francis Xavier's .....      | 20  |
| Philadelphia.....  | Philadelphia, Pa.....     | St. James' .....                | 10  |
| Philadelphia.....  | Philadelphia, Pa.....     | St. Agatha's .....              | 35  |
| Philadelphia.....  | Philadelphia, Pa.....     | SS. Peter and Paul's .....      | 4   |
| Philadelphia.....  | Westchester, Pa.....      | Villa Maria .....               | 6   |
| Philadelphia.....  | Ashland, Pa.....          | St. Joseph's .....              | 2   |
| Philadelphia.....  | Germantown, Pa.....       | Immaculate Conception .....     | 5   |
| Philadelphia.....  | Wayne, Pa.....            | St. Catherine's .....           | 6   |
| Providence.....    | Central Falls, R. I.....  | Holy Family .....               | 5   |
| Providence.....    | Pawtucket, R. I.....      | St. Mary's .....                | 18  |
| Richmond.....      | Alexander, Va.....        | St. Mary's .....                | 10  |
| Rochester.....     | Corning, N. Y.....        | St. Patrick's .....             | 6   |
| Rochester.....     | Webster, N. Y.....        | Holy Family .....               | 7   |
| Rochester.....     | Elmira, N. Y.....         | SS. Peter and Paul's .....      | 45  |
| Salt Lake.....     | Salt Lake City, Utah..... | St. Mary Magdalene's .....      | 2   |
| San Francisco..... | Oakland, Cal.....         | St. Peter's .....               | 6   |
| San Francisco..... | San Francisco, Cal.....   | St. James' .....                | 2   |
| San Francisco..... | Santa Clara, Cal.....     | St. Clare's .....               | 17  |
| San Francisco..... | Stockton, Cal.....        | St. Mary's .....                | 2   |
| Santa Fe.....      | Albuquerque, N. M.....    | St. Mary's .....                | 2   |
| Savannah.....      | Macon, Ga.....            | St. Joseph's .....              | 2   |
| Scranton.....      | So. Waverly, Pa.....      | St. John's .....                | 24  |
| Scranton.....      | Wilkesbarre, Pa.....      | St. Mary's .....                | 12  |
| Seattle.....       | Seattle, Wash.....        | Immaculate Conception .....     | 6   |
| Seattle.....       | Tacoma, Wash.....         | St. Patrick's .....             | 3   |
| Sioux Falls.....   | Jefferson, Wash.....      | St. Peter's .....               | 6   |
| Springfield.....   | Lee, Mass.....            | St. Joseph's .....              | 7   |
| Springfield.....   | North Adams, Mass.....    | St. Francis' .....              | 10  |
| Springfield.....   | Holyoke, Mass.....        | St. Jerome's .....              | 12  |
| Springfield.....   | Springfield, Mass.....    | St. Michael's .....             | 8   |
| St. Cloud.....     | Chisholm, Minn.....       | St. Joseph's .....              | 6   |
| St. Louis.....     | Florissant, Mo.....       | St. Ferdinand's .....           | 1   |
| St. Louis.....     | Jefferson City, Mo.....   | St. Peter's .....               | 12  |
| St. Louis.....     | Moberly, Mo.....          | St. Mary's .....                | 4   |
| St. Louis.....     | St. Charles, Mo.....      | Sacred Heart .....              | 4   |
| St. Louis.....     | St. Louis, Mo.....        | St. Rose's .....                | 5   |
| St. Louis.....     | St. Louis, Mo.....        | St. Francis Xavier's .....      | 7   |
| St. Louis.....     | St. Louis, Mo.....        | St. Vincent de Paul's .....     | 4   |
| St. Louis.....     | St. Louis, Mo.....        | St. Mark's .....                | 12  |
| St. Louis.....     | St. Louis, Mo.....        | Holy Nome .....                 | 12  |
| Syracuse.....      | Binghamton, N. Y.....     | St. Patrick's .....             | 1   |
| Syracuse.....      | Oswego, N. Y.....         | St. Mary's .....                | 17  |
| Syracuse.....      | Syracuse, N. Y.....       | St. John the Evangelist's ..... | 3   |
| Syracuse.....      | Utica, N. Y.....          | St. John's .....                | 3   |
| Trenton.....       | Gloucester, N. J.....     | St. Mary's .....                | 20  |
| Trenton.....       | Springfield, N. J.....    | St. Catherine's .....           | 3   |
| Trenton.....       | Trenton, N. J.....        | St. Mary's .....                | 39  |
| Tuscan.....        | Las Cruces, N. Mex.....   | Loretto .....                   | 5   |
| Wheeling.....      | Wheeling, W. Va.....      | St. Michael's .....             | 5   |
| St. Paul.....      | Red Wing, Minn.....       | St. Joseph's .....              | 5   |

Total number of Receptions, 238. Total number of Diplomas issued, 2815.



# CALENDAR OF MONTHLY INTENTIONS

## AUGUST, 1908

### THE MORNING OFFERING

O Jesus, through the Immaculate Heart of Mary, I offer Thee my prayers, works and sufferings of this day for all the intentions of Thy Sacred Heart, in union with the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass throughout the world, for the intentions of all our Associates and in particular for **Christian Education**.

| DAYS.  | FEASTS AND PATRONS.  | VIRTUES.            | PETITIONS.                        |
|--------|--|---------------------|-----------------------------------|
| 1 S.   | St. Peter in Chains.   | Mutual Prayer.      | 2,599,926 for thanksgivings.      |
| 2 S.   | <b>Eighth after Pentecost</b> —St. Alphonsus Liguori, Bp. C. D. F. | Prudence.           | 1,068,231 for the afflicted.      |
| 3 M.   | Finding of St. Stephen's Body.                                     | Fervor.             | 649,867 for the sick, infirm      |
| 4 T.   | St. Dominic, C. F. Pr.   | Devotion to Rosary. | 1,055,965 for dead Associates     |
| 5 W.   | Our Lady of the Snows.   | Generosity.         | 385,840 for Local Centres.        |
| 6 Th.  | Transfiguration of Our Lord. H. H.                                 | Hope.               | 390,985 for Directors.            |
| 7 F.   | <b>First Friday</b> —St. Cajetan, C. F. 1st D. C. R.               | Zeal.               | 489,313 for Promoters.            |
| 8 S.   | SS. Cyriacus and Comp. MM. Bl. Peter Faber, S.J., C.               | Compassion.         | 829,074 for the departed.         |
| 9 S.   | <b>Ninth after Pentecost</b> —St. Romanus, M.                      | Modesty             | 973,645 for perseverance.         |
| 10 M.  | St. Lawrence, M.   | Cheerfulness.       | 241,264 for the young.            |
| 11 T.  | SS. Tiburtius and Susanna, MM.                                     | Faith.              | 1,216,574 for First Communion.    |
| 12 W.  | St. Clare, V. M.   | Spirit of Poverty.  | 1,834,753 for parents.            |
| 13 Th. | St. John Berchmans, S.J., C. H. H.                                 | Order.              | 627,084 for families.             |
| 14 F.  | Vigil. Fast. St. Eusebius, C.                                      | Hatred of Heresy.   | 718,288 for reconciliations.      |
| 15 S.  | Assumption B. V. M.—Holy Day of Obligation. A. I.                  | Joy with Our Lady.  | 924,676 for work, means.          |
| 16 S.  | <b>Tenth after Pentecost</b> — St. Joachim, Father B. V. M.        | Spirit of Prayer.   | 673,459 for the clergy.           |
| 17 M.  | St. Mammas.  | Duties of Parents   | 2,076,397 for religious.          |
| 18 T.  | St. Agapitus, M.   | Martyrdom.          | 937,490 for seminarists, novices. |
| 19 W.  | Bl. Urban II, P.   | Hope.               | 969,037 for vocations.            |
| 20 Th. | St. Bernard, Ab. D. H. H.  | Love of Our Lady.   | 511,557 for parishes.             |
| 21 F.  | St. Jane Frances de Chantal, W. F. Pr.                             | Equanimity.         | 785,508 for schools.              |
| 22 S.  | SS. Timothy and Comp., MM.   | Courage.            | 440,125 for superiors.            |
| 23 S.  | <b>Eleventh after Pentecost</b> —Most Pure Heart of Mary. 2d D.    | Frankness.          | 568,178 for missions, retreats.   |
| 24 M.  | St. Bartholomew, Ap. A. I.   | Guilelessness.      | 591,102 for societies, work       |
| 25 T.  | St. Louis, King.   | Amiability.         | 745,071 for conversions.          |
| 26 W.  | St. Zephyrinus, P. M.  | Truth Prevails.     | 506,860 for sinners.              |
| 27 Th. | St. Joseph Calasactius, C. F. H. H.                                | Training of Youth.  | 721,716 for the intemperate.      |
| 28 F.  | St. Augustine, Bp. C. D.   | Reparation.         | 589,523 for spiritual favors.     |
| 29 S.  | Beheading of St. John the Baptist.                                 | Resoluteness.       | 2,616,122 for temporal favors.    |
| 30 S.  | <b>Twelfth after Pentecost</b> —St. Rose of Lima.                  | Purity.             | 1,781,546 for special, various.   |
| 31 M.  | St. Raymond Nonnatus, C.   | Mary, Our Mother    | For MESSENGER Readers.            |

PLENARY INDULGENCE—Ap.—Apostleship; D—Degrees; Pr.—Promoters; C. R.—Communion of Reparation; H. H.—Holy Hour; A. I.—Apostolic Indulgence; A. S.—Apostleship of Study.



# MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART

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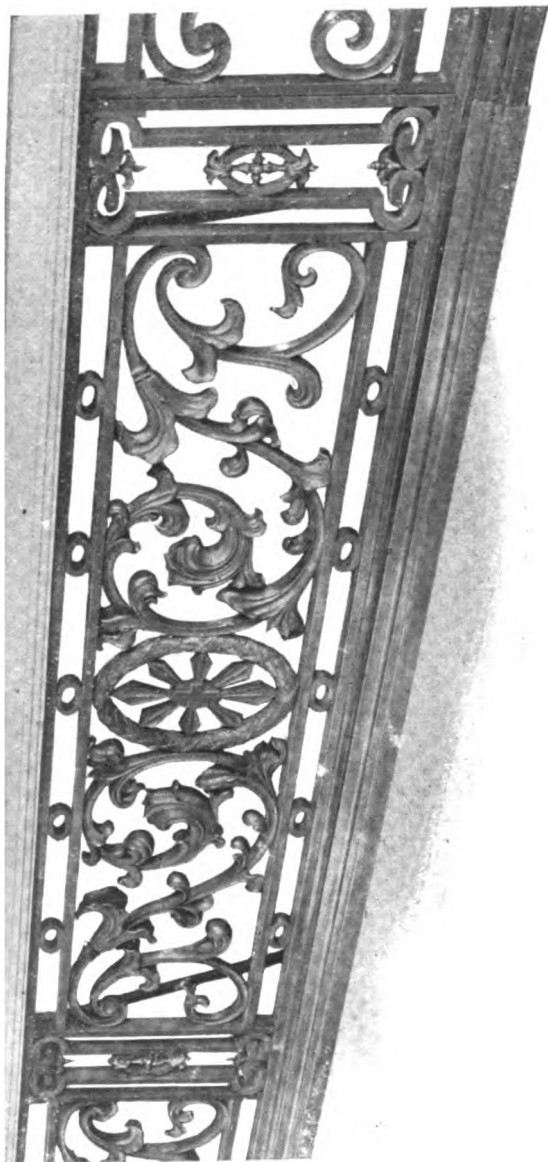
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## Our Mother of Sorrows



THE title, Mother of Sorrows, is Mary's glory and her children's strength and comfort.

After the dignity of her maternity, than which none can be greater, Our Blessed Lady's glory consists in her likeness to her Divine Son, and nowhere does she resemble Him more than in her sorrows. We know she was with Him at Bethlehem, Egypt and Nazareth and in all these sacred spots her life is intimately interwoven with His; but it is when she stands for three hours under the cross amid the awful scenes of Good Friday, that she is nearer and more like her Son than at any other period of her life.

A mother is closest to her child when she kneels by his death-bed and, closing his eyes in the last sleep, kisses him good-bye. Was there ever such a death-bed, was there ever such a parting as that of Good Friday on Mount Calvary? How Mary resembles Jesus at the moment when the spear breaks the Sacred Heart and her heart breaks with love!

The strength of Our Lady's sorrows is our strength too, and our comfort. For after all, though our souls grow weak under life's burden, though our days are filled with toil and our hearts heavy with grief and our limbs ache, why should we repine and become discouraged? Is it not true that into the lives of His dearest friends came the shadows of the cross, and the darkest hung over His own loved Mother's spirit? We know that those who were closest to His Sacred Heart, drank deepest of the chalice of His pains. When trials then darken our paths let us lift up our eyes to Calvary and remember that during His last hours "there stood by the cross of Jesus, His mother, and His mother's sister, Mary of Cleophas, and Mary Magdalen." These with John, and he was there, were dearest to His Sacred Heart.



**" WEeping SHE HATH WEPT IN THE NIGHT,  
AND HER TEARS ARE ON HER CHEEKS." LAMEN. 1, 2.**

# Messenger of the Sacred Heart.

VOL. XII.

SEPTEMBER, 1908.

No. 9



FIDELITY TO THE COMMANDMENTS OF GOD

BY THE RT. REV. THOS. F. CUSACK, D.D.

BISHOP AUXILIARY OF NEW YORK



THE intention recommended by the Holy Father for this month is far more general and sweeping than usual. It is a prayer that all men may live up to the moral law. It seems to evince the Pontiff's desire expressed in his first Encyclical "to renew all things in Christ." It is one of the steps in that great renewal. God's will is to be the external rule by which life and conduct are to be guided.

God's will is manifested in God's laws. The most complete summary of these laws is that contained in the Ten Commandments. Though given to Moses they are binding on all men, because our Lord confirmed them and imposed them upon all men. He made their observance a condition of salvation: "If thou wilt enter into life keep the commandments"; "not every one that saith to me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven: but he that doeth the will of my Father who is in heaven, he shall enter into the kingdom of heaven."

God's commandments are God's voice. God speaks to us in many ways. He speaks to us in nature and tells us that He is its Maker, intelligent and omnipotent: "the firmament declareth the work of His hands." You have heard, perhaps, of that professor of science who became a Catholic and when asked what led him into the Church answered: "Bugs." The wonders he had seen in their structure and habits spoke to him of God, or rather God spoke to him in them.

God speaks to us in conscience, warning us, approving us, rebuking us. Conscience is like a phonographic record, more or less clear, of God's voice when He spoke into our soul and impressed on it the knowledge of right and wrong. Every one has a conscience and every one hears God's voice in it.

God speaks to us through the Catholic church, an instrument which He fashioned to carry the voice of Jesus, the God-Man, to the ends of the earth and to the finish of time to teach every man what he must believe and do to gain eternal life.

So God's commandments, which were spoken into the ear of Moses and afterwards spread on the pages of the Inspired Books, are God's voice to all men. They are to-day as truly the voice of God as when it sounded amid the thunders on Mount Sinai. They are His voice telling us the road that leads to heaven. They are the sign posts on the "straight and narrow way." "If thou wilt enter into life, keep the commandments," said Jesus.

Now when God *speaks*, we must *listen*, and to listen means to obey. There are many reasons why we should listen. The commandments are the moral law made for the whole world by the Governor of the whole world, and every reason which moves good citizens to obey the laws of their country made by human legislators and enforced by human governors, urges in a greater degree the creature to obey the laws of the Creator.

Can you imagine a country without laws? Can you imagine the anarchy and disorder, the injustice, the oppression and the violence? To be compelled to live in such a country would be an earthly hell. There could be no such country. The inhabitants would destroy each other like wild beasts. There could be no industry, nor commerce, nor social intercourse.

Now imagine the world where the commandments of God are not obeyed. Transplant the idolatries of savage nations and set them down in America, with all their excesses; make the blasphemies of certain famous infidels, who by pen and word have shocked the faithful at times, the only form of using God's Holy name; blot out the Lord's day from the calendar and tear down the churches and let no Mass be offered, no Gospel of Christ be preached; let the children dishonor their parents, abuse them, ill-treat them; give every man the power of life and death over his

neighbor, to use it for private revenge or personal gain; let divorce be the law instead of the exception; let wives be held in common; open up chaste homes to every defiler; let every foul thought and desire be satisfied; let there be no such thing as a right to private property; allow no such words as "thief" and "steal" to be printed in the dictionaries or taught to the children; permit no obstacle to lying and calumny—it would be a fearful punishment to be allowed to live in such a world.

And yet every day there are individuals who as far as they are able are trying to bring about such a condition. Every commandment-breaker is engaged in the deadly work. Some are working for it with set purpose: atheists who are trying to destroy the power of the church; theorists who are trying to arouse the envy of the poor for the property of the rich; the rich who, in their luxury, have forgotten God and who by their injustice oppress the poor; the sensual who have chosen to forget the sanctity of the marriage tie and are trying to persuade the nations to leave God out of the marriage contract; the enemies of Christian education who ignore the existence of a soul in the child, provide nothing for its training, teach it nothing about God and His commandments.

All the evils in the world to-day have come upon the world because God's commandments are broken. If the poor are poorer than they ought to be and the rich richer, it is because there are thieves in the world whether they be known by individual names or corporate titles. If homes are broken up, if the foundation of society is threatened, if there is decay in family life, it is because there are the lecherous and adulterers.

Reformers are busy inventing cures for these evils, but in all their cures God is left out of the prescription and the cure is destined thereby to fail. Their cures are like bread pills to a man who is deadly ill. Their cures do not reach the root of these evils—the unrestrained passions of men; there is a "law of my members, fighting against the law of my mind." Something more than science, education and the advantages of civilization is needed to cure the diseases of society. That something is the sense of our responsibility to God, with all that it implies.

"Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His justice,"—every word, deed and thought must be measured by that rule; the voice of



God in the commandments must be listened to when He stands at our door and conscience rings the bell, that tells us of His presence. Our fidelity to God's commandments will hasten the day when "all things will be renewed in Christ."

God's commandments are binding on every man, Pagan, Jew and Christian, and we must pray for the grace that is needed to help every man to keep the commandments. No one can be faithful in keeping the commandments without the help of that supernatural influence which we call grace, and a channel for that help is prayer. Many never pray for that help. We must pray for it for them. The whole world has been dedicated to the Sacred Heart and the whole world must be brought under His sway. Faith must grow stronger. Faith is the guardian of God's commandments, just as the policeman is the guardian of human laws. It is faith which impresses on us the knowledge of God's commandments; it is faith which warns us of the punishment awaiting those who break God's commandments; it is faith which impels us to keep in check the rebel passions within us which rise up against God; it is faith which makes us pray for help.

Here then is the guarantee of our salvation: fidelity in keeping God's commandments; in this also is the cure of every social evil. Pray then earnestly for this intention for it is the kingdom of God in the souls of men.

Not only must we pray but we ourselves must walk "worthy of God in all things pleasing." Friends of the Sacred Heart, we must show the power of obedience to God's commands in making us models to others. There are men who say that it is impossible to keep God's commandments. We must prove in our own lives that it is eminently possible, "that he who is on the contrary part, may be afraid, having no evil to say of us." Our lives must be a *visible* sermon on the power of God's laws to make men holy.

✠ THOS. F. CUSACK, Bp. Aux.

O Jesus, through the Immaculate Heart of Mary, I offer Thee my prayers, works and sufferings of this day for all the intentions of Thy Sacred Heart, in union with the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass throughout the world, in reparation for my sins, for the intentions of all our Associates and in particular for Fidelity to the Commandments of God.

## A MIRACLE OF THE BLESSED SACRAMENT



MIRACLE of our Lord in the Sacrament of His love, the miracle of miracles, always arrests our pious curiosity and confirms our faith. It is so tender an expression of God's boundless condescension to ungrateful man."

The remembrance of such an act of God's condescension exists in the parochial church of St. Jacques, Louvain. In a special repository to the left of the high altar, is preserved the Sacrament of the Miracle, a consecrated host that more than five hundred years ago was changed into visible flesh. In that host our Lord has received the pious homage of the faithful and He in turn has given them His choicest gifts, until to-day the insult once offered to the Hidden Presence has almost been forgotten.

The miracle took place in Middlebourg, the capital of Zealand. A noble lady of that city was accustomed in a special way to look after the spiritual welfare of her domestics, and by her counsels and exhortations induced them to approach the Sacraments at regular intervals. One of them, named John, a native of Cologne, by his disorderly life caused great pain to his mistress. In the year 1374 the pious lady, according to custom, wished all her servants to receive the Sacraments on the first Sunday of Lent. From fear of falling into disfavor John, too, went to the church on the appointed day, and without first going to confession approached the Holy Table. Hardly had the priest placed the Sacred Host upon his unholy tongue than it was miraculously transformed into a morsel of flesh. The sacrilegious man, unable to swallow it and wishing to hide his crime, dared to bite the miraculous flesh. Three drops of blood fell from his lips upon the Communion cloth. Immediately the priest, filled with horror at the spectacle, snatched the sacred species from the profaner's mouth and reverently replaced it in the ciborium which he held in his hands.

Nor was God's anger slow to descend upon the unhappy sinner. In an instant he was stricken blind. Then the enormity of his present sin coupled with all the irregularities of his past life broke in upon his soul. With a cry to God for mercy he fell at the priest's

feet and confessed his sins aloud before all the people. God saw his repentance and restored his sight. John rose up a new man and ever after remained faithful to his resolution of leading a life of devotion to the Blessed Sacrament.

After the removal of the host from Middlebourg to Cologne, the Prior of the Augustinians, in whose church it was kept, desired to take a part of the host with him to Louvain, whither he had been called as Prior of the Louvain Convent. The Archbishop, willing to grant the pious request, was at a loss how to divide the host. Though torn by the sacrilegious bite of the profaner, it had remained entire. To cut the miraculous flesh with knife or other instrument seemed to the prelate a want of respect. In this doubt a triduum of prayer and fasting was ordered, and on the third day (towards the close of the triduum) the miraculous flesh was found divided into two parts. One now rests in St. Jacques' Church, Louvain, the other in St. Alban's, Cologne.

During these five hundred years and more the Blessed Sacrament of the Miracle has been honored at Louvain with jubilees and processions and annual feasts of several kinds. One might truly say that our Blessed Lord has here manifested His mercy most where once He was most profaned. The Blessed Sacrament of the Miracle has always been valued by the pious people of Louvain and to it they have had recourse in affliction. One example will be sufficient. In the year 1520 a pest broke out at Louvain. In this calamity the people had recourse to their precious relic. A day of prayer was fixed, during which the Miraculous Blessed Sacrament was exposed. The following days Solemn High Mass was sung each morning and in the afternoon there was Benediction and a procession. God heard His people's prayers. By the fifth day the plague had entirely disappeared.

During the French Revolution, when the Low Countries underwent such varying fortunes, the Augustinians at Louvain were several times driven from their convent. Their first care was always for the precious relic. In 1803 a few of them returned to Louvain with it, but as their convent was never re-established, they placed the Miraculous Host in the church of the hospital, served by the nuns of St. Augustine, whence it was afterwards translated to the Church of St. Jacques, where it now rests. Around the walls

of the church are paintings which give the different scenes in the history of the miracle.

To-day, this host, changed into visible flesh, has a brownish color. It has shrunk into the shape of a small ball, about the size of an ordinary pea, but one can easily perceive that it is of flesh. When the precious treasure is carried in procession or exposed upon the altar a consecrated host is placed in the ostensorium behind it.

FERDINAND C. WHEELER, S.J.

## O SACRED HEART



SACRED Heart, my Treasure dear,  
Whom angel hosts in awe revere,  
Forgive my waywardness so bold,  
Inflame my heart with love untold;  
Grant that I may to Thy Heart adhere  
With fond devotion void of fear,  
And pay with love a love sincere.  
The treasures of Thy grace unfold,  
O Sacred Heart.

To love Thee, Lord, is not severe,  
The proof of love—the sinner's tear;  
May I Thy tenderness behold,  
My life in Thy sweet bondage hold,  
With grace and love to persevere,  
O Sacred Heart!

WALTER F. X. CUNNINGHAM, S.J.

## NORAH'S DARK HOUR



NORAH DEMPSEY was a pretty little fair-haired working girl who had passed through many an hour of trial before the one of which we write.

This proved, indeed, to be her darkest hour—the spell of jet blackness that, in God's good providence, so often precedes the dawn.

Bashful by nature and refined by instinct rather than by education, Norah worked as a binder in a publishing house, the proprietors of which seemed to think that, as machinery could do the work badly for little, human beings might be expected to do it well for less. So Norah's strong little right arm was occupied all day, punching steel stitches into the tough pages of illustrated magazines.

She worked more hours and earned fewer dollars in the week than you would believe, unless you know her brave and silent class. I will not give the figures. They might give a fatal shock to Mr. Ephraim K. Moser, head of the Moser Publishing Syndicate. I see by the papers that he is at present undergoing specialist treatment at Bad Nauheim in Germany, for enlargement of the heart. It is a pity this malady could not be communicated in a beneficent form to his business associates during his prolonged absences in Europe.

Norah was about eighteen. Although fairly robust and so healthy that you would hardly dream of the wretched food and the long hours, she was the only child of extremely delicate parents. Her father had been dead two years when our tale begins. Mrs. Dempsey had broken down under the long strain of nursing and was fast becoming a bed-ridden invalid. It was Norah's turn to win bread for the house if one sprawling room in East Side Tenements can be called such. House or no, it was *home* to Norah, who would have found the daily battle less, had "daily bread" meant only food, clothing and shelter. Alas, it meant also fitting nourishment, medicines and other costly necessities for the brave, uncomplaining mother. Thus petty debts began to accumulate and the rent fell into arrears. The storekeepers respected Patrick Dempsey's plucky

daughter, and the rent-collector was fairly considerate. Still, the wolf was never far from the door and everybody wondered, except Father McInerney, how Norah kept so cheerful a brow through it all.

The good priest knew that Norah had received a yet higher blessing from God than health and strength and the sunny gaiety of an innocent life. She was rich in that health of soul which we call holiness, piety, devotion and other endearing names, all of which in the end amount to the same—an earnest and tender love of the Sacred Heart.

And thus it was that, with no higher education than the solid teaching of the Sisters in the parochial schools, Norah grew so delicate and refined that few houses of the rich could show so noble a little lady as this daughter of the poor. She was wholly unconscious, too, of her almost bewildering prettiness and of the sheer beauty of the big, gray-blue eyes which she inherited from the far west coast of Ireland she had never seen. A neighbor said of her once that she looked a nun one minute and a little child the next. Indeed, she had the silver wisdom of the one and the golden heart of the other.

Unknown to herself, Norah's beauty grew dangerously conspicuous to the new binding-room overseer of the Moser Syndicate. He was a native of Boston, of Puritan stock, with a dubious personal but an excellent business record, who had lately been engaged at high wages to supervise the stitching-machines, both mechanical and human. His predecessor, a gentlemanly old Philadelphian, had been somewhat abruptly dismissed eight months before, after thirty years' service in the firm. Nominally this was because of his unfamiliarity with some new machinery just laid down. But the young women in Norah's room and the male operators at the other end of the Moser Building had reason for their opinion that it was because he was unprepared to extract the last ounce of work *all* the time from workers under him and because his dislike of new faces made him slow to use the dread weapon of dismissal.

The new man, Robert Emerton, was a bully by nature and a smooth-faced one by art. He had learned in New England every device of that mad medley of over-rush and under-pay, which we know to our cost as "hustling." Good-looking and superciliously

polite, half the sillier girls at Moser's fell in love with him at sight the first day he made his tour of the benches.

Norah scarcely raised her eyes as he halted before her and began an insinuating conversation that somehow warned her of the troubles in store. She felt this, rather than understood it, for at the moment she was more puzzled than anything else. Besides, it was a Thursday afternoon and such of her thoughts as were not innocently distracted by home necessities, or absorbed in the routine work before her, were being given up to the spirit if not the exact letter of the Holy Hour. As the girl on her right, the talkative, slang-loving, but not ill-natured Elizabeth Parberry would have expressed it, Norah "had no use" for a strange man with a waxed mustache, who whispered something about her eyes giving him palpitation of the heart.

Nothing much happened for some considerable time, till Emerton unmasked his batteries absolutely and began bullying tactics all round. There was no question that the fellow knew his professional work admirably, or his manner could not have been tolerated for a moment in the men's rooms and among the machinists.

Some dismissals followed. One of the men thus dealt with gave Emerton a terrible thrashing, it is true, but received nearly as good as he gave in the course of it. So that nothing was gained, especially as Emerton took the case ruthlessly into the courts and pleaded injured innocence so cleverly in bandages that unlucky Abe Holmes paid dearly for his adventure. There was little "back-talk" after that among the men. There was the false peace of silence and sullenness.

When Emerton had established this, he took to spending every available hour in the quieter and perhaps safer quarters where Norah and the other girls worked. It was long, however, before she became fully aware that, whenever she raised her head, his eyes were fixed upon her.

Emerton knew well, in dealing with one of Norah's simplicity, how to throw into his gaze the mute pathos, the pleading melancholy of a wounded sheep-dog, as if to say: "Will *you* misunderstand me, too? I have many cruel enemies. I am a sorely injured man. Surely *you* will not refuse me *your* sympathy?"

"Why don't you make goo-goo eyes at the boss, Norah?" said

bustling Elizabeth Parberry one afternoon. "I would, if I wern't so homely, and the boss had been doing the dying-duck-in-a-thunder-storm act in *my* direction for the last half-hour."

Norah colored deeply and stooped her head more closely to her work.

"Land's sake!" gasped Elizabeth, "don't take it like that, Norah Dempsey. The man's *glaring* at me now. I'll get it where the turkey got the axe, I reckon, on pay-night. I s'pose you know we're most all going on three-quarter time next week," she whispered.

Just a whisper, but it was a dagger-stab to Norah.

"N-n-o," she faltered.

"Sakes alive!" said slangy Elizabeth. "But there, you never were a one to talk to the boys on the other side and hear news before it happens. I wouldn't be such a back number for twice your good looks. Yes, one of them gave me the word at dinner-time. Only ten of the men and twenty of us are to be kept on full hours next week. Slack trade, you know. Say, Emerton's eyes are just melting on you again, Norah. Don't give him the glassy glare when you look up. Just give him the smile and a good one. If you do, you'll be kept on full time, see now. If you don't you won't. My sister, Belinda, had the good looks of our family. She worked under a brute of a foreman in Ohio, making gums and small rubber goods. Now, Belinda was a hard-shell Baptist, and as big a chump as you with that foreman to begin with. One day . . ."

And so Elizabeth prattled on to the unheeding Norah. Poor little girl! Unable wholly to meet her calls as it was, what would the reduction of working hours spell for her? Eviction, perhaps, and the death of her mother. How she prayed for aid to the Source that had never before refused it! How she besought the Heart of Him Who has made special promises to the widow and the orphan, and Who inspired the Wise Man to write that he had seen many things, but never the son of the just man begging his bread.

. . . "So she's doing a vaudeville act at forty dollars a week in Chicago, our Belinda is, right now," concluded Elizabeth. "I don't see any of her money 'cept in used stamps, but she told me in her last letter, she'll be getting ten V's a week in New York here this fall."



How the words grated! Norah had missed the middle of the story of Belinda's adventures, which was as well. How she pined for the clock to strike, that she might hasten home! Not, indeed, to tell the bad news—far from it—but to attend to her mother's immediate wants with a smiling face; to be a ray of sunshine in the lonesome room; and then to find at least ten minutes for a talk with the one unfailing Friend, the Prisoner of the Tabernacle, who deigned to dwell in a lowly convent chapel, two blocks away from the Tenements. . . .

At last she was there, beneath the red glow of the sanctuary lamp, after an hour's tender talk with her mother that had lightened half the load at her heart. How the poor help the poor! If wealthy women only knew that to love the poor, to labor for them, to give one's self up to them, wins the spirit of joy to abide in the heart! How light it would make their labors, how easy their sufferings! As to temptations, they cannot stand out against the gaiety of heart that comes from affectionate intercourse with the poor.

Little Norah, there, kneeling before the Tabernacle, was assuredly sorrowful. But she was not dismal; above all, not unhappy. Her grief was now a resigned and fruitful one. How could she allow herself to be frightened in the presence of Him she dearly loved? "It is I, fear not." Were not those His own loving words?

As she went to bed that night, she almost marvelled at the fullness of the consolation and the clearness of the answers she had received. As regards the imminent money-danger, she should provide herself with a letter from the much-respected Father McInerney to her employers, stating the case and asking for special consideration. For the rest, her present course was the right one. In business matters neither to seek nor markedly to avoid Emerton's conversation; in everything else to shun him like the pest; to resume the First Fridays, and to keep up her brief daily visits.

On pay-night, the names of the twenty girls retained on full time was read out by Emerton. You could hear little gasps of relief as each was slowly called. The nineteenth name was "Elizabeth Parberry." "A clever worker, especially with her tongue," was Emerton's comment. The last was "Norah Dempsey." Emerton added with emphasis: "On account of home circumstances." It

was meant to hurt, but there was such a hubbub of mingled joy and vexation that little notice was taken and it didn't. Only impetuous Elizabeth muttered one word, and that none too elegant, if true:

"*Pig!*" she whispered, her lips almost touching Norah's ear. "I'm real glad you didn't take my bad advice, Norah, but he'll catch you yet if you don't watch out."

As Norah was leaving that night, after being paid, she was abruptly summoned back by an office-boy to Mr. Emerton's desk. Kept waiting till the others had filed out, she found herself alone with him in the deserted binding-room.

"You've hurt me very much, Miss Dempsey," said Emerton with his best smile. He had fine teeth, and knew it. The sheep-dog pathos that yearned in his eyes might have made Norah sorry had she looked into them. But she did not.

"How have I hurt you, Mr. Emerton?" said Norah quietly.

"By not trusting me," was the reply. "You might have known that I wouldn't put *you* on short time. Why should you have more confidence in a Roman Catholic clergyman's letter, written over my head? It wasn't kind—to a friend—Miss Dempsey."

Disguise his tones as Emerton would, there was a snarl in the voice at the words "Roman Catholic." Norah winced, but remained silent. All Emerton saw in her eyes was an ominous sparkle that boded ill for his plans. A touch of temper is not always a blessing. But it undoubtedly sometimes is, or the Apostle would not have written, as the Prophet did before him: "Be angry and sin not."

"Come, come, Miss Dempsey," he said, "we are friends after all, are we not? I certainly had more confidence in you than you've shown in me. Here's my pencil list of full-timers made up last week, long before the Reverend What's-his-name wrote over my head. We can shake hands over it now."

Norah put her hand in his and was vexed to find that he retained it in his clasp while he continued:

"Confidence is all very well, but you must *show* it, little girl. Your pay-night is mine as well, and I've a couple of theatre tickets in my pocket from one of the editors down stairs, besides a wad of bills to say we can have a supper at Pinelli's afterwards. Will you come? Pinelli's is a quiet place—a very quiet place."

Wherever the words came from (and she had her own opinion as

to that), Norah had no difficulty in persuading him that the thing was impossible. He was seemingly satisfied.

But she had the same tough fight to face every Friday evening for the next two months.

It was as though Norah were fording a river, that grew deeper at every step. God's rewards are not so much attached to the good works we impose upon ourselves as to the combats in which it is His good pleasure to involve us. Yet need it be written, that the First Fridays threw a protecting halo over every Friday in the month? Norah began to hope with assurance for the day when the river-bed underlying the bitter waters of her tribulation should slope safely upwards to the further shore.

But in fording a torrent there comes a moment when the bravest *seems* to lose his feet. It occurs in mid-stream. And thus it pleased God to try His faithful little servant.

JOHN KEVIN MAGNER.

(*To be continued.*)

"TAKE UP THE SHIELD"

(Isaias XXI. 5.)



OD'S own soldiers, to the forefront  
 Of the battle line to-day,  
 Where our brethren bravely battled  
 Never turning face away!  
 Shall we let their glorious spirit,  
 That has saved the world, decay,  
 While God is with our arms?

God's own soldiers, are you fearing?  
 Fearing rout, defeat, disgrace?  
 Look, where yonder cross is looming,  
 Look upon Christ's dying face!  
 Hark! His bleeding lips are moving—  
 "Charge them! My undaunted race,  
 For I am with your arms!"

F. X. D.

## WHY NOT EVERY DAY?



COME and dine," said the Risen Saviour to his tired disciples, as He stood among them on the shore of the Galilean lake, early that bright spring morning long ago.

"And Jesus cometh and taketh bread and giveth them," first to impetuous Peter, the water still dripping from the fisherman's coat that disciple had cast about himself as he plunged into the sea to reach our Lord first; then to John whose sharp eyes could see the Master even in the dark; then to eager-hearted James; then to Thomas, no longer a doubter; and so to the rest, moving slowly through the group of hungry fishermen, handing them their breakfast Himself, "comforting His own," and making them forget in the happiness of the moment their long night of fruitless labor.

Now the "Come and *dine*" of our English version may be also rendered, according to the Greek of St. John's Gospel, "come and *break your fast*"; as if the Master who understands the slightest needs of his disciples and sees everything that happens to them, would say: "Last night's work was hard and discouraging and you have not had a morsel to eat. You must be very hungry. But I have been getting something ready for you here. Come and take breakfast with me." So all joyfully partake of the simple fare the Saviour offers them, "knowing that it is the Lord."

"Come and dine; come and break your fast."

As our Divine Redeemer spoke in days of old to His disciples he seems to speak again to-day to all His followers. For what is the remarkable decree the Holy Father issued some two years ago on Daily Communion but a gracious renewal of that invitation of our Saviour?

"Come and dine; come and break your fast." But dining and breakfasting are daily acts. All men dine each day. They must to keep their bodies well and strong, and few Americans would care to face a morning's work without first taking a substantial breakfast.

"Come and dine," the great "White Shepherd" urges all His flock. Good food, and good food every day, is as necessary for the soul as for the body, and the Blessed Sacrament is the most nutritious soul-food there is. It possesses all the qualities of perfect food, for as all natural food, that is food indeed, takes away hunger, renews the worn-out tissues of the body, and promotes its health and growth, so the Holy Eucharist, our "supersubstantial bread," satisfies the hungry soul, repairs the losses that it daily suffers and renders it robust and strong.

"Come and dine." Those who dine each day on this living food of God, and that, unlike ordinary food, it converts into itself him who worthily receives it, that it is an energizing food, adapting itself wonderfully to the present needs of the soul and has besides a strange prospective value; it gives the grace to master unforeseen temptations and to bear up under unexpected trials.

"Come and dine." Did not the ancient Israelites dine daily on the mystical manna, that wonderful perfect type of the Blessed Sacrament? But the rules for properly interpreting the Scriptures forbid us to suppose that a fulfilment can in any way fall short of its type. So the more widespread the practice of daily Communion grows the more perfect will be its type's fulfilment and the more numerous in consequence will be the pilgrims of eternity who will find in this bread the strength to reach the Promised Land.

"Come and dine." The primitive Christians accepted this invitation every day. The Acts relate how they "continued daily . . . breaking bread from house to house"; how they persevered "in the communication of the breaking of bread." This practice goes far to explain the singular zeal and fervor that the infant Church displayed—for example, how "the multitude of believers had but one heart and one soul," how they "persevered in the doctrine of the Apostles and in prayer," how "their possessions and goods they sold, according as each one had need," and how "great grace was in them all." Now why should not the same food produce the same results to-day?

"Come and dine." The crying need of the Church to-day, we hear it said, is saints. What better way is there of meeting this great need than that which the Holy Father has adopted? than that of urging the faithful to come every day to the very source and fount

of holiness? Frequent Communion made the saints of the past; it will form saints to-day. The large majority of the confessors in the Roman Martyrology is made up of priests and Bishops, men who received Communion every time they offered Mass.

Then why not come to dine each day?

"But I am not worthy to receive so often." Are you worthy at Easter? If you are not worthy to go each day, neither are you worthy to go once a year. "Fitness for Communion," a great Doctor has said, "should not be measured by time merely, but by purity of soul." The truly humble man knows his misery so well that he trustfully comes for relief as often as he can to the only One Who can give it. Receive this Sacred Food with all reverence; yes, but the reverence that would keep you from coming often is false and Jansenistic. The greatest saints said truly: "*non sum dignus*,"—I am not worthy," yet they did not fail to receive Communion frequently.

Then why not come to dine every day?

"What, every day? I! No, indeed! Daily Communion is for saints!" and for those too who are not saints, that they may become such. Communion is not a reward for being good; it is a means for keeping good. After all, according to the Holy Father's letter, the only dispositions required are freedom from mortal sin and from unworthy motives; and an unworthy motive would be going out of vanity or out of mere routine—dangers from which a lively faith in Christ's real presence in the Holy Eucharist will give effectual protection.

"Come and dine." With each Communion there is a vast increase of sanctifying grace in the soul of worthy receivers, and as grace grows their likeness to the Son of God grows closer, and the more nearly they resemble Him, the dearer they become to the Eternal Father, the more meritorious their works, the more powerful their prayers, the easier the practise of virtue, and the higher their place in Heaven. "As many as received Him, to them He gave power to be the sons of God."

WALTER DWIGHT, S.J.

## THE COUSINS

(Concluded.)



R. LATONCHE, who seemed strangely loth to leave his present friends, putting off further and further each day the date of his departure, had invited the whole party to join him in a trip to a neighboring pleasure resort on the following day. It happened to be a general holiday in the country, "Lady-Day in the Harvest," as the Irish peasant calls the Feast of the Assumption as distinguished from that of the Annunciation, which is "Lady-Day in the Spring." Mr. Latonche, believing that those who go to Rome should do as the Romans, declared that he didn't see why they should not all have a day's holiday and pleasuring as well as the country people.

"You must rise very early and catch the first train, at a quarter past eight, so as to have a good long day," he had told Alice as he bade them all good-bye for the night. "And mind," his glance resting for a moment on Mollie's averted head, "I expect every one of you girls to come. I am only sorry, Mrs. Carew, that you would not join the party." But his hostess had already assured him that her day for such outings was over.

"You're surely coming, Mollie," Alice said affectionately that same night to her friend, "and you'll wear your pretty new grey frock, and the black hat with the roses?"

But Mollie shook her head in sorrow.

"I'd simply love to go, *really*, Alice dear," and there was no doubting the truth of her statement. "But you see, I could never manage it. To-morrow is a holiday of obligation with us, and I must go to Mass, and as the first Mass doesn't begin till eight o'clock—the curate is ill, and Father Daniel has to drive over from Neilstown to do duty for him—you see I could never catch the 8.15 train. No, Alice, I'm awfully sorry, but you'll just have to go without me, and perhaps it is all for the best, as I'm afraid poor mother would feel very lonely all day without us."

"It's too bad, Mollie, it really is! and if we'd only known of it, Uncle Dick could perhaps have arranged some other day as well. But now I'm afraid it's too late, for I know he wired to the hotel people

that we were coming, and has lunch and everything already ordered. Uncle Dick is such an organizer; he likes to do everything well and thoroughly."

Whatever secret qualms of conscience Isabel may have felt as to the propriety of missing Mass on the following morning, she was very careful to ignore the question in the presence of the others. She had been looking forward to this day's outing with goodness knows what high hopes, and was she to be cheated out of it now because of a silly scruple? So when poor Mrs. Carew, from a sense of duty, approached her on the subject, Isabel brushed the question aside by saying she would probably get Mass at the other end of the railway journey, without knowing, or indeed caring very much whether she should be able to do so. Perhaps it was just as well, she thought—though of course Mollie would have been company for Alice while she and Mr. Latonche talked together—that her cousin was not coming, for after all she would be badly needed at home in order to have supper comfortably prepared for the travellers against their return.

Yet, as sometimes happens, this day of high hopes to which she had been so eagerly looking forward, proved after all a little disappointment. The afternoon turned out miserably wet. Isabel's best and much-frilled white silk muslin frock got hopelessly crushed and bedraggled with rain and mud; the scarlet silk poppies that had looked so gay in her new French hat became soaked through and then discharged themselves in little red streams over her forehead and neck, making her feel, as she herself described it, "a hideous wreck." More than that, Mr. Latonche had been plainly and unexpectedly put out by Miss Carew's absence from the party, and had hardly been able to hide his disappointment all day.

"But you, Miss Bartlett? How is it that you were able to manage about Mass?" he had asked, puzzled and almost resentful, of Isabel. And that young lady was not rendered any more comfortable when Alice answered for her mischievously:

"Oh, Uncle Dick, Miss Bartlett is never very particular about those things. She is—so—so *delicate*, you understand," making Isabel blush crimson with vexation the while she felt conscious of an all but overmastering desire to throw discretion to the winds and box the little minx's ears openly and at any cost.



She could almost have hated her cousin too, when they returned home, rain-soaked and bedraggled, to find that young lady the picture of comfort and neatness in her pretty blue and white house-frock, ready to greet them with a smile of warm welcome which Isabel maliciously appraised in her own mind as "a look of conscious rectitude and of virtue fittingly rewarded." Her feelings hardly grew less unpleasant since during the few remaining days of Mr. Latonche's stay he seemed bent on seeing as much of her pretty cousin's society as that young lady could spare to him from her multifarious duties about the house. Sometimes he strategically intercepted Mollie on her way to feed her numerous flock of poultry in the farmyard; again he would take the spade from her hands in the garden and insist himself on digging the potatoes for the family dinner, while the girl looked on in futile protestations. Her shyness of him had now largely worn away; he was so kind, so simple, so pleasant and friendly, and helpful, that she as well as her mother and the others could not but find his society vastly agreeable and welcome.

Doubtless it was in an amiable mood of conspiracy that Alice came to her on the eve of what Mr. Latonche had finally settled for his departure and begged her to go out and keep that gentleman company for a few minutes in the garden.

"But Isabel is there!" demurred Mollie, who, as usual, was busily intent on some work in hand.

"No, she isn't. She has a headache, and is gone to her room to lie down, and Uncle Dick and I have exhausted every subject of conversation. Do run out, Mollie, if you please, and let me get the tea for this once. The sort of girl *you* are, you think no one can ever do anything right except yourself, and there's poor Uncle Dick, bored to death out there, and it his very last evening, too!"

At this juncture the forlorn and neglected one himself appeared in the doorway, and without further ado, Alice sent the two of them off together.

"I have had such a pleasant holiday, Miss Carew," he began. "I feel as though we can never be half grateful enough to you and to your mother, not only for your great goodness to Alice, but to myself also."

Mollie shook her head depreciatingly. "We were able to do so little. I often feared you must find it very dull," she said.

"Dull! why, I think it is the pleasantest place in the world; so pleasant that I shall not feel quite happy, I believe, till I return to it again. I have always loved the country, and I suppose Alice has been telling you that I have decided on settling down near here. It is business connected with that, and the settling up of my affairs in Paris, that takes me away just now. But very soon I shall come back—and then—I expect I shall want to ask somebody a very important question!"

Mollie looked up startled. Her thoughts flew to Isabel, so oddly estranged and even unsocial of late, and now lying with a headache—or was it merely sulking?—behind the darkened windows of her room that looked down on the garden. Was it a lovers' quarrel—they two had been so friendly from the beginning—and did Mr. Latonche want to enlist her sympathies, or ask her to act as peace-maker between himself and her spoiled cousin? At the thought, a swift pang went through Mollie, and her heart sank heavily.

"After all, there seems no reason why I should not ask the question now," Richard Latonche said, out of a long silence. "You can guess what it is, Mollie—may I not call you so? You know I care for you, don't you, dear?"

Mollie's heart gave a glad little leap, while the blood rushed over her face.

"I—I—thought it was Isabel!" she faltered shyly.

"Miss Bartlett?" in surprise. "Your cousin is a charming girl, very pretty and accomplished, but I have not thought of her in that way; at least—perhaps, I should be quite honest with you—it was only for a very brief spell. No; one morning, rising very early and strolling about without any particular object in view, I wandered into your little church—the ceremonies of the Catholic Church have always had a very great attraction for me. There I noticed a young girl whom at the first glance I took to be your cousin—the same tall, graceful figure, the same fair hair, the same pretty turn of the shapely head, and as she knelt there, so deeply devout, so staid, so wholly womanly and sweet, I said to myself—I suppose it was very presumptuous of me—'There is the girl I would like to marry, a girl of character, a woman who could make a good man, a

steadfast, upright Christian of me!' and then the girl lifted her head, and I saw, all at once, it was *you*, Mollie."

Mollie smiled softly, then her face clouded again.

"You are not a Catholic," she said sadly.

"No, as yet I am not. But it is the one religion that has always appealed to me. Though born a Protestant, I fear I must confess that the creed of my forefathers ~~never~~ had any great hold over me. Repelled by its coldness, its Calvinistic doctrines, I had of late years given up the practice of it entirely. It seemed for a while indeed as though I were to become an agnostic, even an atheist, till happily one day in Paris, I met with an accident which brought me in touch with a good Catholic priest. There was no knowing this man, no listening to him without coming to believe in the truth of the holy religion of which his every act and word was a powerful exponent, and yet I hesitated, I hardly know why, to take the great and irrevocable step. My sister was the confidant of all my doubts—she too was strongly impressed towards the Catholic faith, and will, I am sure, become a Catholic one of these days. But now I feel as though God may have sent you to help me; I hope to return to Ireland a Catholic within the next couple of months. You will give me your blessing before I go, Mollie, and wish me 'God-speed.' You do care for me a little, dear?"

She looked at him, silent a moment. She knew all at once how much, how whole-heartedly she cared, and yet she delayed to answer him, doubting and half-fearful that this might be too great happiness.

"There is nobody else?" he asked anxiously, misconstruing her silence.

Her happy, amused little laugh reassured him.

"No, there is nobody else, no one in the world to be jealous of—only mother!"

"I will not ask you to leave her; she must stay with us always, child." She looked at him gratefully.

"But—I must think a little," she went on, answering the question in his eyes. "It seems all too wonderful, too strange just yet. You must give me a little time—until you return, perhaps." and with that he must fain be satisfied.

But after all, Mollie did not take very long to make up her mind.

Surely in helping on the salvation of this good man, towards whom already she felt so much tenderness, nay, love; in standing by and caring for the dear mother whose lifelong devotion she could hardly ever repay, yes surely here lay her true calling, a holy and happy and acceptable life's work. For Isabel, who had gone away in a pet soon after Mr. Latonche's departure, Mollie felt really sorry; but Isabel's trouble was one that no one could very well help, and if Richard's cause had needed an advocate, it found a very ready and eloquent one in his niece, who, during these quiet, contemplative days, never lost a chance of expatiating, not only on the goodness and generosity and other virtues of her uncle and godfather, but also (artful conspirator!) on the pitiful loneliness and discomfort of that gentleman's bachelor existence.

And when Richard returned, a new and very happy member of the Catholic Church, the answer Mollie gave him he found wholly and completely satisfying.

NORA TYNAN O'MAHONY.

## ONCE MORE !



ONCE more the long rays flash from crest to crest  
 Of changing clouds across the evening skies;  
 Once more the red sun fills me with surprise,  
 Sinking—the same and not the same—to rest.  
 “Once more!” The phrase with hope is sweetly blest;  
 For tho’ the day’s white brilliance slowly dies  
 From gold to grey before my wondering eyes,  
 I look for other sunsets in the west.  
 Past hopes, oh, what will fuse the flush of youth  
 Throughout your gloom and make you white with day?  
 Past hopes of mine, you were, alas, in part,  
 Of blind years born and paled with time and truth,  
 Yet ere you merge into the twilight grey,  
 With sunset glory flood once more my heart.

FRANCIS P. DONNELLY, S.J.

## UNDER THE SANCTUARY LAMP

### THE HILLS THAT JESUS LOVED.

#### XIII. THE HILL COUNTRY.

(Concluded).



HERE is another and a very personal reason for Our Lady's joy in her visit to the hill country. That joy is one of the dominant notes in the harmony of this mystery, there can be no doubt. The Blessed Mother will tell us so herself in a moment when she sings that inspired song of all future ages, "The Magnificat"—Mary's hymn which shall never cloy or grate on human hearts. "And my spirit hath rejoiced in God, my Saviour," is her testimony. And immediately she adds the reason of her joy: "Because He hath regarded the humility of His handmaid." Yes, He had regarded the humility of His handmaid. For He had made her His Mother and now she was to bring Him into the life of St. John.

In the quiet of that spring evening, far from the sacrifices and rites in the temple; far from the throngs which crowded the porches on Mt. Moriah; far from the noise and bustle of the mercenary buyers and sellers at the Joppa gate, Mary, in the peaceful valley among the hills of Juda, begins the exercise of her high office of bringing her Son into the souls of men—an office which none, save her children alone, can prevent her from fulfilling. We can, of course, never forget that from the hour when Gabriel saluted her, as "full of grace" in the grotto-cave at Nazareth, Our Blessed Lady had the claims of a mother over her Child. She could look into the face of her infant resting in the manger, she could see the eyes close in sleep, and watch the heaving of the little breast; she could lay claim to His obedience in later years, because she brought Him into the world and gave Him, who lived from the everlasting years, His natural life.

Now, through her mediation and her Child's blood, we have become the adopted brothers of the Babe of Bethlehem. Just as the natural life came to our Blessed Saviour through Mary, so she is the

channel by which spiritual life comes to us, her children. No wonder, then, that she should have rejoiced in God, her Saviour, when the pulses of John's spiritual life throbbed for the first time in the womb of his aged mother. He was the first of the children of men towards whom she was to exercise this privilege and this ministry. There is not wanting in the Church a deep-rooted belief and a widespread teaching as well as a certain supernatural instinct in the hearts of the faithful, that all graces come to human souls through Mary's instrumentality. What a joy it will be to her to begin the exercise of this work of mercy and love! She will doubtless be a willing agent, bearing not only grace but the author of all graces into the hill country, and great will be her happiness as with quickening steps she hastens to the home of her cousin, so that freedom may be brought to John's fettered soul. We can fancy, too, as that Blessed Mother looks down the ages, she will draw joy and consolation from the thought that ten hundred times ten thousand of the souls of the children of men will, by her presence in their lives, cast off the bonds of sin, and children of darkness and wrath become children of light and love. This is Our Blessed Lady's office towards all of us, and she began its exercise when, at her coming to the home of Elizabeth, "the infant leaped" in his mother's womb.

It cannot surely be a matter of surprise or wonder that the Sacred Heart should single out the Baptist to be the first to rejoice at His coming and to feel the effect of His presence. John was to go before the Master and announce His coming. He was even greater than Elias, as he was to point out Him of Whom Elias foretold. He was to see with the eyes of the flesh Him whom Elias saw with eyes of prophetic vision. John was to be before Him in the desert, on the banks of the Jordan and among the Galilean hills. He would bear to the Master the testimony of words, the testimony of works, and the testimony of blood. It was John's voice which declared and proclaimed the greatness and the mission of Christ when he said: "Behold the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sins of the world." So now Our Blessed Saviour will go before His Precursor in the world of grace. He will sanctify that Child even in the womb of his mother. He will anoint him with the unction of heaven, and consecrate him even before he has looked into his aged mother's eyes, or gazed into the priestly face of Zachary, lit with

the light and hope of the other world. The Baptist, in later years, will be the first to bear witness to the power of that grace by preparing and passing on to the Master his own disciples. What wonder then that in later years the voice of that yet unborn child will ring out in clear and unmistakable tones: "He that shall come after me is preferred before me, and of His fulness we all have received, and grace for grace." It will be no surprise that when thirty years later Jesus comes forth, thin and emaciated from his long fast in the desert, John will point Him out instantly as "the Lamb of God." For it was by the anticipation of the shedding of the blood of that Lamb that the stain of guilt was washed away from the Baptist's soul before the friends and kinsfolk of Elizabeth even knew that she was to be a mother.

In days of old when Holofernes had swung his troops and pitched his tents upon the hills about Bethulia, and besieged the Israelites within the walls, there was apparently no escape for the people of God from the hands of the enemy. Judith "putting away the garments of her widowhood" went forth in all her beauty and slew the invader of her nation and freed her people. Returning in triumph, Judith said: "Praise ye the Lord Our God, who hath not forsaken them that hope in Him. And by me, His handmaid, He hath fulfilled His mercy that He promised to the house of Israel . . . and He hath killed the enemy of His people by my hand this night. . . . And Ozias, the prince of the people of Israel, said to her: Blessed art thou, O daughter, by the Lord the most high God, above all women on earth. . . . And the people said: so be it, so be it." Thus Mary, like another Judith, came with her Divine Child into the hill country of Judea, where the enemy, not of the Jewish nation, but of the souls of men, held captive the soul of the Baptist. What was the siege of Bethulia, what the imprisonment of the remnant of the people behind its walls, compared to the captivity of John, enslaved by sin! Mary in all her spiritual beauty goes forth and fulfilling the prophecy made centuries ago in the garden at creation's dawn, crushes the serpent which was to lie in wait for her heel, and strikes the bonds of slavery from the Baptist. Surely the words of Ozias will find an echo in the heart of Zachary: "Blessed art thou, O daughter, by the Lord the most high God above all women on the earth." Such had been the exclamation of his aged spouse,

when she greeted Mary on her doorstep. All the people within the confines of Bethulia, with one voice, sang the praise of Judith, but all generations, and tribes, and peoples, shall call Mary blessed. This we have from Our Lady's own inspired words: "For, behold, from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed. For He that is mighty hath done great things to me, and holy is His name." When Judith won the victory over the enemy of her people, Joachim, the high priest, came from Jerusalem unto Bethulia with all his ancients to see the saviour of his country. Then Judith coming forth they all blessed her with one voice, saying: Thou art the glory of Jerusalem, thou art the joy of Israel, thou art the honor of our people." In the whole Christian world and in the Church of God, there has ever gone from the hearts and lips of priest and people Mary's praise and Mary's glory. The children, both of her love and her pain, have never ceased and will never cease their hymns and songs in memory of her triumphs and her victories over sin in the hearts of men.

But now Our Blessed Mother will speak and break the wonted silence of her lips. Elizabeth had chanted, with deep gratitude, her loving welcome, and John "had leaped for joy" at the sound of Mary's voice. Elizabeth, in her salutation, had struck the keynote of all Mary's greatness. "Whence is this to me that the mother of my Lord should come to me?" Here, then, we have the reason of Mary's dignity, the foundation of her wondrous sanctity, the bed-rock of the lofty structure of her holiness. St. Paul wishing to explain the grandeur of Our Blessed Lord says, He was "made so much better than the angels, as He hath inherited a more excellent name than they. For to which of the angels hath He said at any time, 'Thou art my Son.'" So, too, we may say of Mary. To whom save to her hath God said at any time: "Thou art My Mother?" This is her dignity, her right, her privilege, and it is hers alone. Great favors and great honors have been bestowed upon many women in the history of the world. Men have vied with each other in their efforts to praise and glorify them. Naught that eye could see, tongue ask, or imagination conceive has been denied them. The earth's jewels have been laid at their feet, the sea has given up its corals, and the mountains their precious stones, sparkling crowns have been put upon their brows, and gemmed sceptres in



their hands, but there is no gift in the power of man or of God Himself to bestow greater than that which is implied in the words of Elizabeth: "Whence is this to me that the mother of my Lord should come to me?" Mary's Divine Motherhood is the crown of all her spiritual jewels, the keystone of the arch of all her greatness. To deck Our Queen with a brighter gem or higher honor, God would have to create a mother of someone greater than Himself, greater than the Infinite, Eternal God.

And now this exalted mother speaks. For the first time in Scripture, save when she spoke to Gabriel in the quiet midnight hour at Nazareth, we hear the sweet music of her voice, the same voice that spoke to Jesus during all His up-growing years; the voice which softly lulled Him to sleep in His sand-cradle, and mingled with the winds which blew over the desert; the voice which whispered to Him during the all too short years in Nazareth; the voice which spoke such words of comfort to Him from the foot of the cross as He hung bleeding His life away. That voice was sweeter to Jesus' ears than the shouts of the angel hierarchies which reecho from vault to vault of the new Jerusalem. And now we are to hear that voice. What will Mary say after these years of silence? What are the thoughts that have found a home in her mind, which ever pondered upon heavenly truths, and was so familiar with the mysteries of God's kingdom? Seldom has that Blessed Mother spoken, but now she will open her lips in a hymn of praise, the words of which shall never die, but shall go ringing down the ages bringing strength and light and peace to the minds and hearts of Christian people. Generation after generation of the Church's children yet unborn, dwelling upon that hymn in prayer, will rise up stronger, fuller of faith and hope, to bless the mother who uttered it. Mary speaks and can we wonder that from her lips fall the words: "My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit hath rejoiced in God, my Saviour: because He hath regarded the humility of His handmaid; for, behold, from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed."

JNO. H. O'ROURKE, S.J.

## TERRY



TERRY lay watching the little patch of moonlight on the opposite wall and listening to the voice of the man in the next bed, the man who was his friend. As he listened, a look of trouble crept into his great, black eyes, and a feeling of awe and wonder filled his heart. Never before in his careless, roving existence, had he been brought face to face with the problem which confronted him now.

On the whole, life had gone right merrily with Terry; that is, since he had fallen in with "the gang." A jovial set they were, light-hearted, light-fingered—men, boys and even little children who lived, for the most part, by appropriating the goods of others as opportunities presented themselves. They gave little heed to the past, less to the future. "Eat, drink and be merry, for to-morrow we die," was ever the motto of "the gang."

Such were the people who had picked up Terry, a homeless waif, wandering forlorn and neglected in the streets of the great city after he had run away from the foundling asylum in which his infancy and early childhood had been spent. Of those days in the asylum, Terry could not think even now without a shudder and a sigh of pity for the miserable, half-starved, little wretches who had been his companions there. Aside from that very early experience, life had passed pleasantly enough for Terry. He was here to-day, there to-morrow; earning an honest penny if the chance offered, if not—well, there was always some pocket ready to be picked, and Terry had received an excellent training in the art of thieving. His entire education as a child had been with that end in view, to make a clever thief of him, and he had been taught nothing else.

It was only within the past few weeks, since he had been lying here on his cot in the city hospital, that he began to wonder if, after all, life might not mean something more than mere clothes and bread, and the enjoyment of what pleasures one could find along the way. In his nineteen years of existence, Terry had met all sorts and conditions of men, but never had he known a man like this one, this friend of his in the next bed, who cared nothing for to-day and lived only for some mysterious to-morrow of which Terry had never heard. Could it be that there really was a life beyond the grave as

this man said? Such a thought had never entered Terry's mind before, but he would almost like to believe that it was true.

He had become sincerely attached to this new friend, who seemed so absolutely alone in the world, deserted by all save the young priest who visited him daily. Terry was not the only one who wondered what strange chain of circumstances, what series of misfortunes, could have brought him to this pass; for voice, manner, appearance, all indicated that he was a man of education and refinement, a man who had once walked with the great ones of the earth.

It was with real grief that Terry watched, day by day and hour by hour, the slow descent into the valley of the long shadow, the gradual drifting, drifting towards the great mysterious land of eternal silence. How would he, Terry, feel were he in this man's place? How would he feel if he knew that in a few days he must face that dread moment which to him would mean the end of all things? How was it that his friend could face it so calmly, nay, with such joy, such absolute certainty of a happy future?

What was it his friend's voice was saying? It was faint and very low, a mere whisper, but every word came distinctly to Terry's ears.

"It is almost the end now, Terry, almost the end. But a little while and I shall have left this vale of tears and entered into the beautiful life beyond. It seems good, boy, almost too good to be true. I have lain here day after day, and night after night, just waiting, waiting. I have watched the sun rise and the sun set. I have seen that little patch of moonlight come and go upon the wall, and I have cried: 'How long, Lord, how long.'

"I have been glad when that bit of moonlight was there on the wall, Terry, because it always shows me pictures, such beautiful pictures, of One Whom I love, One Who has loved me 'even unto death,' the Friend I journey to meet. The pictures are every varying, the scenes ever shifting, but my Friend is always there, always.

"Sometimes I see Him as a little baby, a tiny helpless child, shivering with cold in the manger on the hillside. The city gates were closed against Him and He had not whereon to lay His head. He came unto His own and His own received Him not, but there on the lonely hillside He made His first home with none to bid Him welcome but the ox, and the ass, and the lowly shepherds.

"Again, I see Him as a Child in the humble home at Nazareth. It

is evening and Mary stands at the door and shades her eyes from the setting sun as she watches the road for the return of her dear ones. Presently they appear, Joseph and the Boy, and a smile of joy illumines the Mother's face as she watches them approach. The Child sees her and runs forward to show her some little gift He has made for her, and to recount to her the story of His day's toil under the guidance of His foster-father. Mary smiles again as she watches the eager face, but though the smile is on her lips, there is sadness in her heart. She holds the tiny hand in hers and kisses it fondly and even then a vision comes to her of how she will one day see that hand, nailed to the cross on Calvary's heights, all torn, and bruised, and bleeding, and all her mother's love powerless to save Him.

"Another picture I sometimes see is of the Man, grown beautiful beyond description, all gentle, all kind, all merciful. He leaves the little home in Nazareth, leaves that loving Mother, and goes forth to minister to the sons of men. He walks among them in friendship and in kindness. He heals the sick, He makes the blind to see, the dumb to speak, and the lame to walk; He raises up the dead to life again, and turns sorrow into joy. Wherever He goes, He showers blessings and benefits on all around, on the just and the unjust, the sinner and the saint.

"Yet a day comes when He stands before His judge on trial for His life and not one voice is raised in His behalf. He had given health and happiness to so many, He had gone about doing good to all and harm to none; yet in His hour of need He is alone and friendless. Not one steps forward to plead for Him. Instead, they cry aloud with one voice: 'Crucify Him! crucify Him!' And Pilate says to them: 'Why, what evil hath He done?' But they cry out the more: 'Crucify Him!'

"Another picture I see, terrible beyond the power of words to depict. It is not yet three hours after noonday, but the sun has veiled his face in horror, and a midnight blackness creeps slowly over the earth. On the top of a steep and rocky hill, called Golgotha, outlined against the darkening sky, stand three crosses. On one, He hangs, slowly dying in awful agony; dying for you, Terry, dying for me, dying that we may live with Him forever.

"Around His cross stands a great crowd of people who have followed, hooting and jeering, as His poor, tortured form struggled up

the rocky hillside. They stand now in silence, the silence of fear and dread, as they see noonday turning slowly to midnight. For three long hours He has hung there in torment, but even now His thoughts are all for others, never for Himself. Even now He seeks to perform one last work of kindness and mercy, to bring one more soul to know Him and to love Him. His words are words of pity and forgiveness as He turns to one who is dying with Him, one who is suffering justly for His crimes, a thief, a malefactor. 'Amen, I say to thee, this day thou shalt be with Me in Paradise.'

"As I look on this scene, Terry, I can almost fancy that He turns to me also and repeats that blessed promise: 'This day thou shalt be with Me in Paradise.'

"There is one more picture, boy, the last and a beautiful one. I see Him standing in a cloud of glory and His face does shine as the sun, and His garments are whiter than snow. He is coming towards me and is regarding me with eyes of heavenly love and compassion. I see the wounds in His hands and feet and in His sacred side, and from those wounds comes forth a radiance that seems to fill the room and lift me up on a sea of joy and gladness. I know it is thus He will come to meet me at the end; it is thus I shall see Him waiting for me at the gates of Paradise.

"I will not fear at His coming,  
Although I must meet Him alone;  
He will look in my eyes so gently  
And take my hand in His own.

"Like a dream, all my toil will vanish,  
When I lay my head on His breast;  
But the journey is very weary,  
And He only can give me rest."

Gradually the whispering voice trailed away into silence and Terry knew that his friend slept. One by one the moments passed, one by one the hours were chimed by the clock in a neighboring belfry; still Terry lay gazing with wondering, wistful eyes on the little patch of moonlight as it crept slowly, steadily, along the opposite wall.

\* \* \* \* \*

Weak and pale from his recent illness, Terry went along the familiar streets. It was good to be out once more in the blessed

sunshine, good to be faring back to the old life, the old haunts and the old friends. He could already feel the clasp of eager hands, he could picture the joyous welcome he would receive; for Terry was a prime favorite with every member of "the gang." He had never realized before what a strong hold the merry, adventurous life had upon him, and he threw back his head and laughed aloud for sheer joy that he was returning to it. Yes, he was going back to the life he loved, to the men who were his friends, to the young boys who looked up to him with ardent admiration, and whose one ambition was to become even as he was, the lightest fingered, the fleetest of foot, in short, the cleverest thief of the gang.

As he walked, he thrust his hand deep into his pocket and his fingers came in contact with a tiny bit of pasteboard. Slowly, he drew it out and looked at it, and as he looked a great change came over the joyous countenance. On that little card a few words were written, simply a name and an address, but they recalled to Terry's mind the promise he had given that friend of his in the hospital. It was just a week now since Terry had seen his friend's eyes close in the last, long sleep, close so peacefully, so sweetly. Just a week ago, the bed next his own had been left vacant and the man who had been his companion during weeks of illness and pain had passed beyond the reach of all trouble and all suffering.

Shortly before the end, Terry had given the promise that rose before him now and stood between him and the merry life to which he was returning. He had promised faithfully never to go back to "the gang," the friends he had loved since childhood; to leave behind him forever the only life he had ever known, the life of the professional pickpocket. The dying man had given him the little card he now held, and on it was written the address of the young priest whom Terry had seen in constant attendance at his friend's bedside.

"Terry," the dying voice had whispered faintly, "never go back to them, lad, those men who have made you what you are. No matter how it may call to you, don't ever go back to your life of thieving and wrong-doing. As soon as you leave this place, go to him, the good priest you have seen here day after day. He will put you in the way of earning an honest living; he has promised me he would. Better still, he will teach you to know and love the only Being Whose love is worth striving for. He will teach you to live, Terry, so that when the day comes to you as it has come to me,

when you are about to leave that life behind you, you will be able to face the end without trembling and without fear. I am going fast, Terry, going fast. Promise me, boy, before I go."

And Terry had promised.

That was a week ago and here he was now on his way back to the life he had promised to renounce forever. In a few moments he would be with "the gang," clasping friendly hands, listening to words of welcome. Just there, at the next corner, he must turn to the right and three minutes walk would bring him to them. As he neared the corner, almost unconsciously his slow steps became even slower. The corner was reached and he stood looking long and earnestly at the card in his hand. The address on it was one that would take him far over to the other side of the city, while here to the right, not many yards away, lay home, and friends, and happiness. But could he be happy with them now? Could he be content even, with all these new doubts and fears, and hopes running riot in his brain? He looked down the familiar street, his glance passing from one well-known object to another. The houses, the stores, the very pavements seemed like old friends beckoning him back to them. The old life called to him with a call he could scarce resist; old ties, old friendships, old associations drew him slowly, slowly back to them. He half turned to the right as if to obey that call, then once more looked at the card in his hand. His mind flew back to the hospital, back to that last night when he had watched the little patch of moonlight on the wall and listened to the whispering voice of the man in the next bed:

"Pictures, Terry, pictures of the Friend I journey to meet."

"Dying in awful agony, dying for you, Terry, dying for me, dying that we may live with Him forever."

"I am going fast, going fast. Promise me, boy, before I go."

A moment more of doubt and hesitation, then his reluctant feet took the turning to the left, the road that led to the other side of the city. As he walked slowly along, Terry whispered to himself:

"A promise is a promise, I suppose, an' somehow I'd like to learn more of that Friend what he was always talkin' about. I'd kinder like to think as how He'd come to meet me at the end as He came to him. Yes, I'd like to learn how to die as he did. Reckon I'd better go an' look up the parson chap, after all." ISABEL WILLIAMS.

## WHAT SHOULD WE THINK OF NON-CATHOLICS?



WE should think what our Blessed Saviour thinks of them; as clients of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, we should in all things conform our views and sentiments to those of that perfect Heart. What then does the Divine Heart think of non-Catholics? We can best know this by considering what He has done for them.

Now Jesus has loved *all* men, not Catholics alone, with an exceeding love, even so as to give His life for them. This is a proof of the purest love; for, as He has Himself told us, "greater love than this no man hath, that a man lay down his life for his friends" (St. John, xv, 13). And St. Paul tells us: "God will have *all* men to be saved and to come to the knowledge of the truth" (1 Tim., ii, 4). Even should any have sinned most grievously, as long as life remains Christ continues to wish seriously for their conversion. "As I live, saith the Lord, I desire not the death of the wicked, but that the wicked shall turn from his way and live" (Ez., xxxiii, 17).

Moreover, we must remember that the great majority of non-Catholics are so, not through any fault of their own, but rather in consequence of the wrong-doing of others. Of the sixty-five millions of non-Catholics in this country, comparatively few have become so of their own accord. The vast majority have been raised in some man-founded religion, or in no religion at all, by parents or relatives who may have inherited the same misfortune.

Certainly Christ longs for their salvation; for "He is a propitiation for our sins, and not for our sins only, but also for those of *the whole world*" (St. John, ii, 1). He prayed for them while on earth. He now makes intercession for them in heaven. For them He offers Himself daily at Holy Mass on myriads of sacred altars, and for them we too, His friends, ought to pray daily, as members of the APOSTLESHIP OF PRAYER. He will love us all the more if we thus share His own intense desire for the conversion of those precious souls.

But why does not God convert those souls by His all-powerful grace? This is not conformable to the plans of the Divine wisdom,



which never forces the will of His free creatures. He solicits us to love Him by the most wonderful manifestations of His love; He deters us from committing sin by the most awful and most solemn threats; but He will not force even a child to be good without its free choice. He gives to all adults sufficient grace to know and embrace the saving truths essential for the attaining of eternal happiness, but He compels no one to choose the right way. It may often happen that souls which have received less grace than others work out their salvation by co-operating with such grace, while others more highly favored freely forfeit all their treasures. This is true even of those in the Church, but for the present we speak only of non-Catholics.

God's dealings with souls are to a very great extent wrapped in mystery, and will not be fully understood till the day of the Last Judgment. Yet certain truths are known to us; some of them rich in consolation, others calculated to arouse anxious fear and earnest zeal.

It is certain that the Holy Ghost is actively at work among non-Catholics to bring them to the haven of salvation. Every child that is validly baptized becomes thereby a child of God, is adorned with the garment of grace, and is fit to associate with the Angels in eternal bliss. It matters not who baptizes it, provided the person intends to baptize and performs the ceremony correctly. The consoling result is that multitudes of children in non-Catholic families are without doubt in the grace of God; and, as the percentage of children who die before they reach the age of reason is very large, vast numbers every year of so-called Protestant children take their happy flight to heaven.

Of those who reach the age of reason large numbers may be saved; for they remain in the state of grace until they commit a mortal sin, that is, until they wilfully do what they know to be a grievous wrong. Our dear Lord and the Guardian Angels of the young ward off many a danger of sin; in fact St. Paul clearly says: "God is faithful who will not allow you to be tempted above that which you are able, but will also with temptation make issue that you may be able to bear it" (1 Cor. x, 13).

Thus it is seen that many may be saved out of the exterior com-

munion of the Church; inwardly they have been made members of the Church by baptism. The pity is that this holy Sacrament is so much neglected outside of the Church, and when administered by Protestants, the rite is often carelessly performed. Thus the desires of the Sacred Heart are frustrated. This ought to stimulate our zeal to urge on our non-Catholic friends and relatives the high importance of having their children baptized. Many a soul in eternal bliss owes its happiness to the charity of a Catholic physician, or nurse, or zealous family servant, who procured baptism for infants in danger of death.

It is, indeed, a deplorable evil that so many non-Catholics raise their children without any religious teaching; for the public-school system entirely neglects this most important part of education, and many parents fail to supply the deficiency. The Protestant churches no doubt do good to many of the young by their elaborate system of Sunday-schools, making known to children the love of Jesus for all men, and the rewards and punishments awaiting the sinner and the just; but their influence is limited in extent and efficiency. Besides, when non-Catholics fall into mortal sin, they have no Sacraments to restore them to the grace of God. They are likely to go from bad to worse and to care only for the good things of earth to the entire neglect of eternal life.

Of the adult non-Catholic population of this land a certain number, through the grace of God and the zealous exertions of our clergy and laity, find their way into the portals of the one true fold; while so many Catholics in the midst of their copious graces, are losing their immortal souls. Thus are verified in our day the words addressed by Christ to the Jews of old: "I say to you that many shall come from the East and the West, and shall sit down with Abraham and Isaac and Jacob in the kingdom of heaven, but the children of the kingdom shall be cast out into the exterior darkness" (Matt., viii, 11). Others among the Protestants may be in good faith, having from early childhood heard high praises of the Reformation, and nothing but gross misrepresentations of Catholicity. To the hearts of such, an infinitely good God no doubt often speaks the language of paternal love. He will certainly not allow them to be lost without their fault. How large a proportion of Protestants may be saved in their invincible ignorance, no one can

tell. But, after all proper allowance has been made for good faith, we must reluctantly admit that the vast majority of non-Catholics give very slight signs of being on the way to heaven. As far as information can be had, it appears that not one half of them practise any religion whatever; these do not attend any places of worship, and have no connection with any Church; they live for this world alone, and most of them die as they live. They never hear the word of God, nor do they seek the kingdom of heaven. They are strangers to the first commandment, which Christ has laid down so emphatically: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with thy whole heart, and with thy whole soul and with thy whole mind" (St. Matth., xxii, 37).

True, most Americans will at times give alms to the poor; this is one of the beautiful doctrines of Christianity which even the world respects and admires. But St. Paul tell us this is not enough; he writes: "If I should distribute all my goods to feed the poor . . . and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing" (1 Cor. xiii, 3). The charity he speaks of as essential for salvation is the love of God, and of men for the sake of God, not merely through kindness and pity for suffering humanity. "If you love Me, keep My commandments," says Christ (St. John, xiv, 15); and certainly he does not keep the commandments of Christ who does not worship God.

Moreover, "without faith it is impossible to please God" (Hebr. xi, 6); now among Protestants private judgment is apt to usurp the place of genuine faith. They believe such or such doctrines of their churches because they find them reasonable, not simply because God teaches them, and yet this motive is necessary for Divine faith.

Again, the prevalent spirit among non-Catholics is evidently, and often professedly, the spirit of the world; whereas St. John tells us that "the whole world is seated in wickedness" (1 St. John v, 19).

Yet Christ continues to love the souls of all. But He does not think well of their chances of salvation; and His views ought to be our views, His desires our desires. Therefore, while we tremble for the eternal lot of our non-Catholic population, we ought not to be indifferent to their condition; we ought to pray and exert our utmost efforts for their conversion. Our own Catholics, indeed, are not sure of their salvation, but their chances are far more cheering. All of them are baptized; as a rule they have the spirit of humble faith in

God's teachings, are in active communion with the Church, join in her worship and receive her Sacraments, especially at the hour of death. At that supreme moment the condition of non-Catholics is exceedingly pitiable. Even if they were then to call for their pastors, what can these do for them? And during the whole course of their lives, they are deprived of all, or nearly all, sacramental grace.

It is not God who has deprived them of these helps to salvation; He never drives any one into heresy or infidelity. They themselves, or their parents or ancestors, have cast off their Catholic patrimony; and the consequences are as sad for themselves as they are painful to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, and to the earnest friends of Jesus.

CHARLES COPPENS, S.J.

## SHADOWS

(A STORY OF THE COAL MINES.)



JOHN! John! Hurry, John! You've only a few minutes to get to work, and the quarter-to-seven whistle is blowing."

"All right, mother, I'll go directly."

John got up from his chair, took his dinner-pail, and was off for the mines of the F— colliery.

"Well! what's the matter with my boy anyhow?" said Mrs. Reane, "I never saw him so sad before."

Nor had John ever been so sad. Last night he and his friend, Frank Gail, had quarrelled about carrying the banner of Our Lady in the procession. Frank had been chosen by the parish priest and John was angry, because he thought he should have been chosen, as he was senior member of the Sodality.

He dragged his heavy boots along till he reached the top of the shaft, where many of the men were gathered, awaiting the arrival of the carriage from the foot of the shaft. Some of the men hailed John with a hearty "Good morning," but their salutation was returned rather coldly. He struck a match and lit his safety-lamp, and silently waited for the carriage. Frank was in the group too, but John said nothing to him. As soon as the large steel ropes

connected with the carriage began to move, one of the old miners said to John:

"Well, my boy, I'm afraid you're in for it to-day. They say the water is rising in the sump vein of the mine."

"Is that so, Jim? Well, I told the foreman that the pumps were too small and too old for this mine. I'm not running this colliery, so I can do no more."

John was pump tender, and Frank was his assistant.

Ding! Ding! Ding! "All hands on board," shouted the carriage tender.

The men rushed on the cage, and in a few minutes, the carload was deposited at the bottom of the shaft. John and Frank walked down the slope to their pump-room, and in a few minutes were hard at work, oiling and packing the pumps. About nine o'clock the fire-boss came running into the pump-room shouting:

"For God's sake, John, try and run those pumps faster. The water is rising in a frightful manner. You must try and save those men who are working in the sump vein."

"All right, sir," said John. "I'll do what I can."

He opened the valves and gave full pressure to the pump. Bang! Bang! Thug! Thuck! thundered the pump, while the perspiration ran down John's face.

"Loose that rope, Frank, bind up and pack the piston, or she will never stand two hours' pressure."

Frank sprang for the rope and quickly bound it round the piston. He wanted to say something to John to cheer him up but the words stuck in his throat. Meanwhile the water was pouring into the sump and even now was covering the pump-room floor. Suddenly John turned to Frank.

"Run and tell the men who are working in the sump to fly for their lives; the pumps can't hold out for twenty minutes."

Frank stood up and faced him.

"I'll do no such thing, John. My place is here. You go and tell the men yourself."

John eyed Frank for a minute in amazement and then said:

"If you don't go at once, you'll be discharged in the evening."

"I don't care if I am discharged. Look here, John! Listen to reason. You know as well as I do that the man who stays here

runs the risk of sure death, but the man who runs to the sump can save himself by jumping on the cars. Now you have no father and you have to support your mother. I have a father and a brother to support my mother. So you'd better go, and I'll watch the pump. If it comes to the worst, I'll touch the electric button, and give the signal of distress."

John began to cry like a child. He grasped Frank's hand and shook it warmly. Then with a "God bless you, Frank," he dashed down the track to the men who were working in the sump.

Frank kept on oiling the pumps, till suddenly there was a crack! bang! and a rush of raging waters flooded the pumps and the room. The pumps had burst at last, and in a few minutes the whole lower part of the mine would be submerged. Frank uttered a fervent "Jesus, Mary and Joseph, protect me now. Protect John. Protect all the poor men who are working in the mine." He pressed the electric button, and tried to feel for the door of the pump-house, for his light had been extinguished and his matches moistened by the water. He got as far as the car track when a crowd of men rushed past him. They were all crazed by fear, and in their mad rush for the foot of the shaft they knocked Frank flat on the ground. He reached out and put his hand on the car track, and tried to guide himself out of his dark prison by means of this steel rail. slowly and silently he crept along till he touched something soft. It was a human body. Frank put his ear to the man's heart and found it beating. He shouted into the ears of the prostrate form but there was no response. After a few minutes the man recovered his senses and let forth a pitiful shriek.

"Frank, Frank, I told you to go and let me stay. Oh! Frank, where are you?"

"Here I am, John."

"Thank God, Frank. I gave the men warning and then came back to find you, but I was knocked down by one of the cars and I am afraid that my leg is broken."

The two men said a fervent Hail Mary together, and in the midst of their prayer one of the compressed air engines came along, pulling slowly a car full of men.

"Stop! For God's sake, stop and take this man with you," said Frank.

The engineer shouted: "There is only room for one of you. This is the last trip. Which one will it be?"

"John, of course," said Frank, "he's injured. Take him and I'll find my way to the foot of the shaft. Give me a light."

"John was tenderly placed on the bottom of the car by the miners, and Frank plodded along till he reached the foot of the shaft. He pulled the bell rope. Ding! Ding! No answer.

"Oh, God help me! I'm afraid the carriage is broken."

He knelt down and prayed as he never prayed before. But he was happy because he had saved his friend. The only sound in the mine now was the dull, steady rush of the rising water, and the scampering of the huge rats. The silence of the tomb was broken only by the squeaking of the rats, the harbingers of death.

Next morning the carriage was repaired and a bold troop of miners descended to inspect the mine and find Frank's body. They found him at a little distance from the foot of the shaft. There was a sweet smile on his face, and his hands clasped tightly the rosary of Our Lady. He had been drowned in the black waters of the mine. Slowly and solemnly, with many a hidden sob and tear, the miners carried Frank's body to the home of his old father and mother. John was taken to the hospital and soon recovered, but neither he nor Frank carried the banner of Our Lady in the procession.

JOSEPH M. A. KELLY, S.J.

## MY LITTLE BOOK



THIS book, so unlike others in form as well as in sentiment, may be read at all times and in all places—in the crowded thoroughfare, on the street-car, in the school-room, while the hands are busily engaged in manual labor, or at night in the darkness of my own room when sleep will not close my eyes and no one sees the book or knows that I am reading. In fact, the book may be in my pocket or shut up tightly in my hand. Yet every line is impressed on my mind.

What wonderful lessons this powerful book teaches me! It teaches me what love is; but it speaks to me of generosity—not

that so-called generosity which is willing to give that which does not cost, but that generosity which says: "Give your whole self; give up your own will, all earthly attachments, in short, everything, riches, honors, all that the world holds most dear for Him Whom you should love with a love that can never die."

Again, this book, so small that it is often carried in my purse, teaches me humility, meekness, patience, self-sacrifice, self-annihilation, love of neighbor, love of enemies, mercy. It tells me to forget whether I am warm or cold, rested or tired, well or ill, that is, it teaches me utter forgetfulness of self.

It is the book that says in the hour of trial, "Read here of One Who was crucified after having carried a cross so heavy that He sank to the ground under its weight three times. Offer this cross of yours to God, it will be very acceptable. Ask Him to help you bear it. Tell Him that you deem it a privilege to be allowed to carry a heavy cross, to walk in His footprints. Tell Him that although you are suffering you are glad to do that or anything else that will strip you of self. Then, indeed, will this book do what no human friend can do, bring peace, quiet, consolation, resignation, and spiritual joy.

One of the chapters in this small book explains fully or rather teaches forcibly what sin is. It tells me that the Son of God suffered the most excruciating agony of mind and body to atone for sin. Words cannot express the agony that Christ suffered when the sins of the whole world pressed down upon Him. That agony caused Him to sweat drops of blood. Think of the bodily suffering, the scourging, the crowning of thorns! The long, tiresome journey to Calvary was for sin. We who suffer from a needle prick, cannot realize what Christ suffered when the nails were driven into His feet and hands; when the weight of the body was pulling upon those tender hands. Christ's agonized face looking from this little book of mine tells me that this awful suffering was for sin.

Again, this little book, my crucifix, teaches me the price of my soul. It teaches me that this costly treasure, for which Christ died, must always be guarded from all harm, for one day it must be returned to the Giver. God grant that I may return it without a single blemish!

SELMA F. BENOIT,



# Interests of the Sacred Heart

## THE MONTH OF THE SACRED HEART.



**READERS** of the MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART are aware that on August 8, 1906, our Holy Father, Pius X granted the following indulgences:

1. A plenary indulgence *toties quoties* applicable to the souls in Purgatory, on June 30, may be gained in all the churches where the month of the Sacred Heart has been solemnly celebrated.

2. The privilege of the Gregorian altar *ad instar* is granted on June 30 to all preachers of the Month of the Sacred Heart and to rectors of churches in which the month has been solemnly celebrated.

3. Those who promote this pious exercise gain an indulgence of 500 days for every work done to spread it or make it better celebrated and a plenary indulgence for each of their Communions during June. All the indulgences are applicable to the souls in Purgatory.

As some doubts arose about the exact meaning of the rescript, application was made to the Holy Father for an authoritative interpretation and on January 26, 1908, His Holiness was pleased to issue the following answers. The exact text may be found in the *Acta S. Sedis*, May 15, 1908, page 353, or in the *Analecta Ecclesiastica* (Jun. 1908) XVI, 242, 243. It is to be regretted that this information was not received in time for publication before June, this year.

1. To gain the indulgences, the month of the Sacred Heart should be celebrated by preaching either daily or at least in the form of spiritual exercises for eight days (*cum sacra praedicatione aut quotidie aut saltem ad formam spiritualium exercitiorum per octiduum*).

2. To ensure uniformity and allow as many as possible to gain the indulgences, the closing of the month has been changed from June 30 to the last Sunday of June.

3. These indulgences may be gained by the celebration of the month in semi-public oratories or chapels of seminaries, religious communities and other pious places.

4. Should it be impossible for good reasons to celebrate the month of the Sacred Heart during June it is allowed to celebrate it during another month, provided the permission of the Bishop has been previously obtained (*ex aequa causa et praehabita permissione Episcopi*).

We need not point out to our readers the extraordinary character of these concessions and the proof they give of our Holy Father's interest in the spread of the devotion to the Sacred Heart. He has opened wide the treasury of the Church in order to induce all—priests and people—to celebrate in a becoming manner the Month of the Sacred Heart.

The plenary indulgence, *toties quoties*, granted to all pious places where the celebration is held, means that no matter how many visits the faithful may make to such places *on the last Sunday of June*, they may gain a plenary indulgence each time, applicable to the souls in Purgatory. It is not necessary that they should have attended the sermons, neither is confession or Communion prescribed. It will suffice to be in a state of grace.

#### PIUS X AND THE FIRST FRIDAY.

In the new regulations recently issued by the Holy Father for the Seminaries of Italy, article 92 is as follows: "On the First Friday of each month let there be exercises in honor of the Sacred Heart as shall be deemed fitting, not forgetting the privilege of a Votive Mass granted by the Sovereign Pontiff Leo XIII."

#### A BISHOP FRIEND OF THE SACRED HEART.

The recently consecrated Bishop Auxiliary of Quebec, Rt. Rev. Paul Eugene Roy, was for six years Director of the Apostleship of Prayer in the parish of Notre Dame de Jacques Cartier, Quebec. He had in his League 560 Promoters and 11,000 Associates. The coat-of-arms chosen by His Lordship contains the image of our Lord, bearing the cross in His left hand and pointing with the

right to His Sacred Heart. The motto is that of the Apostleship: *Adveniat Regnum Tuum* (Thy Kingdom Come).

#### A NEW MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART.

The Columbian Messenger of the Sacred Heart (South America), which unhappily suspended publication at the end of the year 1899, has been revived at Bogota. There are now 36 official organs of the Apostleship of Prayer.

#### FIRST FRIDAY IN DENMARK.

Some time ago a pamphlet on the Great Promise made by our Lord to Blessed Margaret Mary for those who would communicate on nine successive First Fridays was widely circulated in Denmark. The result has been most gratifying. At the Sacred Heart Church in Copenhagen, 300 men receive Holy Communion each First Friday. One workingman, who read the book, has arranged with his employer to drop his annual vacation in order to be free on the First Friday of each month. Another who usually works until 2 a. m., or 3 a. m., was obliged to work on one First Friday until 7 a. m., but he came then to receive Communion.

#### CONSECRATION OF THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS TO THE SACRED HEART.

The first provincial Council of the Philippines was held at Manila, from Dec. 8 to Dec. 29, of last year. On the first day a telegram to the Holy Father announced that the Bishops of the Islands had opened the council by consecrating forever to the Sacred Heart of Jesus and to Mary Immaculate, themselves, their assembly, their dioceses and all their clergy and people. At the closing session the Apostolic Delegate, Most Rev. Archbishop Agius, read the solemn act of consecration in presence of an immense throng.

#### WORK FOR THE SAILORS IN PHILADELPHIA.

"Our Sailors' Committee was organized some fifteen years ago by Father John Scully, S.J., then Director of the League of the Sacred Heart, attached to St. Joseph's Church. It progressed under his direction until the expense and work became so great that

it was necessary to turn it over to the St. Vincent de Paul Society under which we are at present.

"Our chief duty is to visit all ships arriving in Philadelphia and to get to confession as many of the crew as we can. Very often we come across poor fellows who have been away from the Sacraments for fifteen or twenty years. The crews of nearly all the steamers arriving from Liverpool are Catholics. We get a number of these men up to St. Joseph's and Father Whitney attends to the finishing touches. Five men constitute the committee and during June we paid 87 visits to ships, and got 42 men to confession, besides distributing a good deal of Catholic literature and many pious articles."—*from the Secretary.*

#### A LETTER FROM THE HOLY FATHER ON DAILY COMMUNION.



THE April number of the *Mountaineer*, Mount St. Mary's College, Chesterfield, England, publishes a letter addressed to Father Patrick Wolfe, S.J., Rector of the College, by His Holiness, Pope Pius X, expressing deep satisfaction at the flourishing state of Daily Communion among the scholars, and praising the measures adopted by the College authorities for furthering in this matter "the will of Christ, the mind of the Church, and Our own counsels." The Rector, we are told, had addressed a petition to the Holy Father, countersigned by the Spiritual Father of the boys, by the boy prefect of Our Lady's Sodality, and by the "Head of the Line," or the school captain, humbly begging His Holiness to vouchsafe a few words, such as might be inscribed on a tablet, commemorating the inception among the scholars of Daily Communion, on Thursday, March 1, 1906. By way of submitting to the Holy Father's judgment the devotional methods in use and their results, the petition showed that since the publication of the decree on Daily Communion (December, 1905) the number of school Communions had risen, in the school year 1906-7, to 35,000, as against a previous yearly maximum of 6,000; that scholars of all ranks made daily visits to the Blessed Sacrament on their own initiative; that each Thursday was marked by **special acts of devotion, and that those who prepare for First Com-**

munion now display far greater eagerness than formerly for the happy event.

His Holiness' gracious reply, dated the "First Friday" of last February, runs as follows:

(Translation).

To Our Beloved Son, Patrick Wolfe, S.J., Rector of the College dedicated to the Immaculate Conception of the Mother of God, Chesterfield.

BELOVED SON, HEALTH AND APOSTOLIC BENEDICTION:

We have learned with the greatest joy that the boys of your College, dedicated to the Immaculate Conception of the Mother of God, have embraced the practice of daily receiving the Holy Sacrament of the Altar; for in so doing We know that they are complying with the will of Christ, the mind of the Church and Our own counsels. Wherefore upon the Superiors of the house, in the first place, We bestow the praise which is their due for having used, in the training of the boys entrusted to them, this safeguard of solid piety; next, to the boys themselves We gladly give a no stinted meed of praise for striving so efficaciously and zealously after their souls' sanctification. If they daily receive their God, the fountain of grace, We foresee that, as a result, they will procure increasing blessings, the outcome of their virtuous example, not only for their own souls, but also for their College and their families, no less than for the State and for religion; and that each one in security and sweetness will gain peace in his life, happiness, and an ever-abiding reward.

As an earnest of heavenly blessings and in testimony of Our esteem We most lovingly in our Lord impart the Apostolic Benediction to you, to the others in authority in the College, and to each of the boys.

Given at Rome, at St. Peter's, on the seventh day of February, 1908, in the fifth year of Our Pontificate.

PIUS X, POPE.

### PETER'S PENCE

|                                    |         |                                  |      |
|------------------------------------|---------|----------------------------------|------|
| Already Acknowledged .....         | \$28.55 | C. H. M., Peoria, Ill.....       | 1.00 |
| A. C. F., Westchester, Pa.....     | .50     | Miss L., Manchester, N. H.....   | 1.00 |
| B. L., Brookline, Mass.....        | 2.25    | A Friend .....                   | 1.00 |
| Anon. ....                         | .10     | J. S., Evans Landing, Ind.....   | .35  |
| Mrs. J. H. S., Anaconda, Mont..... | 3.00    | Mrs. G. Z., Rochester, N. Y..... | .05  |
| Mrs. M. R., Brooklyn, N. Y.....    | 1.00    | M. H., Hayward, Wis.....         | 1.00 |
| Mrs. S. C. G., Shreveport, La..... | .30     | Mrs. K., Oxford, N. J.....       | .40  |
| Total.....                         | \$40.49 |                                  |      |

## BOOK NOTICES.

### *A Catechism of Modernism.*

We have received two different translations of this work which was originally written in French by Father J. B. Lemius, O.M.I., and honored by a letter from Cardinal Merry del Val in the Sovereign Pontiff's name. His Holiness expressed the hope that the book would be widely diffused. One translation was made at St. Joseph's Seminary, Dunwoodie, N. Y., and is published by the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, 462 Madison Ave., N. Y. The other, called an "authorized translation," is by Fr. John Fitzpatrick, O.M.I. It can be obtained from Messrs. Benziger Bros., N. Y. (25 cents). The catechism reproduces, in its entirety and in the exact order of its ideas, the Encyclical "On the Doctrines of the Modernists." It is intended to present the contents of this great Encyclical in a way fitted to the capacity of the ordinary reader.

*Tommie and His Mates.* By David Bearne, S.J. Catholic Truth Society, London. Benziger Bros., N. Y. \$1.00.

*Nick Roby.. The Story of His Childhood.* By David Bearne, S.J. Benziger Bros. \$0.75.

Catholic readers are much indebted to Father Bearne for his beautiful books. Many people will read scarcely anything but fiction. Here, then are touching stories well worth reading. "Tommie and His Mates" is a collection of shorter stories about the lowlier folk of Ridingdale, "Nick Roby" is an account of a little protestant boy who gets the grace of conversion later on; we are told now of the influences that bore on his very early life amid surroundings that will perhaps appeal more to English than to American readers.

### *Short Sermons.* Second Series.

By the Rev. T. P. Hickey, O.S.B. Benziger Bros. \$1.25.

The success of the author's first series of short sermons has encouraged him to publish another. We are glad to note that he uses the opportunity of inculcating "Frequent Communion" in accordance with the Decree of our Holy Father, Pius X. The sermons are short, simple and practical.

*The Spectrum of Truth.* By A. B. Sharpe and F. Aveling. B. Herder, St. Louis. \$0.30.

The authors of this book aim at providing "a conspectus within the smallest possible compass, of the characteristic attitude of the chief philosophical systems towards the great speculative questions" of philosophy. We fear that the brevity of the work has made necessary the omission of important questions and a too cursory treatment of those selected. However, the mere statement in English of the points of issue will be of value for students and readers of philosophy.

*What is Life? A study of Vitalism and Neo-Vitalism.* By Bertram C. A. Windle. B. Herder, St. Louis \$1.00.

Dr. Windle was invited to expand his lecture on the "Secret of the Cell," and the result is now before us. The purpose of the book is to show that the characteristics of living matter cannot be explained in terms of chemistry and physics. All who are interested in the problem of the difference between living and non-living beings will find here a luminous contribution to the subject.

*Jeanne D'Arc, the Maid of France.* By C. M. Antony, with a preface by Father Robert Hugh Benson. Benziger Bros., N. Y. 80 cents.

*St. Christopher, Breaker of Men* and other stories. By Rev. Cyril Martindale, S.J. Benziger Bros., N. Y. 80 cents.

In our last issue we commended the St. Nicholas Series to the patronage of our readers. Here are two more volumes. The first is a historical sketch of especial interest now that we may expect the beatification of Joan of Arc next spring. The second volume is made up of sketches more or less historical and ought to win much favor.

*Constance Sherwood.* By Lady Georgiana Fullerton. B. Herder, St. Louis. \$0.40.

The publishers have given us a new and cheaper edition of a well-known novel, perhaps the best of Lady Fullerton's novels. Though the type is small, the book is clearly printed and is calculated to gain many new readers for this story of persecution in England under Elizabeth.

*Christ Among Men.* By Abbé Sertillanges. Translated by L. M. Ward. Benziger Bros., N. Y. 60 cents.

There can be no excess of books about our Blessed Lord. Hence we welcome this English presentation of a story of His characteristics as seen in the Gospels. It is suitable for spiritual reading and will help to greater love and imitation of the Divine Model.

*Rosette.* A Tale of Paris and Dublin. By Mrs. W. O'Brien. Benziger Bros. \$1.25.

This is the diary of a French pro-

testant girl who is gradually led to embrace the true religion. We wish to recommend it as a charming story, suitable for any library. It would make an excellent present to non-Catholics of refinement and might well be instrumental in their conversion.

*The Dark Night of the Soul.* By St. John of the Cross, translated by David Lewis. With Corrections and Introductory Essay by Benedict Zimmermann, O.C.D. Benziger Bros., N. Y. \$1.50.

Another volume of the handsome new edition of the works of St. John of the Cross lies before us. The instructions given in this book on the contemplative life are chiefly addressed to directors of souls. We can imagine that they would be misunderstood and become harmful to people who fancy themselves prepared for higher contemplation when they have not yet learned the A B C of asceticism, the practice of self-denial and obedience. It may be well to remark for those who read this book and other spiritual books of former days that they ought not to be misled by expressions, disapproving of frequent Communion. At present, we have had the authoritative expression of the will of the Church, exhorting all the faithful to daily Communion and it is our duty to follow Christ's Vicar though in past days this will of the Church may not have been fully understood even by men worthy of canonization.

*A Key to Meditation.* From the French of Père Crasset, S.J. Benziger Bros. 50 cents.

These simple methods of mental prayer, examination of conscience, and other spiritual exercises are based on the Exercises of St. Ignatius.

They are followed by instructions designed to help souls who find difficulty in praying. The methods given have the highest approbation and have led many souls to great perfection. They will be of great utility both to persons consecrated to God in religious life and to those who in the world are striving to serve God faithfully and to become more and more closely united to the Sacred Heart.

*The Child Countess.* By Sophie Maude. Benziger Bros. 75 cents.

Father Benson has contributed a foreword to this delightful narrative of a little confessor of the faith in the reign of James I. The book ought to prove interesting to all youthful readers.

The Young Men's Sodality of St. Xavier Church, Cincinnati, O., has

published a little pamphlet of 29 pages entitled *A Word About Sodalities*. This short account of Sodalities was compiled by a Jesuit Father, from approved sources. Its aim is to give non-sodalists reliable information in brief about the Sodality, its objects, advantages, etc., as also to supply zealous sodalists with something to hand to earnest enquirers. It has been abbreviated as much as possible, so as to bring it within the means of Sodality Directors for free distribution where it will do most good—especially in Missions or Retreats, during which an appeal is usually made for an increase of worthy sodalists. May it help in adding to our Sodalities in this country a large number of desirable members of every grade and condition of life—for the greater glory of God and the honor of His Blessed Mother.

## RECENT AGGREGATIONS

| Diocese.          | Place.                 | Local Centre.                  | Date.         |
|-------------------|------------------------|--------------------------------|---------------|
| Boston.....       | Norwood, Mass.....     | St. Catherine's ..... Church   | July 21, 1908 |
| Chicago.....      | Chicago, Ill.....      | St. David's ..... " "          | July 21, 1908 |
| Cleveland.....    | West Park, O.....      | St. Joseph's ..... Academy     | July 1, 1908  |
| Hawaii.....       | Kalahi, Hawaii.....    | Our Lady of the Mount.. Church | June 1, 1909  |
| Natchitoches..... | Cottonport, La.....    | Assumption ..... " "           | July 2, 1908  |
| New York.....     | Bronx, N. Y. C.....    | St. Adalbert's ..... " "       | July 12, 1908 |
| New York.....     | Bronx, N. Y. C.....    | St. Roch's ..... " "           | July 21, 1908 |
| New York.....     | New York, N. Y.....    | St. Joseph's ..... Home        | June 27, 1908 |
| Ogdensburg.....   | Lake Placid, N. Y..... | St. Agnes' ..... Church        | June 26, 1908 |
| Oklahoma.....     | Scheidel, Okla.....    | St. Francis' ..... " "         | July 21, 1908 |
| Philadelphia..... | W. Phila., Pa.....     | Most Bl. Sacrament ....        | June 26, 1908 |
| Salt Lake.....    | Austin, Nevada.....    | St. Augustine's ..... " "      | July 21, 1908 |
| Scranton.....     | Dunmore, Pa.....       | All Saints ..... " "           | July 1, 1908  |

Total number of Aggregations, 18; Churches 11; Academy 1; Institution 1.



# Thanksgivings

"In all things give thanks."—I Thes., v, 18.

Total number of Thanksgivings for last month, 1,283,756.

## SPECIAL FAVORS.

### A Triumph of the Sacred Heart.

*M—, Missouri.*—"In M—, Mo., there was converted recently a Mr. H—, who for the past eight years had suffered greatly. He has a son a Baptist minister. His two daughters are converts to the Catholic faith. The elder daughter was most self-sacrificing in her attention to her sick father and desired his conversion most earnestly, but prudently refrained from urging him to embrace the Catholic religion. He was wholly ignorant of devotion to the Sacred Heart. However, on the First Friday of June last, of his own accord, he called for a priest, was baptized and prepared for death. After his baptism a friend sent him the scapular of Our Lady of Mount Carmel and a Badge of the Sacred Heart. He was at once enrolled in the scapular and expressed a desire to wear the Badge. The last words his lips uttered were, "O Sacred Heart of Jesus." This was on Friday, the 19th of June. On the Sunday following he went peacefully forth to rest forever in the Heart of Jesus."

### Light of Faith.

*Chicago, Ill.*—"But a few months ago, the young man for whose conversion thanksgiving is now offered to the Sacred Heart, was an atheist. 'No one in this world,' he remarked, 'can make me believe in anything.' A Sacred Heart Badge and a miraculous medal of our Lady

were sewed in his overcoat, unknown to him. A promise was made that if he were converted, it would be published in the MESSENGER. Arrangements were made to have him meet a priest. He consented to attend the Lenten Lectures and other religious services, when suddenly the light of Faith came to him in Passion Week. He immediately arranged for instructions and from an unhappy unbeliever, he became a happy child of Our Holy Mother the Church, in the month of our Blessed Mother."

### A Contagious Disease Averted.

*X—, Mass.*—"A contagious disease having broken out in a certain academy of Massachusetts, the Sisters promised that if our Lord would check the progress of the evil, they would have a novena of Masses said in honor of the Sacred Heart and the favor published in the MESSENGER. There were no new cases of the dread disease and the grateful community wish to make public thanksgiving."

### A Marvelous Cure.

*Baltimore, Md.*—"A religious returns grateful thanks to the Sacred Heart for the wonderful cure of a relative from a serious operation. Whilst at work, a piece of tin struck his eye, and for nine consecutive weeks he suffered from insomnia, intense pain and loss of vision in the left eye. The doctor feared that through sympathy the right eye

would be affected. Someone gave him a "League Badge," with the injunction to place it on the shade over his eye when he went to bed. He did as requested, slept well and found to his delight that all pain had ceased. He is now cured and again at work. His physician considers the cure marvelous."

#### **Saved from an Epidemic.**

*Oregon.*—"Several cases of diphtheria broke out in our institution. Fearing an epidemic which would compel us to close, we promised the Sacred Heart of Jesus to have the fifteen Mysteries of the Rosary recited by the Community and publication in the MESSENGER if this great favor was granted us. Thanks to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, not a single case occurred after we had made the promise."

#### **The Prayers of the League.**

*Orange Walk, British Honduras.*—"We give special thanks to the Sacred Heart for the effects we have experienced from the prayers of the members of the League for the general intention during the month of June. The increase of devotion to the Sacred Heart was manifested by a large number of frequent Communions; by a better attendance at Mass on Sundays; by a crowded church for the special League exercises, the reception of promoters and the distribution of badges and by an increase of zeal on the part of the Promoters."

#### **A Protestant Cured.**

*Wheeling, W. Va.*—"Thanksgiving is offered to the Sacred Heart and to our Lady of Lourdes, for the complete recovery of a Protestant pupil who was so dangerously ill with

pneumonia and other serious complications, that the attending physicians announced there was no hope of recovery. A badge of the Sacred Heart was worn, and water from Lourdes was given the patient with the medicine."

#### **Saved From Despair.**

*New York City, N. Y.*—"Fifteen years ago, I was at school in a Catholic college, at Lyons, France. All my schoolmates, like myself, were members of the League of the Sacred Heart. For more than a year I went to Communion every First Friday. No sooner had I left college than I plunged headlong into a mad career of pleasure and ambition. I travelled a good deal, made friends everywhere, and enjoyed myself to my heart's content. But all at once my hopes were shattered, my business went down, and my friends deserted me. I was in despair, and without a ray of light to brighten my life. Whilst rummaging through my papers I found a picture of the Sacred Heart. I stopped to look at it and was reminded of my happy school days. That picture was to me like a dear old friend. I listened to its secret whisperings, and from that moment the light came back again into my life. In a few days I was, thanks to the Sacred Heart, a new man, full of peace and hope. My future, which six months ago I was afraid to think of, loomed up to me full of bright hope. Eternal thanks to the Sacred Heart to whom I am indebted for the happiest days of my life and for help and consolation in the hour of need and despair."

#### **Cured After Fourteen Years.**

*Cumberland, Md.*—"It is impossible to find words to express my

gratitude for the following favors which I owe to the Sacred Heart. Only a fortnight ago I was unable to walk ten yards, I can now walk miles, being cured of an illness of fourteen years' standing. The cure was brought about as follows: Having read in the MESSENGER what the faith in the Sacred Heart had done for a host of others, I implored our Lord to listen to my pleadings. I had two Masses said and promised two more in thanksgiving for the poor souls. I began a Novena on June 1, and before it was finished I walked to church and back. This was a twenty-minutes walk which I had scarcely hoped to take in six months, if ever. In gratitude I shall do all in my power to spread the devotion of the Sacred Heart through subscriptions to its Official Organ."

#### A Remarkable Operation.

*Erie, Pa.*—"After eleven years' suffering from an incurable sickness which reduced me to a state of helplessness, the physician assured me that the only hope of cure would be by means of an operation. After much deliberation I consented to submit to it. I knew it would be a very serious one and entertained no hope of surviving it. To my utter amazement the operation, besides being a perfect success, was so free from the usual after effects as to allow me to receive Holy Communion on the following morning, the First Friday of May. This remarkable favor I owe to the Sacred Heart, to Whom be praise and glory for ever."

#### Hearing Restored.

*Los Angeles, Cal.*—"Several months ago I had an abscess in my left ear, which was so painful that

I could not sleep day or night. An operation seemed inevitable. Whilst in great pain under a treatment prescribed by our physician I tried to read the MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART. The only part, however, which I could read at the time was the notice of cures contained in the last pages of the publication. After reading the thanksgivings for favors received, I decided to pray for the success of the treatment I was under and for the restoration of my hearing, with promise to publish the favor, if granted, in the MESSENGER. To my great surprise and delight the pain ceased and my hearing became gradually better. Words cannot express how thankful I am and shall ever be to the Sacred Heart for His great goodness to me."

#### A Family Made Happy.

*Carroll, Iowa.*—"My husband's family as well as my own have been Protestants of the most prejudiced type. By God's special grace I received the light of faith nearly two years ago. My children were baptized with me. My one prayer was that my husband would join me. In answer to my request he made a mission with me; but, though pretty well convinced of the truth of the Catholic Church, he hesitated in joining it. Last December our little boy had diphtheria, and so serious was the attack that his death seemed inevitable. Whereupon my husband turned to our Lord for help, promising to follow the light he had received if the little one's life would be spared. The child got better immediately and in one week's time was completely restored to health. To my sorrow my husband failed to make good his promise. God's grace, however, which my children and I

begged from the Sacred Heart for his conversion, was granted after two novenas, and a Mass said for that intention..”

### **A Church Through the Sacred Heart.**

“Ten years ago I became a member and promoter of the League. There were at that time but four Catholic families in this town. We rarely saw a priest. I asked the other members of my small band to join me in begging the Sacred Heart for a church. As things remained several years at a standstill, they became discouraged and assured me I would never see a church because of the small number of Catholics in the town, and still more because of the decided hostility of Protestants to our Holy Faith. My confidence, however, in the Divine Heart never wavered for a moment. I besought our Lord more fervently than ever to have compassion on us. The result was that the month following my new pleadings, the second Catholic Church in the county was dedicated and called St. Mary’s. There are now about twenty-five families in the town. Whilst praying for a church, I asked at the same time of the Divine Heart, the conversion of my husband, a Protestant, and the return to the faith of two brothers.

Sixteen months ago, our Lord was pleased to send me at the same time an agonizing cross and a priceless blessing. He bestowed on my husband the stainless robe of baptism fourteen hours before death.

One brother, after eighteen years of neglect of his religious duties, went to confession and Holy Communion last month. There is but one request left unanswered; and in His own good time our Lord will also grant that as He has granted

the other most wonderful and sweet graces.

“A few days ago a young man of the city came to this town in quest of work. He was not successful and was about to return discouraged. I advised him to send his request at once to the League. He did so, and on his way to take the car back to the city, he obtained employment.”

### **GENERAL FAVORS.**

For many of these favors Mass and publication were promised; for others the Badge or the Promoter’s Cross was used; for others the prayers of the Associates had been asked.

**ARIZONA.**—*Yuma*, relief for husband from great affliction.

**ARKANSAS.**—*Fort Smith*, the recovery of a child from convulsions, child’s relief from intense suffering.

**BRITISH HONDURAS.**—*Belize*, the conversion of a father and help in a spiritual matter.

**CANADA.**—*Peterboro*, the cure of a child afflicted from infancy.

**CALIFORNIA.**—*Alameda*, relief of a mother and daughter from pain in the side and success of operation; *Fruitvale*, increase in wages; *Los Angeles*, relief from great pain, a cousin’s restoration to health, the favorable renting of a house, the grace of repentance, restoration to health of several members of a family, a difficult sale of property within a definite time; *Ontario*, a cure and the finding of a lost son; *Redwood City*, the grace of a happy death for a brother; *San Diego*, cure of a sprained foot; *San Francisco*, a reconciliation, the return of a person to the Sacraments after a long absence, the cure of an intemperate person, safety of a mother and child, preservation from death in car accident, cure of hemorrhages; *Stockton*, the

obtaining of employment; *Triolumne*, the finding of a lost article.

COLORADO.—*Denver*, the obtaining of work; *Trinidad*, the remarkable recovery of two children from a severe attack of pneumonia.

CONNECTICUT.—*Bristol*, success in an undertaking; *Meriden*, cure of intemperate habits; *New Haven*, reconciliation between two members of a family, the averting of a strike; *Waterbury*, success in work, the averting of trouble, the cure of pain.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.—*Georgetown*, seven reconciliations, the recovering of use of hands, the immediate cessation of fever.

FLORIDA.—*Pensacola*, the strengthening of a child's limb, position obtained for a father.

GEORGIA.—*Atlanta*, the wonderful disappearance of a swelling; *Moultrie*, complete recovery from an attack of rheumatism.

ILLINOIS.—*Alton*, the obtaining of a position, a special favor; *Centralia*, the reconciliation of brothers and preservation of peace; *Chicago*, the grace of overcoming violent temptation, cure of a lingering disease, extraordinary success in graduate examinations, sudden relief from pain, grace of conversion to the faith shortly before death; *Evanston*, relief from severe pain in the head; *La Grange*, recovery of two persons from severe illness, the preservation of a child's life; *Ottawa*, great relief from serious illness, a young boy's progress in virtue and studies; *Springfield*, success in studies; *Streator*, the obtaining of a good position.

INDIANA.—*Indianapolis*, reform of a mother and father, a successful year at college, success in final examinations, the speedy cure of erysipelas; *Vincennes*, great relief from chronic trouble.

IOWA.—*McGregor*, a mother's safe-

ty; *Manley*, the speedy recovery of a daughter.

KENTUCKY.—*Louisville*, successful sale of some property.

LOUISIANA.—*Colfax*, a son's restoration to health; *Grand Coteau*, the cure of two ladies, the cure of a sick child, the cure of throat and relief from pain in the neck, preservation from storm; *Lafayette*, relief from suffering; *New Orleans*, cure of chronic attacks of indigestion, preservation from floods, fire and storm, cure and speedy recovery of one suffering from typhoid fever, preservation of a parish from contagious disease, relief from great trouble, financial assistance, conversion of a whole family, the grace of daily Communion, success in an undertaking, the disappearance of a swelling pronounced to be cancer, success in an examination, a mother's return to the Sacraments.

MAINE.—*Biddeford*, the return to the faith of a relative.

MARYLAND.—*Libertytown*, the success of an operation; *Woodstock*, the deliverance from long continued mental trials, success in two examinations.

MASSACHUSETTS.—*Auburndale*, the recovery of three children; *Boston*, freedom from imminent trouble at the hands of unscrupulous persons, the obtaining of a position, complete cure of a child afflicted with nervousness, a nephew's relief from spasms, preservation from loss of sight, the securing of a situation, a father's cure from excessive drinking; *Cambridge*, the securing of employment; *Fall River*, unexpected recovery of a sister; *Dorchester*, preservation during a severe thunder storm, speedy recovery in confinement; *Lenox*, relief from sore throat; *Mittineague*, the immediate disappearance of a sudden growth; *Pittsfield*, a cure ob-

tained without surgical operation; *Roxbury*, a mother's restoration to health; *Sharon*, the obtaining of a situation; *Springfield*, success in examination, the obtaining of a situation; *Stoughton*, a sister's compliance with her Easter duties; *Webster*, recovery of employment.

MICHIGAN.—*Detroit*, securing of employment for a friend; *Erie*, disappearance of a growth; *Gold Creek*, special assistance from God in several instances; *Hubbell*, a mother's restoration to health; *Maybee*, the averting of an operation, immediate cessation of fever; *Traverse City*, a sister's recovery from severe illness.

MINNESOTA.—*Bay St. Louis*, preservation from a relapse in typhoid fever, recovery of a child from serious illness, the finding of a lost article; *Eveleth*, saving of church and rectory from fire; *Fergus Falls*, averting of an amputation; *Minneapolis*, wonderful recovery of two friends; *St. Paul*, restoration to health of an only son, success in examinations, almost complete cure of a crippled limb; *St. Cloud*, securing of a position.

MISSISSIPPI.—*Yazoo City*, obtaining of a position for a sister, preservation of a family from a contagious disease, retaining of a position.

MISSOURI.—*Bronville*, recovery of a person and grace of worthy reception of the Sacraments; *Florissant*, recovery of a person declared incurable; *Kansas City*, success in examinations; *Nelson*, relief from violent temptations, a brother's safe return; *Normandy*, conversion of a young man from intemperance; *St. Louis*, relief from grief and distress of mind, success in difficult examinations, success in school work, a successful operation, restoration to health, eight conversions to the Faith and grace of vocation, great improve-

ment of eyesight, a lady's conversion to the faith.

MONTANA.—*Gold Creek*, special assistance from God in several instances.

NEW JERSEY.—*Englewood*, conversion of a brother, recovery from a serious illness; *Gloucester*, a child's cure, a friend's restoration to health; *Jersey City*, preservation from headaches, a mother's immediate relief from suffering; *Lakewood*, success of an operation, the cure of a broken ankle; *Morristown*, the averting of death from heart failure; *Paterson*, success in two examinations; *West Hoboken*, conversion of a husband, the securing of a good tenant, success of an operation, recovery of a sister, employment obtained, cure of heart trouble, death-bed conversion of a protestant father.

NEW MEXICO.—*Santa Fé*, recovery from a severe attack of pneumonia.

NEW YORK.—*Binghampton*, a temporal blessing obtained after 15 years of waiting; *Bridgewater*, success in examinations; *Buffalo*, a marvelous cure without operation, long expected visit from a friend; *Brooklyn*, the return home of a brother and his amendment, relief from violent temptations, the conversion of a lady many years away from the Sacraments, protection in storms, the favorable issue of a trial, the taking of the pledge; *Elmira*, success in three examinations; *Freeport*, advantageous sale of property; *Jamestown*, a daughter's return to the sacraments; *Locust Valley*, the payment of a debt; *Long Island City*, the finding of a lost ring, success in examinations, a position obtained; *Massena*, relief from soreness in the side; *Mt. Vernon*, the success of a large number in the Regents' examination, conversion of one addicted

to drink, success in qualifying for position; *New York City*, success in examinations, a mother's relief from severe pain in the head, a brother's remarkable conversion, the obtaining of a position, success in examination, the finding of a highly prized article, the conversion of a mother and her relief from illness, speedy cure without operation, perseverance and improvement in the faith, satisfactory settlement in business, success in examination, preservation from epileptic fits, success in studies, the wonderful conversion of a brother, the loan of large sums of money absolutely needed; *Niagara Falls*, grace of First Communion for a young man; *Oswego*, increase in membership of society and financial aid; *Patterson*, relief from troublesome pain in the head; *Poughkeepsie*, the complete recovery from a severe attack of pneumonia; *Riverhead*, a steady position obtained for a son; *Rochester*, the cure of an eye, the obtaining of a position, relief for soul and body, rapid improvement in health; *Syracuse*, unexpected success in examinations, the obtaining for a son a steady position; *Tuckahoe*, success of an operation; *Tuxedo Park*, the receiving of a long expected visit from a friend; *Watervliet*, averting of an epidemic of scarlet fever; *West Winfield*, success in Regents' Examination in several subjects.

NORTH DAKOTA.—*Fargo*, preservation from sickness; *Minot*, protection from storms.

OHIO.—*Canton*, relief from agonizing pain, recovery from severe illness, improvement in health, success in business, three conversions, good attendance at the "Forty Hours," grace of ordination for two young priests, the dispelling of a great fear, a reconciliation; *Cincinnati*, a son's

return to the Sacraments, the regaining of consciousness and reconciliation with God after an attempt at suicide, the locating of a young man who had left home, the retaining of a position after suspension, the cure of throat trouble; *Cleveland*, the obtaining of employment; *Logan*, recovery of a father seriously injured, restoration to health of a young lady, relief in sickness; *Lorain*, success in examination; *Norwalk*, restoration of peace of soul; *Navarre*, return of two brothers to their religious duties, cure of a painful sore, the finding of a lost article; *Norwood*, cure of pain in the side, the return of a son, success in securing and retaining a good position; *Springfield*, relief from a severe pain in the ear; *Swift*, the saving of a home from fire and recovery from a serious sickness; *Toledo*, a sudden cure, protection during a storm, restoration of a lost child, the conversion of one estranged from God; *Youngstown*, the recovery of a friend from a serious operation.

OREGON.—*Beaverton*, the recovery of a child from a serious illness and preservation of a large number of children from contagious disease; *St. Paul*, the grace of Baptism for ten children.

PENNSYLVANIA.—*Arnold*, relief from pain; *Belleville*, recovery after successful operation; *Butler*, two recoveries from sickness, recovery from severe hurt; *Centennial*, the overcoming of intemperance, return to the Sacraments, sale of property after two years waiting; *Conemaugh*, success in examination; *Philadelphia*, a brother's return to the Sacraments, success of two operations, preservation from effects of an accident in two cases, a father's amendment of life, success in ex-

aminations, the safe delivery of an important letter, conversion of non-Catholics, restoration of a child to health, escape from injury in an accident, return to work in face of difficulties, the obtaining of employment, favorable sale of property; *Pittsburg*, the obtaining of work, a wonderful change of heart, a young woman's conversion to the faith and blessing of marriage, the recovery from losses sustained in business, the return home of a son, the obtaining of a lucrative position; *Scranton*, a brother's return to the Sacraments; *Susquehanna*, the securing of a good position; *Wilkes-Barre*, a child's recovery from hemorrhages; *Williamsport*, success in important examinations.

RHODE ISLAND.—*Providence*, protection in thunder storm, a sister's complete restoration to health.

SOUTH DAKOTA.—*Yankton*, success

in examination and recovery from serious illness.

TEXAS.—*El Paso*, recovery from pneumonia; *San Antonio*, success of a dental operation.

VERMONT.—*Burlington*, a mother's improvement in health; *Middlebury*, unexpected success in school work, relief from worry, recovery of a child, recovery of loss in two cases; *Rutland*, the retaining of a position and increase of wages for father.

WISCONSIN.—*Hartford*, preservation from poisoning; *Milwaukee*, improvement of health in two cases, retaining of peace of mind, success in examination, cure of severe headaches; *Racine*, grace of conversion before death.

WASHINGTON.—*Tacoma*, payment of a debt; *Wheeling*, successful year in studies and piety.

Thanks are also expressed by Promoters and Associates for many other spiritual and temporal favors.

## TREASURY OF GOOD WORKS

Offerings for the Intentions recommended to the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

|                              |           |                                  |           |
|------------------------------|-----------|----------------------------------|-----------|
| 1. Acts of Charity .....     | 5,502,754 | 11. Masses heard .....           | 1,018,923 |
| 2. Beads .....               | 1,162,465 | 12. Mortifications .....         | 1,467,890 |
| 3. Way of the Cross .....    | 1,213,222 | 13. Works of Mercy .....         | 882,969   |
| 4. Holy Communion .....      | 2,465,648 | 14. Works of Zeal .....          | 853,948   |
| 5. Spiritual Communion ....  | 1,013,729 | 15. Prayers .....                | 2,579,557 |
| 6. Examen of Conscience .... | 1,704,476 | 16. Kindly conversation .....    | 575,460   |
| 7. Hours of Labor .....      | 1,396,601 | 17. Suffering, Afflictions ..... | 516,432   |
| 8. Hours of Silence .....    | 1,266,080 | 18. Self-conquest .....          | 588,795   |
| 9. Pious reading .....       | 862,941   | 19. Visit to B. Sacrament ....   | 1,247,637 |
| 10. Masses read .....        | 1,376     | 20. Various good works .....     | 1,118,681 |

Total Treasury of Good Works, 26,062,813.



## OBITUARY

Help, Lord, the souls which Thou hast made  
The souls to Thee so dear,  
In prison for the debt unpaid,  
Of sins committed here. CARDINAL NEWMAN.

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|---|--|
| <p>Rev. C. P. Durand, France.<br/>Rev. Max Schneiderhahn, St. Louis, Mo.<br/>Rev. Denis T. O'Sullivan, S.J., Worcester, Mass.<br/>Rev. J. Van Knevel, S.J., Cincinnati, Ohio.<br/>Anastasia, Sister M., Louisville, Ky.<br/>Barrett, Mary, Boston, Mass.<br/>Bradfield, Thomas, Boston, Mass.<br/>Carroll, Catherine C., Buffalo, N. Y.<br/>Casey, Catherine, Tacoma, Wash.<br/>Cassidy, Mary, Buffalo, N. Y.<br/>Cassidy, James L., Redwood, Cal.<br/>Claffey, Joseph, Watervliet, N. Y.<br/>Clark, Anna, Philadelphia, Pa.<br/>Cooney, Elizabeth, Butte, Mont.<br/>Corcoran, Mary, Chicago, Ill.<br/>Cotter, Mrs., Cleveland, O.<br/>Cotter, Mr., Cleveland, O.<br/>Crotty, M., Milwaukee, Wis.<br/>Czapskay, Magdaline, Manayunk, Pa.<br/>Davis, Mary, Columbus, Ga.<br/>Davis, George, Brooklyn, N. Y.<br/>Dwyer, John, Brooklyn, N. Y.<br/>Fanning, John, Springfield, O.<br/>Feiske, Florence M., Hillsboro, O.<br/>Feiske, Anna L., Hillsboro, O.<br/>Finnegan, Catherine, Minneota, Minn.<br/>Flannery, John B., Jersey City, N. J.<br/>Geoghan, Harriet, New York, N. Y.<br/>Gebhard, E., Milwaukee, Wis.<br/>Gentilly, Elizabeth, Boston, Mass.<br/>George, Margaret, St. Louis, Mo.<br/>Goodall, Austin, Yuma, Ariz.<br/>Goldsmith, Frank J., Baltimore Md.<br/>Golden, Mrs., Brooklyn, N. Y.<br/>Hagan, W. P., St. Joseph, Ky.<br/>Hamilton, Virga, W. Louisville, Ky.<br/>Hart, Mrs. Josephine, Tacoma, Wash.<br/>Kavanagh, Mary A., Cincinnati, O.<br/>Kearney, Elizabeth, New York, N. Y.<br/>Kearney, Kate, Ireland.<br/>Kehoe, Frank, Temple, Tex.<br/>Kelly, Margaret, Brookline, Mass.<br/>Kennedy, Mrs. Chas., Pawtucket, R. I.<br/>Lamarche, Jenore, Hoboken, N. J.<br/>Kind reader, pray for their souls, and the souls of all the Faithful departed.</p> | <p>Rev. Fr. McGinity, Janesville, Wis.<br/>Leeson, John, Waterford, Ireland.<br/>McAuliffe, James, Chicago, Ill.<br/>McCormick, Thomas, New York,<br/>McCue, Patrick, Buffalo, N. Y.<br/>McDonald, Christina, Butte, Mont.<br/>McEniff, Frank, S. Chicago, Ill.<br/>McGovern, Mrs., Butte, Mont.<br/>McGuire, Mark, Newburg, N. Y.<br/>McMahon, Margaret, Delphos, O.<br/>Martin, Mary, Hoboken, N. J.<br/>Mason, Julia, Brooklyn, N. Y.<br/>Mitchell, Annie C., Waltham, Mass.<br/>Moore, Elizabeth, Butte, Mont.<br/>Moore, John, Boston, Mass.<br/>Muller, Henry, Butte, Mont.<br/>Murphy, Laughlin F., New York, N. Y.<br/>O'Byrne, Helen, Providence, R. I.<br/>O'Connell, Margaret, Boston, Mass.<br/>O'Connor, Andrew J., Buffalo, N.Y.<br/>Peters, Amelia, Manayunk, Pa.<br/>Phelan, Patrick, Rhode Island.<br/>Phelan, Thomas, Rhode Island.<br/>Quinn, Gertrude, Brooklyn, N. Y.<br/>Rainford, Mrs. Mary, Tacoma, Wash.<br/>Rappe, Mrs., Watervliet, N. Y.<br/>Riehle, Tillie, Milford, Ohio.<br/>Riley, Kate, Middletown, Ohio.<br/>Regan, John, Buffalo, N. Y.<br/>Rojas, Eleanor, New Orleans, La.<br/>Roth, Jacob, Erie, Pa.<br/>Russell, John T., Omaha, Neb.<br/>Ryan, Kate, Richmond, Va.<br/>Saxton, W. H., Baltimore, Md.<br/>Schloemer, Anna M., St. Louis, Mo.<br/>Strong, Alita, St. Louis, Mo.<br/>Tragesser, Margaret, Baltimore, Md.<br/>Walsh, Katherine, Buffalo, N. Y.<br/>Welsh, John, Brooklyn, N. Y.<br/>White, Anna A., Philadelphia, Pa.<br/>R. I. P.</p> |
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# PROMOTERS' RECEPTIONS

Diplomas issued during the month of July, 1908, from the 1st to the 31st (inclusive).

| Diocese.      | Place.                  | Local Centre.                | No. |
|---------------|-------------------------|------------------------------|-----|
| Albany        | Albany, N. Y.           | Immaculate Conception        | 60  |
| Albany        | Albany, N. Y.           | St. Ann's                    | 12  |
| Alton         | Altamont, Ill.          | St. Clare's                  | 13  |
| Baltimore     | Baltimore, Md.          | St. Joseph's (Passionist)    | 3   |
| Baltimore     | Hollywood, Md.          | Catholic                     | 1   |
| Baltimore     | St. Mary's, Md.         | Holy Angels                  | 1   |
| Baltimore     | Washington, D. C.       | St. Aloysius'                | 12  |
| Boston        | Boston, Mass.           | Holy Cross                   | 3   |
| Boston        | Boston, Mass.           | Immaculate Conception        | 6   |
| Boston        | Dorchester, Mass.       | St. Peter's                  | 1   |
| Brooklyn      | Brooklyn, N. Y.         | St. John's                   | 6   |
| Brooklyn      | College Point, N. Y.    | St. Fidelis'                 | 2   |
| Chicago       | Chicago, Ill.           | St. David's                  | 12  |
| Cincinnati    | Cincinnati, O.          | St. Peter's                  | 2   |
| Cleveland     | Defiance, O.            | St. John's                   | 6   |
| Cleveland     | Payne, O.               | St. John's                   | 2   |
| Cleveland     | Toledo, O.              | St. Francis de Sales         | 4   |
| Columbus      | Zaleski, O.             | St. Sylvester's              | 1   |
| Covington     | Bellevue, Ky.           | St. Anthony's                | 7   |
| Detroit       | Jackson, Mich.          | St. Mary's                   | 1   |
| Detroit       | Painesdale, Mich.       | Catholic                     | 7   |
| Dubuque       | Dubuque, Iowa           | St. Raphael's                | 8   |
| Dubuque       | Manly, Iowa             | Sacred Heart                 | 4   |
| Erie          | St. Mary's, Pa.         | Sacred Heart                 | 2   |
| Galveston     | Houston, Tex.           | Sacred Heart                 | 1   |
| Hartford      | Hartford, Conn.         | Immaculate Conception        | 50  |
| Jamaica       | Kingston, Jam., B.W.I.  | Holy Trinity                 | 36  |
| Leavenworth   | Axtell, Kans.           | St. Michael's                | 5   |
| Leavenworth   | Olathe, Kans.           | St. Paul's                   | 10  |
| Little Rock   | Pine Bluff, Ark.        | St. Joseph's                 | 10  |
| Mobile        | Selma, Ala.             | Our Lady of the Assumption   | 4   |
| Newark        | Newark, N. J.           | St. Aloysius                 | 3   |
| Newark        | West Hoboken, N. J.     | St. Michael's                | 1   |
| New Orleans   | Lafayette, La.          | St. John's                   | 6   |
| New Orleans   | Algiers, N. Orleans, L. | Holy Name of Mary            | 6   |
| New Orleans   | New Orleans, La.        | SS. Peter and Paul's         | 4   |
| New York      | Kingston, N. Y.         | St. Joseph's                 | 1   |
| New York      | Newburg, N. Y.          | St. Patrick's                | 1   |
| New York      | New York, N. Y.         | Annunciation                 | 1   |
| New York      | New York, N. Y.         | Good Shepherd                | 55  |
| New York      | New York, N. Y.         | Our Lady of Mercy            | 6   |
| New York      | New York, N. Y.         | Holy Cross                   | 24  |
| New York      | New York, N. Y.         | Resurrection                 | 50  |
| New York      | New York, N. Y.         | St. Anselm's                 | 15  |
| New York      | New York, N. Y.         | St. Augustine's              | 1   |
| New York      | New York, N. Y.         | St. Francis of Assisi        | 4   |
| New York      | New York, N. Y.         | St. Gabriel's                | 16  |
| New York      | New York, N. Y.         | St. Jerome's                 | 8   |
| New York      | New York, N. Y.         | St. John the Evangelist      | 8   |
| New York      | New York, N. Y.         | St. Joseph's (East 87th St.) | 6   |
| New York      | New York, N. Y.         | St. Joseph's (Tremont)       | 9   |
| New York      | New York, N. Y.         | St. Patrick's                | 40  |
| New York      | Toughkeepsie, N. Y.     | Jesuit                       | 7   |
| New York      | Tuxedo Park, N. Y.      | Our Lady of Mt. Carmel       | 3   |
| New York      | Yonkers, N. Y.          | Our Lady of the Rosary       | 6   |
| New York      | Yonkers, N. Y.          | St. Joseph's                 | 6   |
| Ogdensburg    | Lake Placid, N. Y.      | St. Agnes'                   | 15  |
| Oklahoma      | Canton, Okla.           | St. Francis'                 | 5   |
| Philadelphia  | Bala, Pa.               | St. Matthias'                | 6   |
| Philadelphia  | Philadelphia, Pa.       | Blessed Sacrament            | 50  |
| Philadelphia  | Philadelphia, Pa.       | Gesu                         | 4   |
| Philadelphia  | Germantown, Pa.         | Immaculate Conception        | 2   |
| Philadelphia  | Philadelphia, Pa.       | St. Malachy's                | 1   |
| Philadelphia  | Philadelphia, Pa.       | Visitation B.V.M.            | 4   |
| St. Augustine | Ybor City, Fla.         | Our Lady of Mercy            | 20  |
| St. Joseph    | St. Joseph, Mo.         | Cathedral High               | 2   |
| St. Louis     | St. Louis, Mo.          | St. Francis Xavier           | 3   |
| Sioux City    | Grand Junction, Ia.     | St. Brigid's                 | 20  |
| Trenton       | Camden, N. J.           | Immaculate Conception        | 25  |
| Trenton       | Trenton, N. J.          | St. Mary's                   | 6   |
| Wheeling      | Weston, W. Va.          | St. Patrick's                | 6   |
| Winona        | Mankato, Minn.          | SS. Peter and Paul's         | 50  |

Total number of Receptions, 72.

Total number of Diplomas issued, 786.

# CALENDAR OF MONTHLY INTENTIONS

## SEPTEMBER, 1908

### THE MORNING OFFERING.

O Jesus, through the Immaculate Heart of Mary, I offer Thee my prayers, works and sufferings of this day for all the intentions of Thy Sacred Heart, in union with the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass throughout the world, for the intentions of all our Associates and in particular for **Fidelity to the Commandments of God.**

| DAYS   | FEASTS AND PATRONS.  | VIRTUES.                 | PETITIONS.                        |
|--------|--|--------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| 1 T.   | St. Giles  | Perseverance.            | 1,283,756 for thanksgivings.      |
| 2 W.   | St. Stephen.   | Vigilance.               | 1,094,876 for the afflicted.      |
| 3 Th.  | St. Serapia.—H.H.  | Meekness.                | 687,303 for the sick, infirm.     |
| 4 F.   | <b>First Friday</b> —St. Rose of Viterbo.—1st Deg. C. R.             | Persevering Prayer.      | 1,099,665 for dead Associates.    |
| 5 S.   | St. Lawrence Justinian.  | Almsgiving.              | 408,146 for Local Centres.        |
| 6 S.   | <b>Thirteenth after Pent.</b> —St. Onesiphorus.                      | Fortitude.               | 411,083 for Directors.            |
| 7 M.   | St. Regina.  | Serenity.                | 518,773 for Promoters.            |
| 8 T.   | Nativity B.V.M.—A.I.   | Purity.                  | 952,841 for the departed.         |
| 9 W.   | St. Peter Claver.  | Fasting.                 | 1,081,200 for perseverance.       |
| 10 Th. | St. Nicholas of Tolentino.—H.H.                                      | Benignity.               | 306,084 for the young.            |
| 11 F.  | SS. Protus and Hyacinth.—B.B. Charles Spinola and C.C.               | Good Company.            | 1,255,267 for First Communions.   |
| 12 S.  | St. Guy.   | [Superstition. Hatred of | 1,896,495 for parents.            |
| 13 S.  | <b>Fourteenth after Pent.</b> —The Holy Name of Mary.—St. Maurillus. | Energy.                  | 667,753 for families.             |
| 14 M.  | Exaltation of the Holy Cross.  | Sign of the Cross.       | 756,609 for reconciliations.      |
| 15 T.  | St. Catherine of Genoa.—Pr.  | Right Intention.         | 992,611 for work, means.          |
| 16 W.  | Ember Day.—SS. Cornelius and Cyprian.                                | Devotion to Holy See.    | 746,412 for the clergy.           |
| 17 Th. | Impression of the Stigmata of St. Francis of Assisi.—H.H.            | Love of the Cross.       | 2,161,421 for religious.          |
| 18 F.  | Ember Day.—St. Joseph of Cupertino.                                  | Chastity.                | 968,666 for seminarists, novices. |
| 19 S.  | Ember Day.—SS. Januarius and CC.                                     | Endurance.               | 1,025,028 for vocations.          |
| 20 S.  | <b>Fifteenth after Pent.</b> —The Seven Dolors.                      | Condolence with Mary.    | 538,697 for parishes.             |
| 21 M.  | St. Matthew.—A.I.  | Surrender to Grace.      | 811,560 for schools.              |
| 22 T.  | St. Thomas of Villanova.   | Devotion to Eucharist.   | 485,314 for superiors.            |
| 23 W.  | St. Linus.   | Vigilance.               | 593,065 for missions, retreats.   |
| 24 Th. | Our Lady of Ransom.—H.H.   | Charity.                 | 611,785 for societies, works.     |
| 25 F.  | St. Firmin.  | Frequent Communion.      | 814,571 for conversions.          |
| 26 S.  | SS. Cyprian and Justina.   | Good Example.            | 625,771 for sinners.              |
| 27 S.  | <b>Sixteenth after Pent.</b> —SS. Cosmas and Damian.                 | All for Jesus.           | 755,710 for the intemperate.      |
| 28 M.  | St. Wenceslas.   | Trust in God.            | 645,792 for spiritual favors.     |
| 29 T.  | St. Michael, Pr.   | Devotion to Angels.      | 2,663,276 for temporal favors.    |
| 30 W.  | St. Jerome.  | Study of Bible.          | 1,926,127 for special, various.   |

PLENARY INDULGENCE.—Ap.—Apostleship; D.—Degrees; Pr.—Promoters; C. R.—Communion of Reparation; H. H.—Holy Hour; A. I.—Apostolic Indulgence; A. S.—Apostleship of Study.



## The Holy Angels



THE thoughts suggested by our frontispiece will bring comfort into many Catholic homes. Nothing is dearer on earth to a parent's heart than the sweet face in the cradle. It is the young life of a child which has banished sorrow from many a fire-side, and lit up with a smile of happiness faces masked by tears. Let the light go out from the eyes of that infant in the cradle; let the little chest stop heaving, and a shadow will darken that home and darkness sit at the hearth, and long years will not lift that cloud nor fill up the void.

But to Catholic parents infinitely more precious is the life of the soul than of the body. A thousand times would they rather see their child laid away cold and dead in its coffin, than to have, in later years, its pure soul sullied and tainted by sin. What a joy, then, and comfort, also, this truth of our holy faith so beautifully expressed by the royal psalmist: "For He hath given His angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways."

From the moment the tiny spark of that precious life is kindled, until in old age, feeble and dying it flickers out and is extinguished in the grave, these loving and ministering angels watch over it.

With what eagerness, then, this devotion ought to be fostered in our lives! But sense of peril both to body and soul—perils not only to ourselves but to those near and dear to us—should prompt us to a warm love for these heavenly guardians. Gratitude, too, for the watchful care in past years will urge to a renewal of our affection for them. In every temptation, in every danger we can call on them. Other friends may forget us, may even betray us and prove false, but these holy angels will follow us with more than a mother's love, and will be ever loyal and true.



"HE HATH GIVEN HIS ANGELS CHARGE OVER THEE." Ps. xc, 11.

# Messenger of the Sacred Heart

VOL. XII.

OCTOBER, 1908.

No. 10



## THE CHRISTIAN FAMILY.



THE strongest tendrils of the human heart are entwined around the members of one's family. It is so in every nation and in every clime, among the rich and the poor, the learned and the ignorant, among the most refined citizens and the most savage barbarians. It has been so from the beginning of history, and it will be so till the end of time. For this bond of mutual love is a part, a precious part, of human nature, an admirable disposition of Divine Providence to promote the welfare and the happiness of mankind,—of the helpless infant, the thoughtless youth, of mature men and women, and of declining age. Cut away the tendrils of family affection from any human heart, and you have wrought moral ruin, you have produced a human monstrosity.

Founded by the bountiful Creator in the earthly Paradise, the family, even after the fall of our first parents, has preserved many traces of its happy origin. For it is still a little paradise in itself, a fair garden, in which bloom, in rich abundance, the choicest flowers of the natural virtues. It is still a garden of delights, in which are tasted the purest and deepest joys of earth.

The family, in its triple personality of father, mother and child, is an earthly reflection, though an imperfect one, of course, of that deepest of all mysteries, the Blessed Trinity. For, as St. Paul writes to the Ephesians, it is of the Father of Our Lord Jesus Christ that "all paternity in Heaven and earth is named" (III, 15). The child, or children, bear the same relation to the parents as the Son of

God does to His Heavenly Father; and the substantial love of the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost, is beautifully represented by the fruitful love of the earthly mother.

Thus it is seen that, even before the Incarnation, the human family possessed a sacred character; and it is not among Christians alone, but among all nations and at all times that a special holiness has been felt to attach to the conjugal and filial relations that bind the family together in a triune mystery.

This nearness of the family to God has been marvellously increased by that device of Divine wisdom by which the Son of God in His Incarnation actually became the Child of a human family, yet without injury to the angelic purity of Mary and Joseph.

It was befitting that the marital union of human hearts should in consequence be ennobled by supernatural elevation to the Sacramental dignity, as was done by the Redeemer in the wise provision He made for the sanctification of married life. And now the Christian family is an object of veneration to angels and to men. As the father and mother, bending together over the cradle of their infant child, behold with raptures their several charms reflected in the features of their common offspring, so the three Persons of the Blessed Trinity behold with pleasure their triune beauty reflected in the natural and supernatural perfections of the Christian family.

For this august institution it was fitting that a perfect model should be proposed. Such is that most perfect of all earthly homes, the Holy Family of Nazareth. Never did the all-seeing eye of God Himself rest on any portion of His creation with more delight than it did on that earthly Trinity, Jesus, Mary and Joseph. A principal reason why religious Orders and Congregations are such favorite objects of God's special love is because they are imitations of the Holy Family of Nazareth; and similarly, though to a less degree of perfection, every Christian family is a reproduction.

The General Intention of the present month calls for earnest prayers in behalf of the millions of Christian families on earth, that they may become more and more like unto that ideal model, and that all of them may be protected against the various dangers besetting them. For the arch-enemy of our race, the evil spirit, is carrying on, especially in our own time, a variety of most fierce attacks on the Christian family. He is striving with might and main

to rob it of its sacredness by the promotion of merely civil marriages, to disrupt it by the terrible crime of divorce, to poison its life-blood by fostering mixed marriages, to obstruct its fertility by tempting the parents to unnatural crimes. The demon assails the family by fostering in its member the spirit of worldliness, which is so directly opposed to the spirit of Christ; by promoting in them the love of independence which is the spirit of the arch-rebel Satan; by stimulating in them an extravagant yearning for pleasure, thereby demoralizing every solid virtue. Till lately the main combat of the powers of darkness was against the Church, the Pope and the child in the school; now it is equally fierce against the marital union of the Christian parents.

It is for the friends of the Sacred Heart of Jesus to unite their prayers and efforts against the enemies of God. The voice of our beloved Supreme Pontiff marks out the point on the battlefield where our efforts are presently most needed. True, each one of us by himself is extremely feeble; but combined in the vast army of the Apostleship of Prayer, under the guidance of Christ's Vicar on earth, and in union with the prayers of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, we constitute a power for doing good the full extent of which is beyond all human calculation.

While we thus pray for the grace of God to perfect the Christian family, every one of us must do his share in benefiting his own home, and making it more and more conformable to the holy house of Nazareth. We need not indulge in learned speculation to find out how this is to be done; the Apostle St. Paul was specially inspired by the Holy Ghost to lay down the lines of conduct which will perfect the Christian family. He enters into considerable detail, when he writes to the Ephesians: "Let women be subject to their husbands, as to the Lord: because the husband is the head of the wife, as Christ is the head of the Church. . . . Husbands, love your wives, as Christ loved the Church and delivered Himself up for it. . . . Children, obey your parents in the Lord, for this is just. Honor thy father and thy mother . . . that it may be well with thee, and thou mayest be long-lived upon the earth. And you, fathers, provoke not your children to anger; but bring them up in the discipline and correction of the Lord. Servants, be obedient to those that are your lords according to the flesh, . . . not serv-



ing to the eye, as it were pleasing men; but as servants of Christ, doing the will of God from the heart, with a good will serving as to the Lord, and not to men. . . . And you, masters, do the same things to them, forbearing threatenings, knowing that the Lord, both of them and you is in Heaven; and there is no respect of persons with Him." To those directions for the sanctification of the family, St. Paul adds, in the same place, the prescription of frequent prayer: "Speaking to yourselves in psalms, and hymns, and spiritual canticles—giving thanks always for all things in the name of Our Lord Jesus Christ, to God and the Father" (Eph. V and VI). The faithful saying of morning and evening prayers, and of grace at meals, will to a great extent, fulfil these requirements in the truly Christian family.

CHARLES COPPENS, S.J.

O Jesus, through the Immaculate Heart of Mary, I offer Thee my prayers, works and sufferings of this day for all the intentions of Thy Sacred Heart, in union with the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass throughout the world, in reparation for my sins, for the intentions of all our Associates and in particular for blessings on the Christian Family.

#### ONE HEART, ONE SOUL



ONE heart, one soul, in Jesus' Heart."  
 Sweet is the league of love  
 Which binds our hearts so close for aye  
 To Jesus' Heart above.  
 No thought, no feeling, no desire  
 Must claim in us a part,  
 Till made all pure and sanctified,  
 Lord, in Thy Sacred Heart.

M. RUSSELL, S.J.

## NORAH'S DARK HOUR

(Concluded.)



MERTON had followed her from the works one Friday night, pleading his cause more persuasively than ever. Elizabeth Parberry had been almost bullying her all the afternoon, with Pagan good-nature, to go to the theatre and supper with the man, at least once.

"He's bad right through Norah," said Elizabeth bluntly. "Anybody can see that. But just look here. The boys say there's going to be a big shortening of all hands soon. You'll find Emerton 'll give you short time first and the dinky-dinky afterwards, if you don't watch out. Go and *see* his show; go and *eat* his supper; only make a bee-line for mother when the ice-pudding's off the table. No harm's done. Our Belinda came to harm, I allow. But *you* won't. You're different, somehow. Besides, your religion has more sand in it than ours, anyway."

Poor Mrs. Dempsey, too, had been fretful and fault-finding of late. The East Side agent was growing impatient and worrying for back-rent. Even Dr. Murphy had sent in his account. He was the last in the world to press severely, but he was poor and Norah was high-spirited. Eggs and meat also were never so dear.

All seemed against her. Even the sense of consolation in her visits had vanished. It is often thus, when souls are passing through the big spiritual time of their lives. And here was this big, handsome Bostonian walking humbly and silently at her side, when there were scores of better looking girls at Moser's who would give their little fingers for a smile they never got.

He didn't dare to ask Norah's love, he said. He wasn't worthy of it. All he wanted was her sympathy. Then followed the tale of some woman in Boston whose wickedness had blighted his hopes, had blasted his whole career. Norah's instinct taught her correctly that this was Emerton's lawful, married wife. She forced herself to say cold prayers that seemed unwilling to come. What helped

her most was the silent repetition, a hundred, a thousand times over, of the all-protecting name of Mary. Yet through it all she was haunted by the thought that poor Mrs. Emerton had a very sad tale to tell.

They emerged from the street into the brilliantly-lit avenue. Almost at the corner the lights of a theatre were blazing. The play was the "Colleen Bawn," an innocent piece enough. Norah had heard her father speak of it and tell how it had been stolen from the work of a Catholic poet of holy memory—Gerald Griffin. She had never seen it, but remembered that it told the fate of a betrayed Irish girl. . . .

"The curtain doesn't rise for half an hour," said Emerton in a low voice. "We'll have time for a chat inside. Mind the step, Norah."

He turned to enter the vestibule. For the fraction of a second Norah had that sense of faltering which scrupulous souls too often mistake for consent. The next moment she was flying as fast as her feet would take her down the lone street by which they had come, and along a turning at its end which led she knew not—cared not—whither, so it were to solitude and safety. Fleet of foot and sound of lung, she did not slacken her pace till excitement left her. Then she halted outside a shabby little candy store, with a smoky kerosene lamp in the window, and drew out her purse in order to go in and buy no matter what, to evade pursuit and regain composure.

As she did so, her arm was suddenly seized.

"Come along back, little Ireland," said Emerton, panting heavily. There was a strange look in his eyes. "You won't escape me so easily this time, Norah."

It is written in good books that a woman may use even a weapon to guard her soul, as a man may to protect his life. Without anger, but without delay, she raised her hand and struck the brute heavily across the face. He stumbled backward and fell to the sidewalk. Raising himself on one elbow, he bawled: "Police! police!" as if he were back in Boston.

Unknown to either of them, Officer Rafferty had been an interested spectator of this scene, from the gloom of the opposite sidewalk. He came over with leisurely strides and picked up the dazed man, none too gently.

"I give this woman in charge for assault!" cried Emerton, almost shaking himself free from the iron grip on his collar.

But the policeman ignored his existence entirely, beyond holding him as in a vise.

"Aisy, now, Miss Dempsey," said Rafferty to Norah, into whose eyes the tears were welling. "Don't be afeard. My wife knows you well in the Childer o' Mary, if you don't know me much, barrin' seein' me take round the plate at first Mass two Sundays a month. Just walk round to the wife's, Miss Dempsey. You know where she lives, just close handy here. Go on, now, like the good girl you are. I don't like to have to talk to this blackguard with the club before ye, an' he won't take his arrest quiet, worse luck for him."

Emerton was powerfully built and struggling violently. As the officer flung him prone again, a cheery voice rang up the sordid street:

"Real trouble, Brother Rafferty, or just a drunk?"

"Thank you kindly, Mister Curran, come an' give a hand," called the policeman. He had hesitated to strike his prisoner before Norah, and Emerton had known it.

The new-comer was Mr. Philip Curran, splendid in his six feet two of Irish-American manhood. Barely twenty-five years of age, he was a trusted accountant by profession, and president of the local Conference of St. Vincent de Paul's Society to which Officer Rafferty belonged. Hence his playful use of the name "Brother" to a fellow-member in difficulties.

Emerton's face cleared when he saw Mr. Curran.

"Thank goodness," he said. "Here's a gentleman to speak for me. Policeman, I'll trouble you for your name and number so that I can enter a complaint. This gentleman is the auditor of the company in which I hold a position. *You* know my respectability, Mr. Curran."

The only reply of the gentleman addressed was to tighten his hold on Emerton's arm.

"Are *you* mistaken, too, Mr. Curran," cried Emerton. "*You* ought to know me. You're half-yearly auditor of the Moser Syndicate, are you not?"

"I have that honor," said Philip Curran, coldly. "In fact I have

been paying very special attention to *your* accounts for the past two days. They don't add up right on the Moser side, somehow. I should have thought your respectability would have preferred to wait for an embezzlement prosecution, with your picture in the papers, instead of running into the penitentiary for worrying one of our Catholic girls in the street."

By the glow of the lamp Norah saw that Emerton's florid face went gray.

"I swear . . ." he began furiously.

"Don't" said Mr. Curran. "It's bad for the health when the law's in motion, and witnesses are about."

Emerton's manner changed.

"What *am* I to do, Mr. Curran?" he whined.

"You've been long enough round our saloons to understand their talk," said Mr. Curran. "My present advice is: *Git!*"

And he relaxed his grip. Officer Rafferty followed suit, and Emerton tottered swiftly away out of sight, now straightening himself and now reeling in impotent rage from the wall to the edge of the sidewalk.

Norah breathed freely. She had the sense of ease that the shyest girl has in the company of Catholic men who practise their religion and therefore reverence womanhood. It can be compared to nothing in the world but the confidence of a child in her grown-up brothers.

But they looked a savage pair of big brothers by the time Norah had told them her story. She felt that they were entitled to hear it. The officer fingered his club and looked wistfully up the road by which Emerton had retreated. Even Mr. Curran bit his big mustache fiercely once or twice. Then he controlled himself and said: "Dismiss it all from your mind, Miss Dempsey, you won't see the man again, at Moser's or elsewhere. Of course you're a bit nervous for the moment and apt to think he's lurking round every corner. I'm late as it is for my appointment with Brother Treasurer, or I'd walk right on to the house with you. Mr. Rafferty had best escort you on his beat as far as where he lives, and then Mrs. Rafferty can see you home. When you've settled up things there, Miss Dempsey, I'd like you to walk round with Mrs. Rafferty to my sister. She and I live together, you know, and she helps me a good deal

with advice on Conference cases. I hope you will tell her a few things I fancy you have kept from Mr. Rafferty and myself. For example, I know from the detectives that Emerton has been making the East Side agent drink hard at his expense lately. Perhaps the man has been worrying you for back-rent in consequence. If so, tell Miss Curran all about it, and the Conference will do its best on Sunday. Above all, brush Emerton from your mind. Take it from me, you'll never see him again."

"Then he's to go scot-free?" gasped Officer Rafferty.

"Not quite," laughed Philip Curran, glancing at his watch and bowing good-night to Norah. "I am pretty sure that at the present moment he is making for Boston, where he'll find a couple of bigamy warrants out for him. He knows that if he stays I'll have to advise his arrest, though the Moser's won't like it shouted from the house-tops that they have been done by such a scamp for a few hundred dollars. Good-night, good-night. Don't forget to call round to my sister, Miss Dempsey."

\* \* \* \* \*

It was thus that the cloud lifted. In the following May, when the last of her First Fridays was happily completed, it seemed to little Norah as if no storm had ever threatened the peace of her tranquil, unadventurous life.

Yet the storm *had* come and left blessings in its path. Miss Curran and Norah had been friends ever since. The debts that the Conference would never otherwise have heard of were paid off delicately, but at once. After Emerton's precipitate flight to Boston, where he is now in prison, Philip Curran spoke a word on the matter to young Mr. Moser, who has been taking keen interest in the business since he graduated. As a result of this Norah has secured more responsible, but lighter and better paid work in the book-binding department, away from the rush and coarse company of the magazine-room.

But will she need this work much longer, especially now that her mother has been nursed back to almost perfect health? I think not. And neither, I fancy, will you, if you listen to the following scrap of conversation between Philip Curran and his sister the other morning:

"Mary," said Philip, "have you Norah's list and notes on those hard cases in the East-Side Tenements?"

"Not handy," said Miss Curran. "But I'll hunt them up for you if you'll answer me a question, Phil,—a *very* important question."

"Ask away, Maureen," said Philip, looking up from his writing. His tone was confident, for he loved his sister well. But there was the shy look of a big school-boy in his eyes.

"My question is this," said handsome, matter-of-fact Miss Curran, standing before the mirror and patting complacently the gray strands in her wavy dark hair. "Just this. Since Norah is so useful to us most of the time, why can't you fix it that she'll be with us all the time? I love the girl, and you know that you love her, Phil, and"—in a softer voice—"I happen to know that she loves you."

Philip bit his fountain-pen, but looked as radiant as a young man conveniently can, with a gold-mounted, vulcanite tube between his teeth.

Miss Curran clapped her hands. "That's right, Phil," she exclaimed. "I'm really getting old and I've carried you and half your Conference cases on my back too long. And I'm starving you, yes, I am. You haven't had a sure-enough supper for weeks; it's been chafing-dish all the time, as it will be to-night. You must arrange before the end of June—the month of the Sacred Heart. Phil, to have a brave little wife in the house to help me to feed you properly. I think you're quite worth it."

\* \* \* \* \*

And Norah thought so too.

JOHN KEVIN MAGNER.

#### TRUE REST

As weary gulls pause in their flight and rest  
 Tranquil, secure upon the ocean's breast;  
 So pause my soul, thy eager, flitting cease,  
 Rest thee upon God's depths till strength increase.

M. G. H.

## STORY INSTRUCTIONS FOR BOYS

### THE BURGLAR'S MEDAL



ONE evening a young man, after having hurried to a railroad depot in one of our large cities, stood there much disgusted. He had missed his train. However the would-be traveller will not seem an object of sympathy when you are told that he wished to leave town, in order to take part with others in robbing a country jewelry store.

Though given to that sort of life,—the young fellow came from a family which was honest and good. In fact, it was through keeping a promise made to his excellent dying mother that Jack Clune had, that evening, been delayed in reaching the depot. When the sorrow-stricken parent saw the end approaching she gave her reckless son a St. Joseph's medal and drew from him a promise that he would carry the medal all his life. One of the family remarked to the dying person that Jack by simply carrying a pious object, wouldn't be nearer eternal salvation, but the mother answered, "it is well when a sinful person consents to do anything at all of a religious kind, for then God may give him grace to do more."

In making this reply the good woman spoke as every Catholic ought; and I would have you see the truth of her remark in the spiritual improvement she obtained, through the means named, for her erring son.

It goes without saying that when Clune received the medal from his mother's hands he was very far from possessing the devotion that such a medal ever calls for.

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NOTE.—In the present issue we begin the publication of instructions given in story form by Rev. George E. Quin, S.J., before his exceptionally flourishing Boys' Sodality attached to the church of St. Ignatius Loyola, New York City. Clerical readers interested in this method of evangelizing juveniles are informed that explanations of the plan together with a plea for its occasional application will be advanced in Father Quin's forthcoming book, "Parish Boys' Guides; Society-work for the Teens." The volume is announced by Benziger Bros., for this coming December, at the latest.



We will do better. In using any image of St. Joseph we will be mindful that it shows him supporting the divine Infant in his arms and that it thereby declares the great special reason why we should accept the saint as a powerful patron or helper. For Saint Joseph, chosen to act for God Himself in caring for Jesus and Mary, is near and dear to our heavenly Father.

However, thoughts of this kind were very far from the mind and heart of the young man whose steps we are going to follow. In fact, he wouldn't wear the medal on his breast as Catholics are accustomed to do, but kept it in his pocket. Once a fellow-burglar asked, "why don't you wear the medal around your neck, Jack, the regular way?" "Because, Jim," answered the other, "I am not living the regular way. My path, I admit, is a crooked one, and it is not for me to wear holy things as good Catholics do." Still the youth remained after his own fashion faithful to the promise made, and was willing to suffer any amount of inconvenience rather than break his word.

This willingness was shown on the occasion that has first brought the medal-bearer to our notice. Jack would not have missed his train had he not discovered on thrusting his hands into his pockets, that he had forgotten his mother's gift, and so he retraced his steps and thus was late when the cars pulled out from the station. Hence a slight delay which brought important results.

All that evening Clune was much put out at being kept in town though not at all sorry that his stay had happened through attention to his mother's medal. The next day, however, the young man was very glad to have been kept in town and delighted that his stay had been caused by his mother's gift; for on the following morning the burglar read in the papers all about the robbery in which he was to have had part. His pals, finding themselves discovered by a policeman, had taken the latter's life; meanwhile people living nearby were aroused and rushed to the spot—so many of them that Clune's pals, charged with murder, were now under arrest.

This affair led the crook to have a new kind of respect for his medal. Hitherto he had prized it simply out of love for his mother; now he valued it as something that seemed to be really helpful of itself.

We shall not be surprised that such a favor made a great

impression on the reckless youth. He was led by it to begin asking himself what kind of assistance and how much assistance he, a burglar, could hope to continue receiving through the practice of merely carrying something intended to honor St. Joseph's name. "Of course," he reflected, "Our Lord's foster-father isn't going to help me make out in sinful ways; he will not assist me in putting up house-breaking jobs and the like; but then perhaps he will stand by me in affairs of this world that are straight and clean. As regards the next life," continued the man, "I can certainly have some little hope that St. Joseph will help me because of my guarding and respecting the medal; perhaps he will save me from becoming worse than now."

Clune's reliance on a medal, though proper as far as it went, must never be the limit of our own religious activity; for the mere carrying of pious objects, with nothing else done, gives only a faint hope that we shall receive help from Heaven. Nevertheless, this faint hope is a real hope which, even while it will not answer for ourselves, is not to be despised.

The criminal's betterment began with a resolution to no longer take part in anything of a murderous kind; he refused to join with lawbreakers who were ready to kill. Indeed, in order to be on the safe side, the young fellow withdrew from housebreaking jobs altogether and became busied with a swindling trick that I am going to explain.

It consisted of cheating people by means of diamonds taken months earlier while robbing a flat. These were valuable jewels; in fact, a reward of five hundred dollars had been offered for them with a promise of "no questions asked." Now the swindler had obtained from an expert worker, who did such jobs for "crooks," a number of sets of false diamonds made to look exactly like the valuable real ones. The game then was this: Clune would offer the real jewels for sale at an unusually low price and persuade the victim to purchase; then the crook, by a little trick of hand, passed the bogus diamonds off on the buyer while getting the real ones back into his own pocket.

But finally this sinner who, meanwhile had actually started in praying to St. Joseph for help to become honest through and through, found himself with courage to abandon his bad deeds al-

together and begin an upright life. The change of heart came as follows. One day the swindler had played his trick with success; having given the victim a set of bogus diamonds, he was leaving when the other called out, "see here! you've given me a religious article along with the goods"; and with this explanation the buyer placed in Clune's hand the medal which the latter had given away by mistake. The crook accepted the pious object gladly and hurried off. All the way home, however, he had it before him that St. Joseph seemed ready to take the medal away. "It looks as if the holy object might be lost to me forever," he murmured, "and no wonder! For many's the time I have been moved to do the right thing and wouldn't, and so I have become in every way wholly unworthy of the Saint's care. But why not make myself worthy?" thought the youth, and at last the long delayed resolution was made. "I will begin right now," he resolved, "and my first step will be to cut out this diamond swindling at its very root. I will at once return the real stones where they belong."

The same evening, when about to take the jewels to their owner, the repentant thief noted that the weather was becoming very cold and changed his coat for a heavier one that had been out of use for several months. He then placed the diamonds in the inside left pocket and with them his medal. "The stones are worth a lot," he reflected, "and until they are off my hands it is just as well to let the medal take care of them."

This done the converted crook went directly to the flat he had robbed. As the owner by his advertisement of "no questions asked" had renounced all idea of punishing the thief, Clune felt that he could speak right out and tell the whole story. This he did as follows:

"Mr. Bates, I am the person who robbed this flat about a year ago; but, having made up my mind to lead an honest life, am here to return the stolen goods. Since the same have come to my hands by theft I have no right to the five hundred dollars you have advertised; still, should you choose to give the reward, it will be very thankfully received. Here, sir, are your diamonds." At these words the visitor put his hand, not into the left inside pocket but by mistake into the pocket of the opposite side, and drew forth, not the stolen genuine articles, but a set of the bogus jewels used in the

swindling trick and accidentally left all summer in his heavy winter coat.

Now Mr. Bates saw at once that the jewels were not real. "These are not the stolen diamonds!" he exclaimed; "but miserable counterfeits. What nerve you have got!" he shouted, reproaching the visitor, "to come with these bits of glass stuff expecting to receive the advertised reward." Clune seeing his blunder quickly sought the other inside pocket—the one in the left side—but with whitened face and voice broken from excitement immediately admitted that he hadn't the diamonds at all. For nearly half a year the moths had been at work on his heavy winter coat; they had eaten a hole through the bottom of the inside left pocket and through that opening the precious stones had dropped while being carried through the streets.

Meanwhile Mr. Bates, having backed to the door, called three friends—one of them a police official—who were spending the evening at his house. They at once appeared and the unlucky visitor found himself a prisoner accused of having presented bogus diamonds for the purpose of securing the promised reward. However, the man told the real history of the case in such a straightforward, earnest way that his hearers were a little puzzled what to think. Furthermore the former crook made a request which, it did seem, they were bound to grant. "Gentlemen," he pleaded, "the jewels were lost through this hole which you can see. They have dropped during the last half hour while I was walking from my home to this house. So please, gentlemen," he continued, "don't hurry me right off to the police station; if you do I will never be able to clear myself! There is a chance we may find the diamonds on the way and, if so, no one will doubt the statement that I have given up all crookedness and intend living an honest life."

To be sure, the four gentlemen, only half believing the story told them, did not keep much of an outlook for the jewels; Jack, on the contrary, strained his eyes to study every inch of the ground. The poor fellow's hopes, however, grew weaker as the march went on, and dropped almost entirely when the search, still unsuccessful, had reached the block next to his home. At that point something turned up.

"Hello," exclaimed one of the party, "here's something bright

anyway, perhaps it's the gold setting with the diamonds on its under side." But after picking the object up the finder said with a laugh, "no gold yet, nothing but one of those medals Catholics wear." "What!" cried the prisoner, "a Catholic medal! Please let me see it! Yes sirs," he pleaded most earnestly, "this article belongs to me and I carefully placed it in the same pocket with the lost stones. Along with the medal the jewels worked themselves through the same hole in my clothing; there is, therefore, every reason for thinking that they lie somewhere close by."

While, owing to this remark, the sidewalk around about was being carefully examined, a second member of the party spoke up. Having been some distance along the street, he said: "here's my idea; since we've gone to so much trouble to sift the young man's story, why not try under the iron grating back where I've just been. If any diamonds were dropped along with the medal they may have gone down through the bars just as easily as not." All having agreed to act on this guess, a ring at the doorbell brought the owner of the property who consented that a visit to the boiler room should be made.

The party, on reaching the spot sought, found an ash-can full of ashes standing directly under the sidewalk opening. "There's no use of talking of such a thing," spoke the boiler man; "sure if any diamonds had fallen since dark through that grating they'd be showing themselves on those ashes, for the can has been there just where you see it since three o'clock this afternoon." This statement was enough for the guards who at once started to leave the place. "Come along!" they cried to Clune; "come along! we can't be fooling with you any more."

Jack, however, had lagged behind and was praying to St. Joseph that the jewels might come to light. With this warm prayer, the distressed searcher standing under the grating raised his clasped, trembling hands towards heaven, the medal resting between them. "Hey there!" cried his keepers; "hurry up please. Your time will be your own once you're in the station house; come right along and no more nonsense." At this moment the medal, slipping from the burglar's palms, fell into the can and the loser, making a hurried attempt to recover the dropped article, plunged his hand down into the ashes.

"Come here all of you, please!" shouted the prisoner in great excitement; "Come here all of you! Where's the man that said these ashes had been standing under the grating since three o'clock? Here at the top of the can the ashes are hot! hot! burning hot! they haven't been an hour out of the fire!" "Well, well, perhaps that's so," the person in charge admitted. "In fact, it slipped my memory that I was out of here for a moment about half an hour ago, and very possibly my assistant then threw a shovel full of fresh ashes on what was already in the can. Of course," continued the speaker, "my helper wasn't thinking of any diamonds lying about, and if they were there he must have covered them up."

At this, all of the party becoming greatly interested, gathered about the ash can for a careful and successful search. The jewels appearing, their owner raised them eagerly to his lips. "They stand for thousands of dollars," he exclaimed, "from my keeping may they never depart." Meanwhile the converted burglar raised the medal to his lips. "It stands for St. Joseph's care!" he exclaimed, "from his keeping may I never depart!"

Next morning Jack Clune received Communion. "My life is at last straight and clean," he murmured, "with God's grace and St. Joseph's help it will remain as it is; so I may now wear my mother's medal just as good Catholics do."

GEORGE E. QUIN, S.J.

LOVE'S PRISONER

All the earth could not contain Him  
 God of God and Light of Light;  
 Yet we see Love's fetters chain Him  
 In a cave on Christmas night.

E'en His Heaven's wondrous brightness  
 Could not keep our King above;  
 Yet a Host of tender whiteness  
 Veils His majesty and love.

SR. M. CLARISSA.

## A TRAINED NURSE'S CHOICE



HAT you, Miss Meade? Just come in?" The manager's voice over the house-telephone was tinged by relief. Dr. Stagg had said: "It must be Miss Meade." "You're wanted immediately; automobile accident; all dead but one; he's Dr. Stagg's patient."

"Very good. What's the address?" Ruth Meade, no matter how brief her sentences, never gave the impression of being curt. Her tone was too rich and sweet not to please. Young, efficient, good to look at, the girl's voice was only one of the many gifts which made her the favorite nurse at the registry. She wrote the address of Dr. Stagg's patient upon a convenient pad, as the manager repeated it.

"Thank you. Good-by."

With the quick noiseless manner her training had accomplished, Ruth made some changes in the suit case she had fetched to her room ten minutes earlier.

"I expected to go home over Sunday," she reflected, a trace of doubt flitting across her tranquil face, disturbing its peace into an angry pucker of the forehead, a stiffening and thinning of the full young lips. "Oh well—I'll drift with the current. Duty can't be ignored. Efface yourself and your difficulties, Ruth; it's high sanctity and common sense, both." She snapped the valise shut with whimsical energy, and picked up her hat and gloves.

Half-an-hour later Ruth stood beside an improvised operating-table in a very rich man's house. Dr. Stagg, greeting her by a fraction of a nod, still had mental leisure sufficient to think, as many times before, that Ruth was a white-uniformed incarnation of quiet, unostentatious capability. He candidly revered nurses who worked hard and talked little.

"Just in time, Miss Meade. Dr. Bell will take the narcosis.—It's trepanning——"

They worked rapidly, almost in absolute silence. There is something eerie about approaching a man's brain with material instru-

ments, even of twentieth century manufacture. The patient was neither young nor old. He was a large man, probably handsome, although the disfigured head and the face, partially concealed by the ether-cone, gave Ruth little definite idea of feature or contour. She instinctively fancied the countenance fine-looking. Then by force of habit she put all curiosity, all imagination, everything except the alert attention to her duty, out of her mind.

He was back in the carved and canopied bed, desperately weak and ghastly-looking, presenting no indication of triumphant reaction. The surgeons were conversing in low tones, out in the injured man's study.

"I have made him as comfortable as I could," thought Ruth, arranging bowls of solution upon a table. "But I'm afraid nothing will help him. His pulse and respiration are both alarming." She turned in a quick, over-powering sympathy and regarded the man lying on immaculate linen, his head in clean white bandages, science attendant with all its marvelous might, but the individual evidently forever beyond the power of comfort, luxury or knowledge to permanently assist him. The calm, indefatigable nurse was a bit overwrought; there had been trials and struggles in her own life, of late. Two paths stretched out before her and her heart quailed before the moment when she must declare her choice. Mr. Brewster, a few hours before unknown to her, was getting upon Ruth's nerves.

"Where's his wife?" she peevishly inquired of herself. "No doubt in Rome or Paris, as most husbands and wives are when I am called to nurse their honorable consorts in wealth like this. Why isn't she here? He's dying, I'm positive. Poor chap! I wonder if that's his picture—taken years ago—" She was meditatively studying a photograph upon a cabinet when Dr. Stagg beckoned her from the door. Ruth went in her quick silent fashion to join the two surgeons.

"Mr. Brewster's condition is extremely critical. He may never come out of the ether. Do you think I'd better send for a second nurse to go on at seven?" Dr. Stagg knew what Ruth's answer would be.

"Oh no! I like to see my patient through the night after an operation."

Dr. Stagg smiled at the zealous determination in Ruth's blue eyes.



"Well! Mr. Brewster's man will help you if necessary. In the morning we shall see."

"What we shall see," gravely supplemented Dr. Bell.

"Don't bury him till he's dead," snapped Dr. Stagg. He abhorred the precipitateness of youth.

Dr. Bell bowed haughtily.

Ruth turned to Dr. Stagg.

"And Mrs. Brewster?" said she impulsively.

"Mr. Brewster is unmarried. Has no near relative whatever. Perhaps no really unselfish friend on the face of the globe."

Dr. Stagg returned to the bedside and bent once more over his patient. Ruth watched the physician's serious, sharply-cut features assume a more marked anxiety.

"How is he?" she breathed.

"Very low indeed," Dr. Stagg answered frankly. "It was a nasty collision, two machines head-on at a turn. Mr. Brewster was thrown twenty-five feet."

A few final directions jotted down, grave bows to Ruth, and she sat alone near the bed, listening to the struggling breaths of the strong man whose life was flickering out. A premature twilight pervaded the room, darkening blackly in the corners. Ruth knew a window was open back of heavy shrouding curtains, but the fumes of ether lingered through all the house.

"It's a horrid day," Ruth thought, reaching for a limp periodical and fanning away the approach of unusual, unprofessional faintness.

A door was gently pushed open. Ruth stopped fanning and slightly started at the apparition presented! An old snowy-headed darky in white waist-coated evening clothes, holding by a cumbersome nail-studded collar a huge Great Dane.

"How's Mass' G'oge, missy?" he queried in the softest tones of his race. "Pluto, yo' ole fool, keep still!" He cuffed the dog mildly with the fat hand that was free. Every tooth in his head showed in a polite smile at the young lady, but his cheeks were frankly wet with abundant tears.

"He's quite sick," Ruth whispered. "Are you Mr. Brewster's man? Oh! don't hold the dog so. He'll choke!" in alarm at the immense brute's efforts to break away from the detaining grip.

"I's his man Pompey, yet, missy, I is. Pluto, yo' sho'ly is de debbil, I'clar fo' de Lawd! Don' yo' tech him, missy, cose he ain' nebber like no one 'cept me and Massa G'oge. O Lawd!" as with one final wrench and snarl, Pluto freed himself and darting across the room crawled under Mr. Brewster's bed. From that point of vantage he ominously growled as Pompey went belligerently after him.

"Let him alone," Ruth urged. "I've seen dogs act that way before."

Pompey, who had gone down upon all fours to peer under the bed, rose with panting difficulty.

"Lawd! Yo' don' gwine to say Massa G'oge gwine die?" Pompey sniffed piteously, abandoning all attempt at dignity.

"I hope not," was all Ruth could say.

"He done look pow'ful bad," said Pompey miserably. "Ain' dat jes' awful, de way he breave?"

"That's mostly from the ether," Ruth consoled. She laid her finger on Mr. Brewster's wrist. Pluto growled forbiddingly as her skirts touched the bed.

"Fo' de lub o' Gawd," begged Pompey, "be keerful o' dat ole fool Pluto!"

"Yes," said Ruth tactfully. "He intends to stay here, so I think, Pompey, I'll be obliged to keep you, too."

"Jes' so, missy. I'se glad to stay, I is. Me an' Pluto 's de two pussons dat lub Massa G'oge bes' in dis worl'. Ain' yo' gwine like him, too?" wistfully.

"I like him immensely," Ruth assured the old man.

Pompey watched her wonderingly as she gave his master a hypodermic. A weird silence, disturbed only by Mr. Brewster's agitated respiration, settled upon the room. Slowly the minutes dragged by into hours. For an instant Ruth wondered which meal the butler brought to her, when he entered with her dinner. Pompey waited upon her attentively. She swallowed what she could. The old servant, and the dog under the bed, would touch neither food nor drink. Both grew so silent and motionless as the night wore on that Ruth believed they were asleep. They were not. The devoted human being and the dumb faithful brute alike waited in tensely alert misery for what would happen to their best friend.

Dr. Stagg lingered long at the next visit. But Ruth knew that he loitered more because he thought the end was very near than because he anticipated any result from his new directions.

"There may still be some change in the morning," the doctor forced himself to murmur at the door.

Ruth dutifully nodded, biting her lips meanwhile. She wished irritably that physicians would be strictly sincere with their nurses at least. Why the farce of holding out hope when none existed?

It was shortly before the calm beautiful dawn that Mr. Brewster unexpectedly stirred and opened his eyes. Ruth smiled hopefully into the wide, bright eyes gazing wildly at her.

"You feel better?" she said softly.

"I don't know," gasped the man distractedly. "I can't move. What was it? Where am I?"

Pompey leaned forward eager, happy, agonized in one second. Pluto at the sound of Mr. Brewster's voice crawled out from the cramped quarters in which he had been crouching and pressed his huge head desperately against his master's limp, bloodless hand lying at the edge of the bed.

"Don't worry," said Ruth soothingly. "You must rest very quietly."

"But what happened to me?" Mr. Brewster persisted in a pitifully weak tone. "I wasn't sick. My God, I know!" he cried suddenly, and he struggled so to sit up that Ruth laid her arm firmly across his chest.

"Don't, Mr. Brewster! You were in an automobile collision, and Dr. Stagg operated upon you. Everything will be all right." She mixed something hastily in a tumbler. "I am glad you have come out of the ether so well. Drink this!"

Instantly Pompey was at her assistance, taking the tube and glass from her when she would have set them down.

"Ah, you, Pompey," breathed Mr. Brewster, but his strength had exhausted itself, and directly he drowsed.

"He ain' gwine die?" begged Pompey, faintly, tearfully.

"I hope not."

Pluto licked the cold white hand. Ruth watched and counted the quick, noisy respiration. As the morning sunshine stole in between the drawn curtains, Mr. Brewster again returned to full conscious-

ness, but then his breathing had become very, very slow, like long drawn-out heart-broken sighs. He began to talk in phrases quickly uttered, but broken because of the choking presently coming upon him.

"You're my nurse? I remember all. It was a straight, clear road—the branches—of the elms—meeting overhead. For a while—it seemed to me—I was twenty—instead of fifty-five. I was travelling—along a straight, clear road—on a day—exactly as beautiful. I saw heaven—through the blue sky—at the end of—that straight, clear road. No obstacle intervened—no evil menaced—me on the—way to God—waiting for me—at the end. I was twenty—and I meant to be a priest." Ruth involuntarily started and impelled by a peculiar curiosity her gaze left for a second the livid features of her patient. In the lightning-swift glance she sent around the apartment she caught sight of a dim ivory crucifix low upon the wall, beneath a copy of the Sistine Madonna. It bore a new and unexpected significance. Mr. Brewster's eyes had closed. Ruth hesitated. Should she rouse him, should she question? A wave of uncertainty, of miserable confusion somehow involved in her own fate, swept over the girl.

"The beauty of that day—" he spoke more faintly after the pause, and Ruth bent her head to catch the gasped-out words. "Its unselfish aspirations—and its peace—returned to me—after thirty-five years—of paganism. My God, I am dying—I left the straight, clear road. But it came back—for an instant. I was crazed—with the wonder of it. We sped through the golden way. Every trembling leaf—whispered of—high things to me. Faster, faster. At the horizon—was the glory—of Paradise. The speed was—blinding but—the way was safe. Then came darkness—forgetfulness—and now this agony." He sank more heavily into the pillow while Ruth wrote frantically upon her card. In a moment he made a supreme effort and raised himself to sit upright without support.

"My God," cried he in a tone piercingly distinct, "only once more! Give me—Thy unworthy servant—the straight, clear road!"

Blinded by tears, Ruth pushed Pompey with the hurriedly-written message upon her card, out of the room. But she knew, as she slipped to her knees beside the shrinking Pluto, that the priest, like herself, could only pray for the departed soul.

Before she took the rest of which she had great need, Ruth despatched her letter to the suitor waiting in the country for her decision. The straight, clear road was vividly plain to her now, the alluring mirage of the side-paths having been dispersed by the brightness of a truer vision. The chagrined lover read, in calm, irrevocable terms, that not even to marry the man she loved, would Ruth Meade barter her faith.

HELEN BEEKMAN.

WE TWO



I CANNOT do it alone:  
 The waves run fast and high,  
 And the fogs close chill around,  
 And the light goes out in the sky:  
 But I know that WE TWO shall win,—in the end:  
 —JESUS AND I.—

I cannot row it myself—  
 My boat, on the raging sea:  
 But beside me sits ANOTHER,  
 WHO pulls or steers,—with me:  
 And I know that WE TWO shall come safe into port:  
 —His child and He.—

Coward, and wayward, and weak,  
 I change with the changing sky:—  
 To-day, so eager and brave;  
 To-morrow, not caring to try:  
 But HE never gives in,—so WE TWO shall win:  
 —JESUS AND I.—

Strong, and tender, and true,  
 Crucified once for me!  
 Never will HE change, I know,  
 Whatever I may be:  
 But all HE says, I must do,  
 Ever from sin to keep free,  
 We shall finish OUR course, and reach Home at last:  
 —His child and HE.—

## UNDER THE SANCTUARY LAMP

### THE HILLS THAT JESUS LOVED. XIV. THE HILL OF THE CALL



AND it came to pass in those days that He went out going up into a mountain to pray; and He passed the whole night in the prayer of God." It was upon our Lord's return from the Passover at Jerusalem in the first spring of His public ministry, that He spent the night of which there is question, "in the prayer of God." When, even thus early in His active career, opposition began to manifest itself, He withdrew from Capharnaum and "retired from thence to the sea and a great multitude followed Him from Galilee and from Decapolis, and from Judea and from Jerusalem and from Idumea and from beyond the Jordan; and they about Tyre and Sidon a great multitude, hearing the things which He did, came to Him." How ceaseless must have been the toil, how heavy the labors which fell to His lot during these days among the thronging crowds which flocked from all directions. "He healed many, so that as many as had ills pressed upon Him for to touch Him." When His limbs were tired, His body fatigued, and His mind weary from these loving ministrations, He sought repose during the silent hours of the night "in the prayer of God." How close we could get to the Sacred Heart if when we are disheartened in the monotonous struggle for daily bread or weakened in the conflict with our own evil tendencies, we would only join Him in the lonely vigil on the mountain of His altar. But unfortunately so many stay away and will not hear that Heart pleading: "What, couldst thou not watch one hour with me?" How lovingly and tenderly we could watch at the sick or death-bed of a friend! Yet this Friend pleads with us to stay an hour with Him before His Tabernacle and we allow some noisy and worldly amusement to hold us away and draw us from His holy mountain of the Sacrifice.

The hill which was the scene of our Lord's prayerful solitude is situated some six miles west of Tiberias. From its height looking towards the north He could see the dark cedars of Lebanon standing out against the sky flushed by the last rays of the sinking sun which are playing among the moving branches. His mind will go back perhaps to the days of Solomon, when from these forests were cut the cedars used in the erection of the temple on Mount Moriah. Off to the northeast like a silver serpent twists and turns the white road which stretches through the green fields and over hills from the sea to Damascus. Here and there it is dotted by moving caravans bearing the wealth of Osman and of India to the great eastern emporium. Directly to the east lie Tiberias and the lake on whose curved shores, sleeping in the evening shadows, are Magdala and His loved Capharnaum and Bethsaida. What a desecration that the lake hallowed by so many holy memories and sanctified by deeds never before or since wrought by human hand, should have been daily profaned by the orgies at Tiberias, whose palaces and baths were rivalling not in splendor only, but in luxury and vices, those of Rome itself. On toward the south the Jordan issues from the lake and wends its tortuous way towards the Dead Sea.

But of the natural scenery before His eyes, our Blessed Saviour will take little heed. His thoughts will turn to other things closer to His Heart. It is a remarkable fact in our Saviour's life, that He was wont to spend in prayer the nights which preceded the more important events of His mission. Thus He passed in prayer the whole night before He made to His Apostles and the Jews the great promise to give them the gift of the Blessed Sacrament. Before His voice rang out along the lake in those words of melting love: "I am the Living Bread which came down from heaven." He lingered all night long on the cliffs in communion with His Father. Again when the shadows and sorrows of the Passion were gathering and thickening about His Spirit and His soul was "sad unto death," Gethsemani saw Him on His knees with hands and eyes uplifted for three long hours. So now when we find Him after days of toil, silently climbing painfully up the ascent of the hill and leaving His disciples below and retiring into the solitude and darkness, we can conjecture that the morrow will be a day fraught

with some event of no ordinary significance for His Church and for souls.

Yes, that night is one that shall be forever memorable in the hearts of those who love Him. There had been in His life many nights of prayer and union with His Father. In Egypt, for instance, and often among the hills of Nazareth the dawn will have found Him in prayer, but then at break of day He could return to the home of His mother who read so deeply into His Sacred Heart. But now He has parted from her and all the associations of His earlier years. To-night He is alone and the work of the Public Ministry has begun. One by one He can see the lights coming out through the windows of the cottages in Capharnaum, live their short life and die. He can perceive the lights moving hither and thither over the lake as the fishermen toil patiently and quietly out on the water. Over the still air come to Him from Tiberias the sounds of merriment and revelry, but these will not distract or disturb Him kneeling on the dewy grass during the too quickly fleeing hours. Just as the dawn is waking to a new day over the hills of Moab and before the smoke of the sacrifices begun to ascend from the altar into the clear morning air, He rises from His knees and descends to His waiting disciples.

To the present the disciples, it is true, had followed our Lord up and down the country, but as yet there was no close bond of union knitting them together. They loved to look into His Face and listen to the persuasive sound of His Voice, the tones of which affected them and their lives, as no human words had ever influenced them before. His miracles and preaching had stamped an impress upon them. His words were not the cold, heartless formalities they were accustomed to hear on the Sabbath in the synagogue at Capharnaum, but were words which burned into their hearts, from the lips of a Man who was in sympathy with every sorrow and every joy of the people. This loyal band then, under the influence of the teaching and example of such a Master, had to a certain extent cast in their lot with Him. But now the night of prayer is over and with His face lit with the light of heaven and His Heart aglow with love for His Church, He is about to select and pick out for a closer following of Himself the chosen twelve. "And when it was day, He called His disciples, whom He would



Himself and they came to Him. And He chose twelve of them whom He also called apostles that they should be with Him and that He might send them to preach."

This surely is a strange selection. Hillel, Gamaliel and other Jewish teachers in Jerusalem had their followers who could be counted by hundreds—chosen not from among the rugged fishermen who nightly toiled upon the lake of Galilee, but selected from the highest walks of life in the Capitol. Yet our Blessed Saviour picked out twelve unknown, ignorant and uncouth fishermen to carry on, not the work of a Hillel or a Gamaliel, but the spreading of the kingdom of God upon earth. These simple, uneducated men were to "plant the Church of God in their blood." They were to be witnesses to their Master "unto the ends of the earth," and were to bear testimony to Him and to His teaching by their lives and by their death. These simple and unlettered fishermen, unknown outside of the limits of Capharnaum and Bethsaida whose names had never been heard at Tiberias or Jerusalem, without learning, devoid of the culture of Greece, ignorant of the rhetoric of Rome, would, when filled with "power from on High," shake the very throne of the Cæsars till it toppled over and crumbled in the dust and from the shattered and broken remains they would build up the throne of the Fisherman for the healing and the life of the nations. How true and brave they were that morning on the hilltop when the Master looked into their eyes and loved and called them! How full their hearts were as He passed among them and whispered to each: "You have not chosen me, but I have chosen you, that you should go, and should bring forth fruit: and your fruit should remain!" Of the twelve only one failed Him. Only one was found wanting and untrue to the call so lovingly given, so readily accepted. All save Judas and John sealed with their love the cause they that day espoused. Judas died a traitor, his lips red with his Master's blood. John tarried many years, ever yearning for the hour of blood shedding which never came and its failure to come was keener to his spirit than cut of sword to his aged body. At last the same sweet voice which had called in Galilee so long ago to labor and to toil, bade him to rest and repose on the bosom where he rested at the banquet of the Master's love.

This story of the selection of the twelve is daily repeated from

the lips of our Saviour in the hearts of tens of thousands of the Church's children. All of us are destined from the years of eternity for some special work in His vineyard. We cannot possibly imagine that He, who clothes the lilies of the field and feeds the sparrows of the air, would cast the children of His love and His Blood aimlessly adrift out upon the world without assigning them some definite work, some fixed calling. For "He made the little and the great, and He hath equally care of all. His eyes are upon the ways of men, and He considereth all their steps." Generally speaking, we all admit the fact that our Lord comes to the heart of each one and whispers with more than a mother's love His wishes. No one questions that it can be said to each one of us "Blessed is He whom Thou hast chosen, and taken to Thee: he shall dwell in thy court." To our hearts He says again and again: "Fear not for I have redeemed thee, and have called thee by thy name; thou art Mine." Our difficulty rather lies in recognizing the call, in being certain that it is His voice. Can we then know that our Blessed Lord is speaking to our souls, as truly as if we had been on the hill that morning when He came down from the mountain and we had looked into His face and seen the love beaming from his eyes? Most undoubtedly we can, else there were no obligation to follow His bidding when He speaks.

But our Holy Hour is over. This question I hope to answer in our next.

JNO. H. O'ROURKE, S. J.

GOD'S WAYS

A life of seeming failure is a boon  
 If man but humbly play his humble part;  
 The cap and bells will change to glory soon;  
 The narrow earth, to Jesus' Sacred Heart.

SR. M. CLARISSA.

## HE KEPT HIS PROMISE



HELLO! St. Mark's! This is Dr. Morton. An accident has just occurred below Glen Station. Engineer is badly injured; fireman dead. We are bringing injured man at once. Tell Mother Margaret to have everything ready for an operation when we arrive." "Come, Sister," said Mother Margaret to her assistant when she received Doctor Morton's message, "another unfortunate soul has need of us. God grant we may serve him well!"

Half an hour later, Joe Martin, the engineer, lay on the operating table at St. Mark's Hospital, while anxious surgeons bent over his mangled form and silent nurses hastened to and fro to perform their senior's bidding.

"Will he recover, doctor?" Mother Margaret asked, when nearly an hour had passed and the head surgeon signalled that the operation was over.

"Poor fellow!" answered the surgeon, kindly, "he may never wake again in this world. Another martyr of duty, too. His train was approaching Glen Station on schedule time, and the operator in the tower threw the wrong switch. He saw the error too late, though he could have saved himself by jumping; but true to duty he clung to the lever until the engine toppled over. There we found him beneath the cab, unconscious, his right hand still grasping the lever, his left clasping his breast. Poor fellow! two legs were badly crushed, but the same smile of content was upon his honest face."

"Were his relatives summoned, doctor?" asked the Superior.

"No, Mother, he has none. The foreman told me that he has lived with him for years, and he was known only as Joe Martin, the faithful engineer. I searched his clothing but found nothing save this little badge and cross which were fastened near his heart."

"A Catholic! Thank God!" Mother Margaret answered, as she took from the doctor's hand a small badge of the Sacred Heart and a League cross with the initials "N. to J. M." above the words, "Ora pro me."

"Give him your best nurse, Mother," were Doctor Morton's parting words, "and if he lives until to-morrow we may be able to save him."

\* \* \* \* \*

"That switch is wrong! My Jesus, mercy!" were the first words

Joe Martin uttered twelve hours later when he recovered consciousness in the little room whither he had been carried the night before.

"Hush! You must not talk now," said Mother Margaret, who was sitting by his bedside. "You have been injured and are at St. Mark's. The doctor orders absolute quiet."

"Ah, I see. But, Sister, have they taken my badge?"

"No, Joe, it is here," she answered kindly, as she placed the badge and cross once more in his eager hands.

Two days wore slowly on and the injured man showed no signs of improvement. Spasms of pain racked his poor body, but they could force from his lips only the words, "My Jesus, mercy!" The third day came, and at three o'clock Mother Margaret was sitting at the bedside of the wounded engineer. From the Sisters' chapel near by came the faint strains of that consoling hymn to the Sacred Heart:

"O, Jesus, open wide Thy Heart  
And let me rest within!  
For weary is my stricken soul  
Of sorrow and of sin."

When the words were reached,

"Yes, Jesus take me to Thyself  
I'm weary waiting here,"

the sufferer started.

"What is the matter, Joe?" asked Mother Margaret, kindly.

"Sister, do you hear that hymn?"

"Why, yes, Joe! The nuns are making a novena to the Sacred Heart. This week is the feast, you know, and that is their closing hymn."

"Ah! yes, Sister, I thought I had been dreaming. Sister, I know I am going to die, but I'm not afraid, thanks to God and to her."

"To whom, Joe?"

"Ah! Sister, I will tell you all. I was back again during that hymn in the home of my childhood, and I thought my companions were singing that hymn once more. It was the favorite hymn, Sister, of one who was my companion and playmate. We played our childish games together. For her I culled the first blossoms of spring; for her I sought the sweet May flowers to deck our Lady's

shrine; with her I sought the brightest roses to grace the throne of the Sacred Heart. Time passed, Sister, and a holier friendship sprung up between us.

"When I decided upon my vocation in life, I went to lay my plans and my love before her. 'Nellie,' I said, when we met, 'I have found my vocation. We have grown from childhood together, but I think God calls me to be an engineer, and I leave to-morrow.' 'I am glad Joe,' was her answer, 'for I, too, am about to leave our old home.' 'You. Nellie?' I asked in surprise. 'Yes, Joe,' she replied. 'I, too, have found my vocation, and next week, God willing, I am to enter the novitiate at M—— and try to follow the Master's call. We can still be friends, Joe, and be sure that my prayers will always follow you.'

"I had spoken no word of love, Sister, I could not. My fear had always been that a greater rival might take her from me, but not such a One as has claimed her.

"When we parted that day, Nellie gave me this cross and badge. Her last words were: 'Keep them, Joe, for my sake; serve Him Whom they speak of; should danger ever threaten you ask His pardon in those sweet words we have spoken so often, 'My Jesus, mercy,' and always remember, Joe, that I am praying for you.'

"Sister, while I followed my pathway in life, temptations often assailed me, but, thank God, that badge and cross have been ever with me. Her memory and her prayers have kept me faithful to my duty and my God."

Tears were in Mother Margaret's eyes when the dying man finished his story. Her voice quivered when she spoke to him: "I am sure, Joe, God has heard your guardian's prayer. It is not His way to refuse anything to those who have left all for Him."

That night the last summons came for Joe Martin, the faithful engineer. Doctor Morton, nurses and priest prayed beside his bed when the soul that had been faithful to its Master went to meet Him. Bravely did he die with the sweet words, "My Jesus, mercy!" upon his lips; the cross and badge, his only treasures, were clasped to his heart.

When all had left the scene of death, Mother Margaret knelt and loosed from the lifeless hand the treasures she herself had given to Joe Martin years before.

WILLIAM J. MCFADDEN, S.J.

## THE MASTER'S WAY



HEY had always called him Ugly—but now he was dead; and the last faint traces of a smile that lingered on the little lips, now cold in death, gave a touch of beauty to the face, pinched and worn with suffering, which had never been seen there before, and caused a twinge of sorrow in the hearts of the little group standing by, as they gazed wonderingly on.

Yes, they had always called him Ugly, ever since that bright spring morning when they had picked the little mangled form from under the wheels of a passing wagon and carried it, seemingly lifeless, save for a quiver now and again that passed through the bleeding frame, into the little cottage near at hand.

And then the doctor came, and with a grave shake of the head said that little Paul would never walk again, or that at most he could only hope to move about slowly, and that not without the aid of crutches.

Summer had gone and autumn too, and the long dull weeks of winter had faded away into spring before little Paul could hobble painfully out into the bright sunshine which had once been so dear to him. How changed everything seemed! To be sure, there were the same green fields stretching far away until they seemed to meet the sky. There were the same flowers nodding their heads in the wind, as it were, beckoning to him to come and play among them once more. But he could never do so again, and a great scalding tear rolled down from his eye and splattered on the frail, worn little hand, and he turned sadly away to seek the friendly shade of a great chestnut close by, and there he sat nursing the burden of sorrow that weighed so heavily on his poor little soul.

Then, too, there were the playmates with whom he used to romp all day long; but now as they passed gaily along, there would be a sudden check in their laughter, a half-pitying, half-curious glance, a whisper—and then a loneliness would come upon his soul—"he was so ugly" they had said; and the great tears would begin to flow again.

It was in moments such as these that he loved to creep away to a secluded corner of the great abbey courtyard near at hand and listen to the little bird-friends that made their homes and twittered gaily in the ivy that clung to its walls. How he wished he were one of them! It seemed so wonderful to have wings and go wherever one wished and be happy.

Then, too, when twilight was falling, he loved to linger here and listen to their little chatterings as each strove with the other for a comfortable resting-place for the night, or again, to hearken to the sweet strains of the Vesper-hymn, as the monks chanted our Lady's song in the gathering darkness of the night.

It was in that building, they had told him, that Jesus lived—Jesus who dwelt among men long, long ago, and who so loved the little ones, and whose picture, with the children clustering round His knees, he remembered having seen in the great book at home. How he wished that Jesus were here now! Perhaps He would love him, too, with the other children, and take him in His arms and caress him as He did the little ones of old. But, too, He might, like so many others, shun him and call him "Ugly"—and then the little heart would bleed again and long for one kind word of sympathy and love.

Thus it was that one evening he found himself close by the great chancel door as the last words of our Lady's strangely sweet hymn fell upon his ears. He felt tired—weaker than usual, and longed to go within to rest himself, but the dread of what his aunt would think and do were she to hear of it, deterred him; because, though he had been baptized a Catholic, his aunt who practised no religion at all, would never permit him to enter a Catholic church. But he was weary and lonely, and felt that he must rest, at least for a little while, and so he crept furtively in through the chancel door, and sank wearily down in a dark corner of the great chapel.

How wondrous it all seemed! There were the lights and flowers, the sweet smell of something that burned in a little vessel hanging from a chain and swung to and fro by one of those figures moving silently about in the light of the candles. Then there was another figure in a great cloak of gold kneeling there in the center with others on each side wearing smaller cloaks of white. Then, too, there were voices as of angels singing hymns whose words he could not understand but which sent a thrill of joy through his weak little

body such as he had never felt before. And then his eyes travelled up and down and around, until they were fixed upon a little round white disc surrounded by gold there in the center of that blaze of light. And he remained thus watching for a while, wondering what it all meant, and if this were a part of heaven, and if Jesus were really here. How he wished that He would call him and bid him come to Him, and that He would take him in His arms and bless him as He did the little ones long years ago.

And then the lights and flowers began to fade from view as though a cloud had formed slowly about them, and the little head dropped lower and lower until at last, it rested peacefully on the little breast.

And it was thus that they found him in the gray light of the morning, the smile of peace still lingering on his lips. The Master had indeed come to him and caressed him and had whispered softly to him, and He did not call him "Ugly."

EDWARD P. TIVNAN, S.J.

## PROMOTERS' RECEPTIONS

Diplomas issued from July 21st to August 19th (inclusive).

| Diocese.                      | Place.                 | Local Centre.                         | No. |
|-------------------------------|------------------------|---------------------------------------|-----|
| Baltimore.....                | Woodstock, Md.....     | Woodstock ..... College               | 12  |
| Boston.....                   | S. Boston, Mass.....   | S.S. Peter and Paul..... Church       | 6   |
| Brooklyn.....                 | Great Neck, N. Y.....  | St. Aloysius ..... "                  | 1   |
| Columbus.....                 | Columbus, O.....       | St. Anthony's ..... Hospital          | 8   |
| Covington.....                | Bellevue, Ky.....      | St. Anthony's ..... Church            | 1   |
| Dallas.....                   | Fort Worth, Tex.....   | St. Patrick's ..... "                 | 6   |
| Davenport.....                | Keokuk, Ia.....        | St. Mary's ..... "                    | 8   |
| Dubuque.....                  | Bernard, Ia.....       | Assumption ..... "                    | 3   |
| Monterey and Los Angeles..... | Monterey, Cal.....     | St. Charles ..... "                   | 13  |
| Newark.....                   | Kearney, N. J.....     | St. Cecilia's ..... "                 | 17  |
| New Orleans.....              | New Orleans, La.....   | Immaculate Conception ..... "         | 7   |
| New York.....                 | New York, N. Y.....    | St. Rose's ..... Settlement           | 1   |
| New York.....                 | Port Jervis, N. Y..... | Sacred Heart ..... Church             | 4   |
| Omaha.....                    | Lexington, Nebr.....   | St. Ann's ..... "                     | 12  |
| Pittsburg.....                | Pittsburg, Pa.....     | Epiphany ..... "                      | 1   |
| Pittsburg.....                | Pittsburg, Pa.....     | St. Mary's ..... "                    | 3   |
| Porto Rico.....               | Santurce, P. R.....    | Sacred Heart ..... Convent            | 4   |
| St. Augustine.....            | Pensacola, Fla.....    | St. Joseph's ..... Church             | 4   |
| St. Louis.....                | Normandy, Mo.....      | St. Ann's (Passionist)..... "         | 1   |
| St. Louis.....                | St. Louis, Mo.....     | Visitation (Cabanne Pl.)..... Convent | 2   |
| Seattle.....                  | Tacoma, Wash.....      | St. Patrick's ..... Church            | 8   |

Total number of Receptions, 21

Total number of Diplomas issued, 121.



## AN OCTOBER CONFERENCE



F AITHFUL children of the Church need no urging to give their heart's best love to Our Blessed Mother. You know why you honor her; you have the motives on your finger-tips. But did you ever notice that the story of the honor and love we pay her is written in the little prayer which has ever been one of sweetest music, and which, during this month of the Rosary will often fall from the lips of her most devoted children—our own Hail Mary? Pause with us a while, and see.

*"Hail, full of grace!"* What an eulogy in those few words; what a brief but complete summary of the sublimest gifts that God has in His treasury for man. Mary, our dear Mother, was conceived in the way of nature, she was conceived as others are, but grace interfered and was beforehand with sin. It filled her soul from the first moment of her existence so that the evil-one breathed not on her nor stained the work of God. From the very beginning, it could be truly said of her: "Thou art all fair, and there is no spot in thee." Her holiness began where that of the most glorious saints has its end. Besides, this first grace of Mary's was increased and multiplied within her, like a seed, throughout the whole course of her life. Then, when she was called away from an earth too sordid for so fair a creature, so great was her favor in God's sight that she outshone in the splendor of her soul the combined splendors of the triumphant saints and of the hosts that minister at God's throne. Hers was truly "the path of the just which as a shining light goeth forth and increaseth even unto the perfect day." *"Hail, full of grace."*

Why this singular privilege? The angel's words make answer, *"The Lord is with thee."* If Solomon's temple, destined to contain the Ark of the Covenant, was to be inwrought with gold, and bedecked with precious gems of earth, what adornment could be splendid enough for her with whom God joined Himself so closely?

God is everywhere, as you know, by virtue of His omnipresence, but He is especially present to His Saints. He makes them His temple, as the Apostle teaches, by a special indwelling, and this indwelling has its degrees of greater or less familiarity. How intimate then, must have been His presence to one whom He had raised above all creation? He was with her in the unspeakable privilege of her Immaculate Conception through all her earthly days by His guiding Hand, His illuminating grace, and His surpassing power. He dwelt in all the workings of her soul as in a living tabernacle. He was with her in the very Person of His Son, within her virgin womb; in her sacred embrace through all His tender years, and when taken down from the cross, those same blessed arms enfolded Him again. And in this latter privilege of her motherhood to God, we read the story of her blessedness among women.

*"Blessed art thou among women."* Ruth and Judith, you remember, and other sainted women of the old Dispensation had been called blessed in their day. It belongs to Mary, however, to be called the truly blessed one. The dignity to which she was raised at the message of the angel and at her own humble words of submission, surpassed the highest hopes and holiest dreams that were ever weaved by woman's fancy. She found herself become the theme of prophecy, the fulfillment of types, the term of the old Law, the dawn of the New Day, the mother of the world's Life; in one word, the Mother of God.

Mother of God she was in its truest sense. The Word of God did not merely visit her as He visits us in Holy Communion; He did not merely come to her and go from her. It was no heavenly body He assumed, fashioned by the angels. No, He imbibed and absorbed into His divine Person the very substance of her flesh. Truly blessed, then, is Mary among the women of all time, and truly will all generations call her blessed, for the dignity that God laid upon her when Gabriel said the first "Hail Mary," that the world ever knew.

Does her blessedness end here? Is there no other degree to which God could raise her, that He might honor her more? Yes, there is one, and we hear it from the lips of Elizabeth, whose words the Church has deemed worthy to be joined to the salutation of the angel.

*"Blessed is the fruit of thy womb."* It was possible for God to

have decreed that Mary should be but a material instrument in His almighty hands through which He might bring to pass the work of our redemption. He might have used her against her will, all-holy though it was, or irrespective of it. But no; this was not to be. He determined that she should be a sharer in the work, a co-operator in its true sense. As He is the merciful God, so was she to be the Mother of mercy. He was pleased that it should depend upon her how the mystery should be accomplished. He gives her time to deliberate. He accords her permission to suggest difficulties, so that it was not until she had said, "Behold the handmaid of the Lord," that "the Word was made flesh and dwelt amongst us." How singular a part is this that Mary plays in the great mystery.

Nor did that part cease with her acceptance, nor when the power of the Most High overshadowed her. It extended itself through all the sorrows that her divine Son incurred as the price of our redemption. She shared with Him all His trials of body and soul; she bore poverty with Him at His birth and in the days of His infancy and youth; she followed Him weeping from city to city, and sought Him through calumny and reproach even to the persecution which threatened His life. When the time was at hand for the completion of the holocaust, and the bonds that Adam's sin had forged were to be broken sunder, she who so loved to live apart from the gaze of men, took her stand beneath the shadow of His bruised and bloody form as it hung in ignominy on the cross. All this, because she willed; all this, because He who was nailed to the cross was the fruit of her virgin womb.

So, as we said in the beginning, in this major part of our "Hail Mary" we may seek and find motives for the honor that we pay the Queen of Heaven. She was filled with the highest of God's gifts,—she was "*full of grace.*" We speak of her wondrous virtue when we say, "*the Lord is with thee.*" The dignity with which she was crowned is set forth in that she is "*Blessed among women.*" Her beneficence to the human race is summed up when we recall that the same Lord who came down to liberate us from the yoke of bondage was by her will the blessed fruit of *her* womb.

Now, if all this be true, what feelings should we hold in our hearts, during this present month, for so privileged a creature of God? "What should be done to the one whom the King desireth

to honor?" The King of kings has set her apart as the darling of His heart; what has He left for us to do? Our part is to honor her without stint or measure,—asking her intercession constantly both by prayer and imitation of her virtue.

The remaining golden words with which the church has completed the "Hail Mary" should be frequently and fervently on our lips,—*"Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners now and at the hour of our death."* The prayers of that Mother who was full of God's grace from the beginning, who gave to Christ the Humanity in which He was clothed, and the very Heart that broke on Calvary through love of us, who toiled and suffered with Him in the work which the Father gave Him to accomplish, must find a hearing when all else has failed.

"My Mother, ask, for I must not turn away thy face." We need favors for the present hour. It is God's mother and ours who can obtain them for us. She will, too, if we but confide in her and cherish a love for her as is her due by the glories of her soul, by her dignity, and by her beneficence to us when we were the out-cast, benighted children of God. It must not be an empty affection, however, but a sincere love that begets a desire and a striving to imitate her virtues.

What are these virtues? The gospel teaches them to us in all its simple eloquence. When the world lauds us and whispers its flatteries in our ear, we shall be mindful of the sweet humility that caused Mary to be troubled even at the speech of an angel until she recognized securely that he was truly the messenger of her God. When any thought, or word, or deed that is not wholly pure would work its way into our daily life, let our hearts turn to the pure "Lily of Eden" that trembled lest even so exalted a maternity should sully the unspotted whiteness of her soul. Finally, when we hear God's voice, be it bidding us to lend our energies to some noble enterprise or to bare our heart to the arrows of misfortune, let our submission be as Mary's—"Be it done unto me according to Thy word."

In thus striving to honor Mary, not by valueless words, but by deeds that proclaim to all the world our honor for her, we may rest assured that she will repay us beyond our highest expectations. She will in all truth, we may be certain, "*pray for us sinners, now*"—that we may walk in the ways of the just, and in that inevitable

hour to which we are all hurrying forward, "*the hour of our death.*" It will be a blessed thing, indeed, in our last hour, when flesh and heart are failing; in the midst of the pain, the weariness which then will be our portion, to have Mary at our side to tend us, to whisper peace and to accompany our souls into the Kingdom that she has done so much to have bequeathed to us as a rich inheritance.

R. A. FLEMING, S.J.

## AFTER THE BATTLE



UNDER Africa's burning sun an hospital tent was pitched, and in it, side by side, lay two soldiers, wounded and apparently dying.

Sprung from different races, bound by no visible tie, strangers until to-day, Providence had brought these two together for the furtherance of its own ends.

Yesterday, on the battlefield of Omdurman, both had fought bravely, had faced death unflinchingly, had done their duty nobly. To-day the young Lancer lay quietly facing an agonizing death, with a look almost of peace on his drawn, white face: but his English comrade, who with no thought of self or danger, had faced the blackmen's bullets with unflinching courage, trembled now, and cried out at the well nigh unbearable suffering of his wounds.

Yet both these men were Catholics. "Let me be, doctor," cried the Northumberland Fusilier, and there were tears of uncontrollable agony wetting his cheeks. "I can bear no more, so let me be, till I just die." "But you are not going to die yet," replied the doctor. "Think of yesterday, and don't turn coward now."

"God! but what a coward I am." The words forced themselves between his clenched teeth. "Doctor, doctor, don't leave me like this, can't you put me out of my misery. Kill me—here—now—don't let me linger on or I shall go mad and kill myself."

The doctor tried to calm him, spoke soothingly, sternly, but he

made no impression whatsoever on his patient. The man's nerves were completely shattered. His animal courage had deserted him, and he had no supernatural comfort to uphold him. When the doctor passed on to the young Lancer's side, and bent over the prostrate form his face grew grave and sad. Here, too, there was dreadful pain and with no possible end but one—death.

"No, my poor lad," he said, in answer to the unspoken question in the wide, grey eyes. "No; it won't last long now. Another night and then—"

"I knew it. I thank you sir, but oh! couldn't you get the priest to me?"

The doctor went out in search of the chaplain, and the two soldiers were left alone together.

"Passion of Christ, strengthen me," the younger man was unconscious that he spoke aloud.

His comrade turned his head.

"You're in luck," he said savagely. "I heard what he said, you're in luck if you're going to die. But, boy, how do you bear the pain?"

"The passion of Christ"—he stretched out his hand and showed a rosary, worn and old, twisted round his fingers, a small, rough crucifix hanging from it. "I think of what He suffered, and then I can't complain."

"He suffered more 'n we! Eh! but I forgot that!" The doctor's words had had no effect, but the remembrance of our Lord's passion brought back to him by this dying Irish boy, made him stifle his groans and hush the oaths and blasphemies that his wounds had called forth.

The sight of the rosary, the words spoken as a matter of course, brought the scenes of his childhood vividly before him. The cottage home in pleasant Lynedale seemed to be standing near him. His mother was teaching two flaxen-haired urchins their prayers, but the prayers were only said when the Protestant father was not by. The burning wind from the desert seemed like the hot summer breezes that had lured the truant boy from school and catechism to play in the hedgerow. Then a stalwart young man stood at the same cottage door, and to please the mother, who was parting with her darling, he had taken a rosary from the workworn hand, and

had dropped it carelessly into the pocket of the smart new tunic. Where was that rosary now? Where had it been these years and years? If he had used it he would not have forgotten his religion. He would not have looked upon death only as a release from pain and he might have borne his wounds as his comrade did with Christian fortitude and true heroism.

With a feeling that this lad was stronger, better, than himself, the Fusilier turned to him once again.

"Is it only because you're dying that you think of these things?" he asked, "or have you always been a pious chap?"

"Pious!" repeated the other, who seemed to rally at the approach of death. "Pious! indeed then, I wish I had and it's better ready to die now I'd be. I've not done many a thing I ought, but I think in honor of her rosary, that the Mother of God will ask her Son not to take me before I see the priest."

And he told the Englishman something of his past.

The grass land of Meath had been his early home, and in a little country chapel, week after week, he had gone to Mass and to catechism. As soon as he was old enough to work his school days had come to an end, but he could not forget his religion whilst its principal truths were brought before him every night when he knelt with mother, brothers and sisters, whilst his father recited the rosary.

These prayers, with a regular attendance at Sunday Mass and an occasional "going to his duties," probably made up the whole of the lad's religious practices, and later when his regiment led him far from home and country, when attendance at Sunday Mass was not always possible, and the frequentation of the Sacraments limited itself to Easter or thereabouts, even then he remembered the rosary and he knew that at home he was not forgotten. He was still speaking when a figure appeared once more at the opening of the tent. A radiant look came over the dying lad's face. His own prayers,—and his mother's for him—had been answered. The priest had come in time.

His confession was soon heard, and the last rites of the Church were administered. Then, quite calmly, the young soldier waited for the end. The angel of death was about to enter the tent when the lad opened his eyes.

"It's getting dark," he said, and his voice was wonderfully steady. "I'm glad to die at night, for it's saying the beads they are for me, away in old Ireland." The hands moved slowly, painfully together until they both clasped the rosary. The words came slower, the voice trembled and faltered:

"Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners now—"

And that Hail Mary was finished beyond the grave.

They buried him in the sands of the desert with his scapulars round his neck, but the old black rosary, Father Macnamara gave to the comrade who had lost his own so many years ago.

And as the long, hot days dragged on, and the pain was slow to lessen, the Fusilier learnt the lessons of patience and resignation that his dead comrade had taught him. They were difficult lessons to learn, for although his wounds were healing and his life was saved, his days of soldiering were over and the roving spirit was hard to tame.

Even the chaplain marvelled at the change that came over the man, but his mother understood that it was not his prayers or her own that had wrought this change, but that an unknown Irish family, by the faithful daily recital of the rosary had not only won the salvation of their own boy, but had saved her boy, as well.

ALICE DEASE.

#### OUR GUARDIAN ANGEL

The thorns grow thick above earth's sod,  
Yet joyously through life we sing;  
For thou dost see the Face of God  
And we are safe beneath thy wing.

SR. M. CLARISSA.



## A LITTLE PEARL ROSARY



It is true Olaf visited a great number of big stone houses every morning in his rounds with the paper, but none appeared so massive in his eyes as Doctor Winthrop's. Often before ringing the basement bell he would gaze with pleasure and wonder at the great stone structure, the shiny brass bell and door knobs, and the rich lace curtains, each surpassing the other in elegance, which adorned the many large windows. Then, too, was it not here that "the little lady in white," as Olaf termed her, lived, who very often clinging to the skirt of the maid would shyly greet him with "Good-morning, boy." In fact, they were becoming quite friendly. It was just yesterday that he had met the little lady descending the great stone stairs, accompanied by a colored woman with snow white cap and apron. Olaf was glad afterwards that he had not forgotten to take off his dirty cap and hold it while the winsome lassie spoke so kindly to him. They were not many words, but how well Olaf remembered that timid query, "Where do you live, boy?" and when he had respectfully told her—with his brother Tom, down Rook's Lane—how well he recalled her childish exclamation, "no mamma nor papa!" To this he had shaken his head negatively, and the little lady looking wistfully up into her nurse's face had said tenderly, "how sad," and then as the big woman was leading her away, she had turned towards him, and her "good-bye, dear boy" was so sympathetic that Olaf had thought of it more than once during his busy day.

Somehow or other he looked upon her as being much younger than himself although he had to admit that she was even a trifle taller than he; but her pretty white frocks and spotless sash and bows were synonomous in his mind with babyhood; so Olaf felt confident she was not his age, surely not ten years!

He now stood outside about to ring the bell and hoping in his heart that the little lady would peep from behind the servant, even if it were only to say "Good morning, boy." Yes, three minutes later he heard her light step and laughter and then he hardly realized it before she was again addressing him,—in fact, asking his name in a sweeter voice than ever. "Olaf," she repeated after him,

"how strange! I thought maybe your name would be the same as that of the little boy in my story book, because you look just like him, and that is why I want you to be my friend. I've shown Rose the picture, and she thinks so, too, don't you, Rose"; but not waiting for that smiling woman to reply, she warbled on, "some day I will show you the book." Olaf, at a loss how to accept this marked attention, simply mumbled, "I'd like to see it," and then a voice from within called "Estelle, dear," and the little one sped off, and Olaf passed along on his way, happy with the brief interview.

Several weeks passed before Olaf again saw his little lady and then it was most unexpectedly. He had decided to take a half holiday this Friday afternoon, and was strolling leisurely down Dyke avenue enjoying the glorious sunshine and the quiet of that residential section, when nearing St. Agatha's Church, he came face to face with no other than Estelle who, with much dignity, was walking by the side of a handsomely garbed young woman. They were about to enter, but when Estelle espied him she exclaimed with real joy, "Why, mother dear, here is Olaf," and while the woman graciously put out her hand to Olaf, her little daughter continued excitedly, "Does he not look like the picture in my book, mother?" "Yes, sweetheart, I think there is a resemblance; but have you shown little Olaf your book, and told him the story of John the Baptist?" "No, mother, but may he come to-morrow afternoon?" and her bright eyes and eager voice bewildered poor Olaf who had thus far in life received no such attention from anyone much less that of a beautiful auburn-haired child. "Certainly, dear, if Olaf cares to," replied the mother gently; and arrangements were made then and there for the visit.

Olaf never forgot that Saturday afternoon spent in what he considered an enchanted palace, when, rapt in awe, he listened to the story of John the Baptist, and gazed at the beautiful picture of that saint as a child—all so new to him, and from the mouth of one whom he now looked upon as a fairy princess.

His gross ignorance regarding religion pained Mrs. Winthrop, and utterly dumbfounded her little daughter; but they were not long in deciding to undertake the conversion of this stray little soul. Much to Olaf's joy, therefore, he was told of their plans and invited to come two afternoons of each week.

A new world had certainly opened up to Olaf. It is true, brother Tom had tried to do the right thing by him ever since his widowed mother with dying breath left Olaf an infant of three years to his sole care; and he looked as best he could after the child's temporal welfare. Tom was but eleven at that sad crisis. Poverty had deprived him of an education and circumstances forced him into the companionship of those who gave neither thought nor care to the spiritual side of life. The little taught by a fond mother had long since been forgotten and he spoke truthfully when he said he knew not to which church he belonged, although he faintly recalled an Episcopalian minister having called on the occasion both of his father's and of his mother's death. So he gave food, shelter and clothing to little Olaf but had naught else to offer.

The story of the Christ Child simply told by the little lady was deeply thought over by Olaf. It was what this child heart had been unconsciously yearning for these many years, and he embraced it eagerly. His numerous questions and keen interest were most gratifying to Mrs. Winthrop especially, who was always present at the instructions and occasionally had to assist her little daughter.

The great changes being wrought seemed numberless to Olaf's excited mind. Arrangements were made for him to attend school and Sunday school; their three small rooms were visited by a lady from a charitable organization who in a short time had transformed them into a cheerful home; a more lucrative position was secured for brother Tom, and for more than a year Olaf's heart was overfilled with joy and surprises, and life itself had assumed a new mantle. Brother Tom became imbued with the spirit and willingly received all the instructions Olaf was able to offer; and everything had its origin in the fact that the little lady had decided to make him her friend, a circumstance upon which Olaf most frequently reflected.

Olaf was very regular in his attendance at the big brown house but never remained longer than an hour, every moment of which was complete happiness to both; for Estelle never grew weary of her pretty bible stories nor Olaf of listening to them, and her many lovely books added much to the mutual enjoyment. Then, too, Estelle was more than delighted with her little convert, and talked continually of him to all the visitors at the Winthrop mansion.

One day during his visit she suddenly exclaimed, "Oh, Olaf, I must now teach you the rosary!" and going to a small cabinet she took out a dainty pair of pearl beads, with gold chains and a handsome gold cross. "Aren't these lovely?" she murmured sweetly, placing them in his hand. "I have had them since I was a very tiny girl." Olaf fingered them carefully—it was the first time he had ever touched a rosary, and he fancied them immediately. "Are they all like these?" he inquired, simply. "Oh, dear me, no!" Estelle replied, "mother has big black ones and so has father, but I am going to give you those to carry on your First Communion day, and to keep ever after. I prize them but I want to make a little sacrifice in thanksgiving for your conversion, and then, too, it would be selfish for me to keep them; for mother has already purchased even a handsomer pair for me. Is it not lovely that we will both receive Christ Jesus for the first time on the same day?" and their faces bespoke the happy spirits within them. Then in her own simple and childish way she taught him that greatest of all Catholic devotions, the rosary.

But such happiness was not forever. The first balmy days of spring brought sorrow instead of joy to one home at least. The little lady was ill, very ill.

Olaf brought the paper daily as was his wont, for he had continued to work before and after school. His anxious and humble inquiries after the little lady were met with but brief replies, for the servants were sad at heart and unwilling to talk at great length. But his patience was finally rewarded, for one bright morning about a month after Estelle had been taken ill, he was told by the maid that the little lady desired to see him, and was accordingly ushered up to the little invalid's room.

The shades were drawn, but even in the dim light Olaf could see that the little face was wan and the soft eyes were encircled and glossy. As for the mother, Olaf could hardly believe that the pale, thin face was the one he had been accustomed to see so plump and rosy.

"Come Olaf, dear, and shake hands with Estelle," said Mrs. Winthrop softly, "she has been anxious to see you;" and Olaf stepped forward and took the slender hand in his, but tears filled his eyes as he met the earnest gaze of his little lady. "Yes, Olaf," she said sweetly, "I know that the Feast of Corpus Christi will

soon be here, and I did not forget about the beads. Mother, will you pass them to me, please?" and the mother hurried to obey the wish. "You will say them often, won't you?" she murmured coaxingly as she gave them to him.

"Once every day for you," said Olaf solemnly, and this brought a flush of pleasure to the pale cheek, while with eagerness she continued: "Whether I am left with mother or taken to heaven?" to which Olaf bowed his head affirmatively, while a big tear rolled down his cheek, and the heart-broken mother stirred busily about the little medicine table that her idol might not see the tears which could not be suppressed. "You may go, now, Olaf dear, for I am, oh, so tired," and she again feebly extended her hand which Olaf held for several seconds feeling possibly it might be the last farewell.

He would have loved to throw himself on his knees and cry bitterly, nay tell her the sincere gratitude his young heart felt. As it was he murmured "Thank you very much, dear little lady; I will surely keep my promise."

"You will call again to see me, will you not?"

"Surely, surely," was the response, and with a faint smile flickering on the delicate lips, she closed her eyes as in sleep.

Olaf stole out of the big house unperceived, and wended his way toward Rook's Lane to pour out his sorrow in the solitude of his own room—clinging the while to the precious box containing the last and greatest of her gifts, for did she not prize most her babyhood rosary?

Poor Olaf was never afforded a further opportunity of seeing his little instructor, for not many days after his visit the Winthrop home was plunged into the deepest mourning for the pet and idol of the house had fallen into the sleep that knows no waking.

\* \* \* \* \*

It was the Feast of Corpus Christi. The day dawned bright and clear and the sun's rays beamed through the stained glass windows of St. Agatha's Church and lighted on the happy faces of the first communicants, as they solemnly approached the altar rail. Olaf was among them and his step was tremulous with joy, while his fingers grasped tightly the dainty pearl rosary they entwined; for was not "the little lady in white" looking down upon him from her place among the angels, and had he not faithfully fulfilled his promise?"

MARY JANE DRISCOLL.

## TODDLES LEARNS ANOTHER MYSTERY



HEN Jesus was forty days old," began mother.

"Forty days," Toddles thoughtfully repeated.

"That was still a very little Baby, mother."

"Yes, dear, a very little Baby in the Blessed Mother's arms. Well, there was a Jewish law that every first-born child, if it were a boy, belonged especially to God; and that fathers and mothers must carry such children to the Temple and make an offering there in place of actually giving the child himself to the Temple."

"I don't understand, mother," said Toddles who enjoyed the delicious privilege of asking mother as many questions as she pleased.

"I'll try to explain," said mother, gently stroking the perplexed wrinkles out of Toddles' forehead meanwhile. "God had permitted an offering to be made which He had declared would redeem—buy back, as it were—the first-born from its obligation to dedicate himself entirely to the service of God in the Temple. Rich people gave gold. Poor people like the Blessed Mother and St. Joseph offered two turtle doves or a pair of pigeons."

"What did Mary and Joseph offer for Baby Jesus?" asked Toddles, eagerly.

"What do you think, dear?"

"They might have given some of the gold the Kings brought," Toddles was thinking with all her might. "But no. The Blessed Mother could not give what had been given to Baby Jesus; that wouldn't be fair, mother."

Mother smiled.

"They were so 'awful' poor," Toddles continued, "they must have given the doves." And Toddles sighed. How much she wished the Holy Family had had everything that was rich and beautiful in this world!

"Don't sigh, little one. The doves were, in their gentleness and dependence, much more fitting the meek Mother of Jesus. And all the things lacking to Mary and Joseph were the earthly things upon which they placed no value whatever. They had God; with Him they could feel neither want nor deprivation."

"Like I feel with you, mother," murmured Toddles, her heart shining in her eyes.

"Only much more, darling. Perhaps, dear, that trust little children feel in their mothers is the very nearest to the perfect faith the Saints have in God. Anyway it seems the best comparison we can make, with our poor little hearts and minds. Perhaps it's why Jesus once said we must all become as little children if we expected to get to Heaven."

"But like good children," Toddles hastened to explain. In her opinion mothers were much nearer Heaven than children. Weren't children naughty, and sometimes had to be punished?

"Yes, good children. Obedient, trusting children. The Blessed Mother was the most obedient of all God's children. It was an act of simple humble obedience when she took Baby Jesus to the Temple and presented him as though he were subject to the Lord like other children. He was God, and therefore had made the Law which He and His Mother kept. Can't you fancy them going along the street, Toddles, in the morning sunshine, Jesus, Mary and Joseph?"

Toddles closed her eyes.

"Yes, I can, 'cause I've seen the picture down in your room, and when I shut my eyes, mother, I can imagine it. The Blessed Mother's eyes so soft, and Baby Jesus asleep, and two white doves. Did they coo, like the doves I had in the country?"

"Perhaps. And St. Joseph was the protecting figure over all. You can see how thoughtful and tender he was, if you look into his face. So they reach the Temple. They pass within the doors without the idle persons standing about suspecting who they are. The people entirely taken up with earthly business can't recognize Jesus, no matter how closely they approach Him. But within the Temple it was different. There were two souls waiting for the Child Jesus there. They knew Whom the Blessed Mother held in her arms."

"Who were the two, mother?" asked Toddles, eagerly.

"One was Simeon, a man who was waiting upon earth simply until the day when God should show him the Christ, His Son."

"And that was Baby Jesus," Toddles declared, pleased that she was understanding all mother said.

"Yes. Simeon took Jesus from His Mother and blessed God that he had permitted His faithful servant to see that day. He

prayed that God would now let him depart in peace, because having seen Jesus, he had seen the salvation of all God's people. Then Simeon blessed Mary and Joseph and told the gentle Mother that a sword would pierce her heart."

"What did he mean, mother?"

"His words were a prophecy of the sorrow and sufferings that would come to Mary through the Passion of Jesus. Every mother suffers each grief her child must bear, but Mary, the Mother of Jesus, as God created her the most perfect of human beings, loved and suffered more deeply than any other creature could."

"Was the Blessed Mother frightened?" Toddles asked.

"No. She wasn't afraid of the will of God. Simeon's words no doubt revealed to her that her life was to be the life of the Mother of Sorrows, but she knew God's grace would never fail her."

"Confidence," whispered Toddles, who had very thoroughly mastered this "big word."

"Yes. And confidence brings courage, and courage—what?" curious to discover whether Toddles would remember.

Toddles laughed mischievously.

"You thought I'd forgotten mother—Courage brings perseverance," and there was only a very slight lisp.

"Capital! Now we mustn't take too long with our story. Besides Simeon there was Anna waiting in the Temple. She was very old—eighty-four—and had spent most of that long life fasting and praying in the Temple. Anna recognized Jesus, too, and rejoiced and praised God. Then the little ceremony was over. The Holy Family left. Soon they were out of Jerusalem, on the way towards their home."

Toddles was quite tired.

"On the way home," she murmured, contentedly. "I don't remember the name of the place just now, mother?"

"Nazareth," whispered mother, just as the drooping eye-lids closed.

Did Toddles hear? Anyway she smiled in her sleep.

HELEN BOSCH.

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*Promoters should endeavor to have all the members under their care read THE MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART. The subscription price is so small that there is no one who cannot afford it; one copy, however, is sufficient in each family.*



## BLESSED MARGARET MARY AND THE HOLY ANGELS



If we seek to deepen our spirit of practical, fervent devotion to the Holy Angels—to whom October is specially dedicated—our readers will find few pages replete with greater interest or devout suggestiveness than those bequeathed in the writings of Blessed Margaret Mary. Her feast occurs, as you know, on the 17th of the month. Like St. Frances of Rome, she seems to have been marvellously favored by the almost continual presence of these Holy Spirits, and on their powerful aid she confidently relied to help her in extending the knowledge, love and service of that Sacred Heart she loved so devoutly.

If we look for an explanation of this tender devotion to the Holy Angels, perhaps we may trace its origin to her grateful recognition of their fidelity to their Heavenly King when first He revealed to them the mystery of His Incarnate Love for men, and claimed their homage for His Divine and Human Nature, linked by the bond of hypostatic, or personal union.

Another not less pressing motive, and one which throws additional light on Blessed Margaret Mary's devotion to the Holy Angels, we gather from one of her letters. "The Heart of Jesus desires that we should cherish a particular devotion to the Holy Angels, because they have a special mission to love, honor and praise this Divine Heart in the Sacrament of Love. The Sacred Heart wishes us to foster this devotion to the Holy Angels, that, being united and associated with them, these Blessed Spirits may supply for our deficiencies when we kneel before His Eucharistic Presence. This service our Blessed Lord seeks, in order not only that we may render our homage and our love to Him, but also that we may supply for those who do not love Him, and also make reparation for any irreverences of which we may be guilty in the presence of His sanctity."

Her contemporaries tell us that her interviews with the angels were of almost daily occurrence, and frequently it was given her to see them grouped around the Tabernacle, as is especially mentioned in the vision which took place on the Feast of the Visitation A.D. 1688.

*The Guardian Angel.*

It is a traditional belief in the Church, that, when God entrusts to any of His chosen servants some exceptional mission, He delegates an angel from Heaven to guide, uphold, strengthen and console them. Chosen by Divine Providence to be the Evangelist of devotion to the Sacred Heart, Blessed Margaret Mary furnished no exception to this dispensation. "One day, while enduring great suffering," she said, "our Blessed Lord came to console me, and spoke thus to me: 'My daughter, be not afflicted, for I will give thee a faithful Guardian Spirit who will always accompany thee, ever assist thee in all thine emergencies, and prevent Satan from prevailing against thee. And every fault into which thine enemy believes he will make thee fall, shall redound only to his confusion and shame.'

"This favor," she adds, "gave me such strength, that, subsequently, I felt I had nothing more to fear, for this faithful Guardian of my soul so lovingly helped me, that he released me from all my difficulties. I had the happiness of frequently beholding him visibly present, and of being frequently reprovved and corrected by him. . . . Always did I find him ready to help me in my necessities, and never has he refused any request I made of him.

"On one occasion he said: 'I wish to declare to you who I am, that you may know the extent of the love which your Divine Spouse bears to you. I am one of those angels who stand near to the throne of the Divine Majesty, and who most fully participate in the glowing ardours of the Sacred Heart of Jesus Christ. I desire to make you share in them, as much as you are capable of receiving them.'"

*Angels of the Eucharist.*

A still more extraordinary privilege was vouchsafed to her on another occasion. "While kneeling in the vicinity of the Blessed Sacrament," she said, "the Sacred Heart of my Adorable Saviour appeared to me more brilliant than the sun. It seemed to rest in the midst of flames—the flames of pure Love—while around it were seraphs hymning canticles of praise. These Blessed Spirits invited me to join them in entoning the glories of the Sacred Heart. But, when through reverence, I hesitated, they reprovved me, saying, that, they had come to associate themselves with me in rendering to It a perpetual homage of love, adoration and praise. For this object they would supply my place before the Blessed Sacrament, as th

through them, I might love It without interruption. Moreover, they declared, by this association with me, they would share in my suffering love, while I would be enabled to share in their love of exultation. They then inscribed on the Sacred Heart this Association in letters of gold, traced in ineffaceable letters of love!"

### *Resolutions.*

We draw from these visions of Blessed Margaret Mary three practical resolutions.

*First*—After her example, to associate ourselves with the Holy Angels in adoring, praising and loving the Sacred Heart. "We shall unite ourselves with the Angels," says the servant of God, "in order that they may offer our homage to the Sacred Heart to supply what is wanting in us, to make reparation for our irreverences, and to love this Divine Heart for us."

*Second*—Not satisfied with assisting at one daily Mass, "we shall offer to Jesus in the Most Holy Sacrament all the Masses which are celebrated all over the world during that day, and we shall entreat the Angels to assist at them for us, and offer them to God to appease His justice."

*Third*—Far from limiting ourselves to one or more brief visits to the Blessed Sacrament in the day, we should endeavor to make such a visitation of love perpetual by means of continued *spiritual* visits. "This we can do," says Blessed Margaret Mary, "by entreating the Angels as we leave the church at the end of each visit, to make reparation for any faults we may have fallen into in the presence of the Blessed Sacrament—to keep watch for us, in our absence, before the Tabernacle—and to offer to the good God, there sacramentally present, all that we ought to do for His greater glory and our own spiritual welfare."

Thrice happy shall all be, if, rising from the perusal of these recommendations of Blessed Margaret Mary, we efficaciously endeavor to weave them like golden threads into the web of our daily, hourly lives! To what a height of holiness should we all speedily attain, if our lives were thus sanctified by companionship with the Holy Angels! Distracted or absorbed in worldly toils, or cares, or sorrows, or worries, what a joy to think that we can, if we will, have the angels watching and praying for us before the altar—bringing endless blessings and favors from the Heart of Jesus into our lives!

And how this thought should fill our souls with consolation and strength and confidence at Holy Communion, when assisting at Mass, paying our visits to the Blessed Sacrament, or making the Holy Hour!

*May the Angels of the Blessed Eucharist watch over us and over all whom we love!*  
*Irish Messenger.*

## THANKSGIVINGS NOTICE

One of the most important sections in the MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART is the one called "Thanksgivings." Read it over and it will speak for itself; it means simply this: Hundreds of League members make a promise in praying to the Sacred Heart, that if their favor is granted, whatever it be, they will have it published. Why so? In order to increase the faith and confidence of other Associates. That's all, and it is a grand reason. If you could read the letters that pour into our office day after day, you would realize the great good that is being done along this line. We try to publish as *many* as we can, as *fully* as we can, and as *soon* as we can. But in order to make matters clearer to those who avail themselves of this practice, we wish to make the following notices:

FIRST. Thanksgivings cannot be published for from six to ten weeks after they have reached us. For instance, those received between August 15th and September 15th cannot appear before the November number. This is due to the time necessary for assorting, and to the fact that our magazine goes to press five or six weeks before the date indicated on the cover.

SECOND. For ordinary favors received, use a form something like this:

ILLINOIS, *Chicago*. "For success in a difficult examination." Or: "For the cure of a serious illness; badge applied." Put these items on paper, any kind of paper, and send them in. Never mind the name.

THIRD. For extraordinary favors, such as the cure of a whole family from a contagious disease, or the return of one to the Sacraments after years of neglect, write all the necessary details as briefly and as clearly as possible.

FOURTH. In all "thanksgivings" sent to us, much unnecessary trouble will be avoided by all concerned if they are written separately from any other information that the letter may contain.

# Thanksgivings

"In all things give thanks."—I Thes., v, 18.

Total number of Thanksgivings for last month, 1,283,756.

## SPECIAL FAVORS.

### A Death-Bed Conversion.

*Columbus, Ohio.*—"We wish to give sincere thanks to the Sacred Heart of Jesus for a great favor obtained. A lady, never baptized and not believing in Baptism, was dangerously ill. We recommended her to the prayers of the League, and promised to have it published in the MESSENGER if she should see her error in time. A few days later she asked to be baptized, received Holy Baptism and Extreme Unction, and died very happily."

### A Timely Rainfall.

*Woodstock, Md.*—"Thanks are returned to the Sacred Heart of Jesus for sending us rain after a long drought. After continued unsuccessful prayer for rain, I promised, on July 21, that I would have the favor published in the MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART if rain should be granted us on that very day. When I made the promise, there was no sign of a change in the weather, but an abundance of rain began to fall about 9 p.m."

### "O Woman, Great is Thy Faith."

*Brooklyn, N. Y.*—"What I suffered with my hands only God and myself know. The doctor said if I could keep my hands out of water he would cure them, but I had to work and make my living. Oh! how I did pray to be cured, for over two years. I knew they would be cured for I have such faith in prayer. I promised the Sacred Heart if He

would cure my hands I would have it published in the MESSENGER. Praise be to God and His Holy Name for my hands are cured."

### Drying the Widow's Tear.

*Summit, N. J.*—"I am a poor widow with one child,—a boy of seven. I have no home as I have to make a living at housework. I prayed Our Blessor Mother that I might get a good place where I could have the boy with me. I did and my boy is with me now. I want to fulfil my promise to have the favor published."

### A Great Calamity Averted.

*Fort Totten, N. D.*—"Last spring the pupils of our Indian school were exposed to small pox. A child who had been living in apartments with a small pox patient had been admitted to the school and remained for some time before the fact was made known. We placed badges on all the children and promised publication if they were preserved from the disease. About the same time they were also exposed to the measles. The favor was granted."

### An Epidemic Checked.

*Denver, Colo.*—"Last March diphtheria broke out in our institution, and fifty children were taken with the disease. A novena in Honor of the Sacred Heart ending on the feast, was made. The Holy Sacrifice of the Mass was offered that the epidemic might be averted, promising to have it published. Thanks to the Sacred Heart, the scourge ceased."

**Final Repentance.**

*New York, N. Y.*—"A father who had not approached the Sacraments for several years refused to do so when dying. The Sacred Heart was implored and the Badge of the League attached to his clothing. After a few days before losing entire consciousness, he called for a priest and was prepared for death."

**The Seventh Sacrament.**

*New York, N. Y.*—"I made the nine First Fridays in honor of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, that if it was His holy Will and for the good of my soul, I might obtain a good Catholic husband. The prayer was answered and I send this to be published in thanksgiving."

**Finding the Lost Sheep.**

*Nova Scotia.*—"Sometime ago I promised the Sacred Heart that if an uncle of mine would receive the Sacraments I would have it published in the MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART. To-day he received Holy Communion and Extreme Unction. He is an old man of seventy now, and it is about fifty years since he received Holy Communion before."

**Employment for the Needy.**

*Buffalo, N. Y.*—"I have my father to support, and having been out of work for some time, I did not know how we were to get along. In my discouragement I started a novena to the Sacred Heart and also asked the aid of our Blessed Mother and the Suffering Souls, promising to have a Mass said if my prayers were answered. I also promised publication in the MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART. Thanks to them all, I got work the day after the close of the novena."

**GENERAL FAVORS.**

*ALABAMA.*—*Collbran*, a position retained by refutation of a false charge; *Montgomery*, the conversion of a mother, a business purchased; *Tuscaloosa*, great temporal favors.

*ARKANSAS.*—*Fort Smith*, the cure of a child from convulsions.

*CALIFORNIA.*—*Almeda*, employment secured; *Jackson*, a recovery from illness; *Los Angeles*, a recovery from illness,—badge applied; *Oakland*, cure of a baby, the return to the Sacraments after many years neglect; *Petalunia*, many favors received; *Rio Vista*, the recovery of two lost articles; *Sacramento*, the return of a son to his religious duties, a relief from pain and heart disease; *San Francisco*, two temporal favors; the father of a family makes Easter Duty after many years neglect, one spiritual favor, three temporal favors; *Saratoga*, the cure of a child, a temporal favor, relief from pain, the settlement of a law suit, a spiritual favor; *Stockton*, the saving of a home from fire.

*CONNECTICUT.*—*Bridgeport*, a favor granted; *New Britain*, success in an undertaking; *New Haven*, a spiritual favor; *Southport*, the settlement of a law suit; *Waterport*, success in work and examination, two temporal favors; *Wilton*, the successful sale of a farm, assistance in employment.

*COLORADO.*—*Denver*, the recovery of a son, the satisfactory settlement of financial difficulties, success in an examination; *Downey*, a husband's return to the Sacraments after three years' neglect.

*CANADA.*—*Manitoba*, the cure of ivy-poisoning, successful examination; *Quebec*, an increase in salary, the cure of an illness, relief in trouble, a special favor.

DELAWARE.—*Hamilton*, return to the Sacraments after many years neglect; *Lancaster*, employment secured; *Louisville*, a great favor received, the sale of property, a successful investment; *Newport*, the cure of an afflicted ear; *Norwood*, relief from heart trouble, the securing of a position for a brother, recovery from serious illness, a favor received.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.—*Washington*, a great temporal favor, the receipt of many favors, the cure of pneumonia, a great temporal favor, the cure from an almost hopeless illness.

FLORIDA.—*St. Augustine*, success in an undertaking, and proper decision in selecting a school for a boy; *San Antonio*, relief from severe nervous headache, badge applied.

GEORGIA.—*Macon*, for first vows of a Religious, four vocations, perseverance in vocation, general favors.

ILLINOIS.—*Bearstown*, relief in two difficulties; *Chicago*, success in examinations, the successful sale of two lots, a return to the Sacraments after three years of neglect; *East St. Louis*, employment secured; *Ottawa*, successful operation, a happy death, relief from sickness,—badge applied, several temporal and spiritual favors.

IOWA.—*Anthon*, a successful operation; *Brueau*, a great favor received, the successful issue of family difficulties; *Carroll*, success in examination, the cure of a husband from pneumonia; *Clarkeville*, success in an examination, a mother's preservation from dropsy, several petitions granted; *Dubuque*, the cure of goitre; *Green*, the successful issue of two operations; *Iowa City*, protection from three storms, the sale of property, the return to the Sacraments of four people; *Ionia*, the recovery of a mother and child.

temporal favors granted; *Lamars*, recovery from sickness.

INDIANA.—*Hammond*, success in business; *Leopold*, relief in sickness; *Marion*, the cure of illness; *Indianapolis*, the saving of a valuable amount of goods from damage by water; *Vincennes*, a happy death.

IDAHO.—Special favors, preservation from serious illness.

KANSAS.—*Blaine*, the cure of a father from dangerous illness; *Dodge*, preservation in storm, many spiritual and temporal favors.

KENTUCKY.—*Bowling Green*, employment secured for husband; *Lebanon*, successful examinations, *Louisville*, the reconciliation of a family, employment retained; *Mayville*, the cure of an illness, a vocation to the Convent, reception of First Holy Communion; *Owensboro*, a complete recovery from serious illness.

LOUISIANA.—*Abita Springs*, two special favors, a position secured; *Algiers*, relief from illness; *Convent*, successful examinations, a temporal favor; *Donaldsville*, the cure of a mother and child; *Grand Coteau*, the cure of an illness, securing a favorable position; *La Place*, the preservation from whooping cough; *Lafayette*, the grace of returning to the Sacraments after years of neglect; *New Iberia*, success in financial difficulty; *New London*, a temporal favor; *New Orleans*, spiritual and temporal favors, success in an undertaking, three spiritual favors, nine temporal favors, success in an examination and a successful school year.

MARYLAND.—*Baltimore*, a recovery from illness; *Emmitsburg*, the recovery of a baby; *Mechanicsville*, the preservation of some valuable animals, a recovery from severe illness; *Woodstock*, the return of a mother

to confession after thirty years of neglect.

MAINE.—*Saco*, a restoration to health, a recovery from almost fatal illness,—badge applied.

MICHIGAN.—*Hubbell*, preservation from contagious disease, a position obtained; *Merrill*, the recovery of a father from serious accident.

MISSISSIPPI.—*Nazoo City*, a position obtained.

MINNESOTA.—*Kellogg*, success in two examinations, a successful term at school, a special favor, several general favors; *Northfield*, an operation averted.

MONTANA.—*Butte*, ability to give a boy Catholic training.

MISSOURI.—*Florissant*, the grace of a happy death, five favors granted, relief from severe pains in the head; *Kansas City*, the recovery of a child; *St. Louis*, the recovery of a father stricken with apoplexy, a reconciliation between a husband and wife, a temporal favor, a special favor granted to a Community, a temporal favor, recovery from two operations, success in operations, success in examinations, improvement in health.

MASSACHUSETTS.—*Boston*, a return to the Sacraments after three years neglect, a permanent position secured, a favor received; *Holyoke*, a recovery from rheumatism; *Leominster*, a favor obtained, *Malden*, success in a recent examination; *Nantucket*, employment secured; *Pittsfield*, a position obtained; *Roxbury*, the conversion of a relative, a cure of intemperance.

NEW YORK.—*Albany*, return of the father of a large family to the Sacraments after neglect of six years, preservation of health of a whole school from a scarlet fever plague; *Aton*, the recovery of a friend; *Babylon*, a cure of severe illness; *Baldwinsville*, a special favor, the re-

ceipt of a check; *Bensonhurst*, employment secured, a loan obtained; *Binghamton*, the gaining of a request; *Brooklyn*, many favors received, the return of a sister who ran away from home on account of family trouble, the finding of a Promoter's Cross, the return of a brother who ran away, the cure of a husband after an accident, a recovery from an operation; *Buffalo*, employment secured in two cases, a special favor; *Covington*, success in an examination, a special favor for peace in the family; *Deposit*, general favors received; *Glen Cove*, the cure of a father's intemperance, a position secured; *Greenpoint*, a favor granted after twenty years of prayer; *Haverstraw*, successful examination and graduation; *Long Island City*, the cure of a father's intemperance, a better position secured, the finding of a Promoter's Cross, successful resistance in temptations against Faith, help obtained in order to pay debts; *Matteawan*, a temporal favor; *Middletown*, relief from great pain; *New York City*, a conversion, a position obtained, a cure after many years of prayer, favors granted, for relief in difficulties, a position secured, the recovery of a priest from serious illness, the cure of a Sister, work obtained, employment obtained for a brother, successful issue of an operation, the cure of nervous trouble, the cure of a father's intemperance, success in an examination, a great temporal favor, a successful operation, position obtained for husband, position secured; *Rochester*, a great favor received; *Watervliet*, success in an examination; *Whitehall*, a temporal favor received; *White Plains*, the cure of a woman addicted to drink; *West Winfield*, a favor received; *Yonkers*, a special favor.



NEBRASKA.—*Omaha*, preservation from contagious disease.

NEW JERSEY.—*Asbury Park*, a temporal favor; *Bayonne*, help in business matters; *Englewood*, settlement in business trouble; *Gloucester*, the cure of a mother and many other favors; *Hawthorne*, relief in financial difficulties; *Newfoundland*, preservation in a storm; *Orange*, relief from sickness; *Ridgewood*, relief from sickness; *Passaic*, for favors received; *Union Hill*, a happy death; *West Hoboken*, success in examinations, a successful term.

OHIO.—*California*, almost complete recovery from nervous trouble; *Cleveland*, recovery from a serious accident, preservation during a storm, a good position secured, the cure of nervous trouble, a good position secured, employment secured for an old man, the conversion of a brother, success at work, an increase in salary, a mother's restoration to health; *Dayton*, employment secured; *Louisville*, a great temporal favor; *Steubenville*, employment secured.

OREGON.—*Columbus*, a recovery from blood poison; *Portland*, the settlement of a right-of-way dispute.

PENNSYLVANIA, *Freeport*, an exceptional cure; *Johnstown*, a request granted; *Luccesco*, a cure; *Philadelphia*, the conversion of a non-Catholic, extraordinary cure, a position obtained for a husband, recovery from heat prostration, relief from heart failure, a cure, many special and temporal favors, employment secured, a much-dreaded operation averted, relief from pain in the back, cure of a mother from dangerous illness, the avoidance of an operation, favors granted, sickness relieved, success in a difficult examination, spiritual and temporal favor granted; *Pittsburg*, the cure of bloodpoison, many tem-

poral and spiritual favors, a great favor received; *Spanglor*, relief in sickness of two persons.

RHODE ISLAND.—*Ashton*, the cure of an illness; *Edgewood*, a special favor granted; *Newport*, employment secured; *Providence*, relief from sickness, the cure of an acute attack of indigestion, a recovery from severe sickness.

SO. CAROLINA.—*Columbia*, the return of two persons to the Faith; *Florence*, three very special favors.

TEXAS.—*Dallas*, the cure of a child; *Floresville*, a safe return; *Forney*, a father's conversion who had not been to church for over thirty years; *Houston*, relief from mental suffering, a position secured; *Houston Heights*, many favors received; *San Antonio*, recovery of a brother from illness, a special favor.

TENNESSEE.—*Chatanooga*, a position secured, a great spiritual favor, a thorough conversion, preservation from an infectious disease.

VERMONT.—*Bethel*, a number of favors received, a child's recovery from serious illness; *Middlebury*, many temporal and spiritual favors received.

WEST VIRGINIA.—*Wheeling*, success in school work, a great temporal favor.

WASHINGTON.—*Seattle*, an increase in salary, a good position secured.

WISCONSIN.—*Coleville*, preservation from smallpox; *London*, success in a business project, restoration to health; *Madison*, success in embarrassing financial difficulties; *Milwaukee*, the peaceful death of a Promoter after severe illness, a sale of property, a cure, success in two affairs of importance; *Mineraltown*, recovery from long and dangerous illness; *Racine*, a partial reconciliation; *Wauzeka*, the grace to make a good confession.

## BOOK NOTICES.

*Children of Light.* By M. E. Francis. Benziger Bros. 40c.

The author appreciates the importance of Catholic teaching on the question of marriage, and sets it forth in a luminous and somewhat exciting manner, in the titular story of the book. What a pity that John McTaggart was so insistent upon getting married in a Registry Office! The book contains six stories told in a pleasing style, and with enough Irish dialect to satisfy those who take delight in whatever humor lurks in that kind of wit. There are many clever strokes in this little book, and young persons will read it without yielding to distractions, but there is not quite enough variety in the situations to sustain the eager interest of maturer minds.

*Spiritual Flowerets in Honor of the Blessed Mother of God.* By Father L. B. Palladino, S.J. Kilner, Philadelphia, Pa.

One cannot turn over the pages of this little book and read its wise sayings, aphorisms and counsels at hazard without recognizing in the zealous missionary, who composed it, a man deeply familiar with the Bible, the Imitation of Christ, and the Spiritual Exercises of St. Ignatius. The book is now in its ninth edition, a fact which amply testifies to its worth.

*Nemesis and other Short Stories.* By S. A. Turk. Benziger Bros. 60c.

There is genuine fictional power in the eight charming stories that make up this neatly bound volume. The book will do much good in a quiet unostentatious way, for the characters in the various stories are attractive, especially that of Kathleen in *A Mixed Marriage*, whose beautiful

and heroic fidelity to her religion is admirably depicted.

*The Story of Blessed Thomas More.* By a Nun of Tyburn Convent. Benziger Bros.

This is one of the volumes of the St. Nicholas Series, edited by Dom Bede Camm, O.S.B. The author gives a brief but careful treatment of the whole period of the life of this noble Englishman and Blessed Martyr of the Faith. The grand character of the Blessed is portrayed in a manner that is in no way disappointing, and even the most punctilious will be quite satisfied with the English. The book is illustrated with half a dozen excellent colored pictures.

*Jeanne D'Arc. The Maid of Orleans.* By C. M. Antony. Benziger Bros. The St. Nicholas Series.

Father Benson tells us at the end of a spirited preface that for the details of the story of Jeanne D'Arc "this admirably written and vivid book will be fully sufficient." We are glad to add our own commendation to that of one to whom the author, in a prefatory note, confesses that she owes everything. The life, like that of Blessed Thomas More in the same Series, is a model of compact biography. The fascinating and romantic story of the Maid of France is told with a rapidity and enthusiasm that may well make one long for a far more extended recital of the thrilling events of Jeanne D'Arc's flashing, not to say dashing, career.

*Common-Sense Talks.* By Lady Amabel Kerr. Benziger Bros. 40c.

These talks are the product of a devout Catholic whose clever and cultivated mind did much to make the

Church better known and loved in England. Among the subjects treated in the conversations are A Personal God, The Teaching Church, Purgatory, Hell, The Sacrifice of the Mass, The Holy Eucharist. Any one who familiarizes himself with the contents of this bright and straightforward exposition of the chief doctrines of our Faith, need not fear that he will grow dumb and singularly dull when occasion presents itself for a discussion on our holy religion.

*Report of the Christ Child Society.* Washington, D. C., 1907-1908.

The above booklet is consoling reading indeed. The Christ Child Society is an organization which

works for the young and can be aided by personal membership, by contributions of money, clothing and other useful articles. The record of good told in this little book is a noble one. The story of the year's work is told in no spirit of boasting, but evidently with the desire to secure future aid for the great work. Surely, then, as many of our readers who can—now that suffering and poverty seem to be so much on the increase and parents are tempted to seek temporal aid at the expense of the spiritual welfare of their little ones—will be eager to assist the little ones the Master loved. May God bless the Christ Child Society and send helpers and finances equal the need.

### PETER'S PENCE

|                                 |          |                                   |       |
|---------------------------------|----------|-----------------------------------|-------|
| Already Acknowledged .....      | \$40.40  | S. K., Jersey City, N. J.....     | 5.00  |
| K. F., Larchmont, N. Y.....     | .50      | Jas. F., Jersey City, N. J.....   | 5.00  |
| A. McC., Worthington, Mass..... | .25      | John F., Jersey City, N. J.....   | 2.00  |
| J. J. B., New York, N. Y.....   | 1.00     | J. M., Jersey City, N. J.....     | 2.00  |
| Anon., New York, N. Y.....      | 1.00     | T. K., Jersey City, N. J.....     | 1.50  |
| A. L. J., Springfield, Ill..... | 1.00     | Various, Jersey City, N. J.....   | 69.50 |
| Subscriber .....                | .25      | L. J. B., Chicago, Ill.....       | 2.00  |
| M. A. M., Los Angeles, Cal..... | .50      | The Promoters, Rochester, N. Y... | 3.00  |
| Total .....                     | \$134.90 |                                   |       |

### RECENT AGGREGATIONS

The following Local Centres received Diplomas from July 26, to Aug. 19:

| Diocese.           | Place.                | Local Centre.                                    | Date.         |
|--------------------|-----------------------|--|---------------|
| Chicago.....       | Momence, Ill. ....    | St. Patrick's ..... Church                       | Aug. 4, 1908  |
| Cincinnati.....    | Cincinnati, O.....    | St. Rose of Lima's.....                          | Aug. 17, 1908 |
| Concordia.....     | Ogden, Kan.....       | St. Bridget's .....                              | Aug. 18, 1908 |
| Concordia.....     | McDowell Creek, Kan   | St. Joseph's .....                               | Aug. 18, 1908 |
| Fall River.....    | Taunton, Mass.....    | Sacred Heart .....                               | Aug. 13, 1908 |
| Grand Rapids.....  | Grand Rapids, Mich.   | Sacred Heart .....                               | Aug. 2, 1908  |
| Green Bay.....     | Lena, Wis.....        | St. Charles Borromeo's..                         | Aug. 17, 1908 |
| Harrisburg.....    | Berwick, Pa.....      | St. Mary of the Immacu-<br>late Conception ..... | Aug. 4, 1908  |
| Hartford.....      | Bridgeport, Conn..... | St. Cyril & Methodius'...                        | Aug. 18, 1908 |
| Indianapolis.....  | Morris, Ind.....      | St. Anthony's .....                              | July 26, 1908 |
| Indianapolis.....  | Liberty, Ind.....     | St. Bridget's .....                              | Aug. 17, 1908 |
| La Crosse.....     | Menomonie, Wis.....   | St. Joseph's .....                               | Aug. 5, 1908  |
| St. Augustine..... | Miami, Fla.....       | Holy Name .....                                  | Aug. 4, 1908  |
| Trenton.....       | Stony Hill, N.J.....  | St. Mary's .....                                 | Aug. 19, 1908 |
| Wilmington.....    | Wilmington, Del.....  | Little Sisters of the Poor Home                  | Aug. 19, 1908 |

Total number of aggregations, 16; Churches, 14; Institution, 1.

## OBITUARY

"Tis sweet as year by year we lose  
Friends out of sight, in faith to muse  
How grows in Paradise our store."

Rev. D. C. Daly, S.J., Washington, D. C.  
Rev. John P. O'Reilly, Springfield, Mo.  
Rev. Bro. Benedict, F.S.C., Buffalo, N. Y.  
Rev. Mother M. Baptiste, Ontario.

Abbot, David, Troy, N. Y.  
Abbot, Rose, Troy, N. Y.  
Ailkins, Helen, Tremont, N. Y.  
Bakewell, Robert E., St. Louis, Mo.  
Bauer, Joseph A. Rochester, N. Y.  
Benedict, Sister M., Ottawa, Ill.  
Bergen, Mary, Bold Spring, N. Y.  
Carroll, Hon. William, Rochester, N. Y.  
Casey, Ann, New York, N. Y.  
Clifford, James M., Chicago, Ill.  
Corrigan, Mary, Chicago, Ill.  
Cox, Mr., Brooklyn, N. Y.  
Cox, Mrs., Brooklyn, N. Y.  
Crauanus, Mrs. J., Algiers, La.  
Dermody, John, New Dorp, N. Y.  
Duggan, Hannah M., Lynn, Mass.  
Durrigan, Edward K., Phila., Pa.  
Flanigan, Mary M., Rochester, N. Y.  
Haggerty, Margaret, Butte, Mont.  
Kelly, Julia, Phila., Pa.  
Kennedy, Elizabeth, Middletown, O.  
Kegan, Mrs. P., Algiers, La.  
Kepler, Rose, Butte, Mont.  
Lynch, Maria, New York, N. Y.

Lowery, Nora, Race Track, Mont.  
Macklin, Mary, Brooklyn, N. Y.  
McDonald, Kate, Machias, Me.  
McFarland, Philip, New York, N. Y.  
McGuirk, John, Baltimore, Md.  
Maher, Catherine, New York, N. Y.  
Mueller, Henry, Butte, Mont.  
Mullen, Nellie, New York, N. Y.  
Myerscough, Mrs. M., New Athens, Ill.  
Ohl, Mary, Brooklyn, N. Y.  
Phelan, James, New York, N. Y.  
Powers, Anna, Yonkers, N. Y.  
Quinna, Michael, Chicago, Ill.  
Roach, Mary Ann, Chicago, Ill.  
Roche, John, Buffalo, N. Y.  
Rogers, Mary, St. Louis, Mo.  
Rogers, Jennie, Walnut Creek, Cal.  
Richards, Mrs., St. Louis, Mo.  
Ryan, Margaret, St. Louis, Mo.  
Schrande, Augusta, St. Louis, Mo.  
Steincamp, Mrs., Hoboken, N. J.  
White, Cecilia, Jersey City, N. J.  
Wilson, Elizabeth, Cal.  
Whelan, Kate, Rochester, N. Y.

## TREASURY OF GOOD WORKS

Offerings for the Intentions recommended to the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

|                               |         |                                  |         |
|-------------------------------|---------|----------------------------------|---------|
| 1. Acts of Charity .....      | 256,610 | 11. Masses heard .....           | 101,871 |
| 2. Beads .....                | 191,368 | 12. Mortifications .....         | 117,963 |
| 3. Way of the Cross .....     | 33,837  | 13. Works of Mercy .....         | 123,636 |
| 4. Holy Communion .....       | 57,008  | 14. Works of Zeal .....          | 131,016 |
| 5. Spiritual Communion .....  | 98,922  | 15. Prayers .....                | 499,247 |
| 6. Examen of Conscience ..... | 70,685  | 16. Kindly conversation .....    | 58,144  |
| 7. Hours of Labor .....       | 264,134 | 17. Suffering, Afflictions ..... | 58,496  |
| 8. Hours of Silence .....     | 110,690 | 18. Self-conquest .....          | 213,295 |
| 9. Pious reading .....        | 56,687  | 19. Visit to B. Sacrament .....  | 153,110 |
| 10. Masses read .....         | 1,130   | 20. Various good works .....     | 86,343  |

General Total Good Works, 2,582,231

# CALENDAR OF MONTHLY INTENTIONS

## OCTOBER, 1908

### THE MORNING OFFERING.

O Jesus, through the Immaculate Heart of Mary, I offer Thee my prayers, works and sufferings of this day for all the intentions of Thy Sacred Heart, in union with the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass throughout the world, for the intentions of all our Associates and in particular for **The Christian Family**.

| DAYS.         | FEASTS AND PATRONS.   | VIRTUES.                         | PETITIONS.                     |
|---------------|---|----------------------------------|--------------------------------|
| 1 <i>Th.</i>  | St. Remigius, H. H.   | Freedom from pride.              | 99,204 for thanksgivings.      |
| 2 <i>F.</i>   | <b>First Friday</b> —Holy Guardian Angels—1st Deg.—C. R.                            | Devotion to the Guardian Angels. | 45,917 for the afflicted.      |
| 3 <i>S.</i>   | St. Gerard.   | Guard of our eyes.               | 52,612 for the sick infirm.    |
| 4 <i>S.</i>   | <b>Seventeenth Sunday after Pentecost.</b> —Holy Rosary.—St. Francis of Assisi, Pr. | Poverty of spirit.               | 53,917 for dead Associates.    |
| 5 <i>M.</i>   | St. Placidus and Comp.  | Walking before God.              | 30,241 for local Centres.      |
| 6 <i>T.</i>   | St. Bruno.  | Recollection.                    | 29,967 for Directors.          |
| 7 <i>W.</i>   | St. Mark, Pope.   | Zeal.                            | 43,314 for Promoters.          |
| 8 <i>Th.</i>  | St. Bridget of Sweden.—B. I. H. H.  | Devotion to the Passion.         | 116,855 for the Departed.      |
| 9 <i>F.</i>   | St. Denis and Comp.   | Self-restraint.                  | 77,683 for perseverance.       |
| 10 <i>S.</i>  | St. Francis Borgia.   | Detachment.                      | 100,529 for the young.         |
| 11 <i>S.</i>  | <b>Eighteenth Sunday after Pentecost.</b> —Maternity B.V.M.—St. Gummarr.            | Peace in Families.               | 69,915 for 1st Communions.     |
| 12 <i>M.</i>  | St. Wilfred.  | Strength of Character.           | 62,128 for parents.            |
| 13 <i>T.</i>  | St. Edward.   | Conformity with God.             | 73,993 for families.           |
| 14 <i>W.</i>  | St. Callistus.  | Contributing to Churches.        | 42,252 for reconciliations.    |
| 15 <i>Th.</i> | St. Teresa.—Pr. H.H.  | Obedience to Confessors.         | 69,682 for work, means.        |
| 16 <i>F.</i>  | St. Gall.   | Piety.                           | 79,180 for the clergy.         |
| 17 <i>S.</i>  | Bl. Margt. Mary.  | Devotion to the Sacred Heart.    | 147,199 for religious.         |
| 18 <i>S.</i>  | <b>Nineteenth Sunday after Pentecost.</b> —St. Luke.                                | Employing our Talents.           | 38,780 for seminarists.        |
| 19 <i>M.</i>  | St. Peter of Alcantara.   | Esteem of Penance.               | 41,210 for vocations.          |
| 20 <i>T.</i>  | St. John of Kenty.  | Hidden Sanctity.                 | 27,450 for parishes.           |
| 21 <i>W.</i>  | St. Ursula and Comp.  | Dread of Sin.                    | 46,005 for schools.            |
| 22 <i>Th.</i> | St. Mary Salome.—H.H.   | Adoring at the Altar.            | 41,319 for superiors.          |
| 23 <i>F.</i>  | Most Holy Redeemer.   | Gratitude to God.                | 38,427 for missions, retreats. |
| 24 <i>S.</i>  | St. Raphael, Archangel.   | Invocation of the Angels.        | 68,514 for societies, works.   |
| 25 <i>S.</i>  | <b>Twentieth Sunday after Pentecost.</b> —SS. Crispin and Crispinian.               | Resignation.                     | 68,154 for conversions.        |
| 26 <i>M.</i>  | St. Evaristus.  | Fortitude.                       | 104,604 for sinners.           |
| 27 <i>T.</i>  | St. Frumentius.   | Good will.                       | 61,526 for the intemperate.    |
| 28 <i>W.</i>  | SS. Simon and Jude.—A.I.  | Faith.                           | 67,048 for spiritual favors.   |
| 29 <i>Th.</i> | St. Narcissus.—H.H.   | Fear of Judgment.                | 56,459 for temporal favors.    |
| 30 <i>F.</i>  | St. Alphonsus Rodriguez.  | Humility.                        | 239,662 for special, various.  |
| 31 <i>S.</i>  | Vigil.—St. Quinctinus.  | Conquering pain.                 | for MESSENGER READERS.         |

PLENARY INDULGENCE.—Ap.—Apostleship; D.—Degrees; Pr.—Promoters; C. R.—Communion of Reparation; H. H.—Holy Hour; A. I.—Apostolic Indulgence; A. S.—Apostle of Study.

## The Prisoners of Hope

OUR frontispiece this month suggests to us the thought of death, and will turn our minds and prayers towards those realms of pain, wherein for a time tarry so many friends of the Sacred Heart.

Few, we are commonly taught, escape the purifying fires of Purgatory, where souls are detained until the justice of God is satisfied and they are admitted to the joy of the vision of their Creator.

Who is there that has not some friend, some dear one, who has gone from earth? The well-loved face we can hope to see no more in this world. The music of a voice so dear to us, will never again ring in our ears in this world, nor will the warm touch of the vanished hand be felt any longer. We loved our friends and near ones during life, and stood weeping at their death-beds and promised undying and constant remembrance. And now when their faces are unseen and their voice unheard, when they cannot help themselves, they hold up pleading hands towards us and beg us, oh! so piteously, to help them. Shall we refuse and turn a deaf ear to their cry and harden our hearts to their misery? Far be from us such cruel forgetfulness.

Moreover, the Sacred Heart of Jesus is yearning for those souls. He thirsts for them with a more feverish thirst than He did on the cross for the cup of cold water to cool His parched lips. He yearns for them with a deeper and wider longing than He did for the soul of the Samaritan woman, or than He longed for the conversion of Jerusalem as He wept over that unfortunate city from the top of Mount Olivet on Palm Sunday. It is in our power to slake this burning thirst. He, too, lifts His nail-dug hands stained with blood, and unites them with the pleading hands of those suffering souls, and entreats us to relieve their pains and satisfy the yearning of His Sacred Heart for the souls for which He died. Surely such pleading will not be in vain. Surely the cry of the Sacred Heart will not go unanswered.



"BLESSED ARE THE DEAD, WHO DIE IN THE LORD." Apoc. xiv, 13.

# Messenger of the Sacred Heart

VOL. XII.

NOVEMBER, 1908.

No. 11



## DEVOTION TO THE SAINTS

BY THE RT. REV. JOHN JOSEPH O'CONNOR, D.D.,  
BISHOP OF NEWARK.



It is not surprising that the Holy Father has asked the members of the League of the Sacred Heart to pray fervently for a widespread increase of devotion to the saints. No one who has followed attentively the course of his pontificate can fail to observe the zeal and energy with which he has endeavored to enkindle in all hearts that fire of divine love which burned so ardently in the souls of the saints. He would have us understand that what is most needed in order to restore all things in Christ is not profound learning or skill in controversy or even zeal for souls, but rather true and sincere holiness of life. He wishes us all first to reform our own souls and to adorn them with sanctity before we proceed to convert others. Charity, he would remind us, begins at home. If each and every Catholic would take up in earnest the work of sanctifying his own soul and making it more and more pleasing to God, the task of converting mankind to the knowledge and love of Jesus Christ would with the help of God's grace become comparatively easy. We cannot blame men for judging us by the standard mentioned by our Lord Himself: "By their fruits ye shall know them." Whether we like it or not, men will estimate the value and excellence of our religion by the fruits of holiness which they observe in the lives of those who profess our faith. The bad or lukewarm Catholic not only injures his own soul but retards the progress of the Church of which he is an unworthy member.



Hence the repeated exhortations of the Holy Father to bishops, priests and people to wake up from sleep, to cast off the works of darkness and put on the armor of light—in a word, to follow more closely in the footsteps of the saints. In furtherance of this aim he now asks us to unite in fervent prayer that devotion to the saints may be increased in the souls of all the faithful, for he knows well that this devotion will lead us to acquaint ourselves more intimately with the lives of the saints, to appreciate their ideals and aims more fully, to invoke their aid more fervently, and, above all, to be more earnest in imitating their example.

The Church has always been solicitous in urging due homage and veneration to the saints. They are the choicest products of her labors and the living proof of the efficacy of her doctrines, her precepts and her means of grace. In the lives of the saints we see the practical results which the Catholic religion is capable of accomplishing in elevating human beings like ourselves to a plane of noble, sublime, and godlike life. The Church rejoices in their achievements because they show forth her divinely given power to sanctify mankind and thus promote the glory of God. As we all know, her chief aim, the very reason of her existence, is the sanctification of souls. For the attainment of this end she received from our Divine Lord her threefold office and authority as teacher, priest, and pastor. Strongly as she insists on faith in all her doctrines, the worthy reception of her sacraments, and obedience to her laws, she reminds us that all these are subsidiary to the charity or supernatural love of God and our neighbor in which holiness essentially consists. Holiness is the standard which she would have all her children to attain, and she never wearies in her efforts to keep that standard before their minds and to assist them in attaining it. If this holiness were not conspicuous in the lives of at least a large number of the faithful, the mission of the Church would be practically a failure. Neither numbers nor learning nor splendor of organization and material equipment could compensate her for the lack of true interior and supernatural holiness in the souls of her children. Here, if anywhere, the rule applies that it is not quantity but quality that counts. Of what avail would it be to the Church to have many millions of adherents professing her faith, receiving her sacraments, and thronging her temples, if in the use of these means of grace the end were

not attained for which these means are intended, namely, the sanctification of souls, or in other words, true holiness of life? Now the saints are those in whom this holiness of life has been especially conspicuous and hence the Church with maternal joy and gratification honors their memory, invokes their intercession at the throne of God, and recalls their heroic deeds for the edification and emulation of all her children. Amid her many trials and sorrows the saints have always been her consolation, her joy, and her crown.

Guided by Christ and enjoying His perpetual assistance the Church is certain to accomplish the end for which she was divinely instituted, namely, the sanctification of souls, and hence we believe that the great majority of her children live and die in the state of sanctifying grace, though, as our Lord predicted, cockle will always be found among the wheat. The purpose for which the Church was established, however, was not merely to secure a moderate degree of holiness in a vast number of souls, but likewise to lead at least a considerable number to pre-eminent sanctity. One of the marks of the true Church is her holiness. The Church indeed is holy in her divine origin, in her object, in her means of grace, in her union with Christ her invisible head; but by holiness as a mark of the Church we mean certain supernatural and extraordinary effects of the sanctifying grace with which the Holy Ghost quickens and vivifies the Church. These effects are twofold: The extraordinary sanctity of some of her members, and unusual gifts of the Holy Spirit such as miracles and prophecies which in every age have adorned some of her children and bear witness to the presence of the Holy Ghost. Though our Divine Lord did not make eminent sanctity obligatory on all, he certainly recommended it, and the "perfecting of saints" is expressly mentioned in Scripture as part of the Church's mission. Christ promised to be with His Church all days even to the consummation of the world, and yet we would have to admit that this effectual assistance would be wanting to the Church if she did not attain her end to the full extent by leading at least some of her members to eminent sanctity. Moreover, the soul of the Church, the author of all grace and of all true holiness, is the Holy Ghost Himself, and He is certain to produce in the visible body of the Church unmistakable evidences of sanctity, and hence to render some members of the Church conspicuous for extraordinary holiness.

Now, those whose pre-eminence in holiness has been officially proved and attested by the Church are called "saints," and it is they who are proposed to us for our veneration, invocation, and imitation.

The veneration of the saints is the logical outcome of our worship of God, and at the same time it contributes to the increase of divine worship; for if we truly love and honor God we must also love and honor His most distinguished friends and servants; and when we venerate the saints on account of their supernatural gifts, we thereby honor and venerate God Himself who is the author and giver of these divine gifts. The invocation of the saints is certainly useful to us, for by this means we obtain the help of their powerful intercession in our behalf. From the doctrine of the Communion of Saints it follows that all the blessed in heaven (even those who have not been canonized as saints) can and actually do pray for us and obtain for us many graces which we would not otherwise receive. This is especially true of those whose pre-eminent holiness entitled them to be enrolled among the canonized saints; for owing to their more intimate union with God as His special friends, they have, so to speak, a stricter title to be heard, and owing to their greater love for us they are more inclined to use their intercession in our behalf. And they are far more certain to intercede for us if we on our part fervently invoke their aid. What is true of God Himself, who is the supreme pattern of the saints, holds true of the saints themselves, namely, that as God, though of Himself inclined to bestow His favors on us, confers His gifts with more certainty and with greater abundance in answer to our prayers, so also the saints will more certainly and more ardently intercede for us if we fervently invoke their help.

What the Church principally intends, however, in recommending devotion to the saints, is that we should imitate their example. This implies that we should regard them as our models and endeavor to follow closely in their footsteps, as they followed in the footsteps of Jesus and Mary. To do this is not so difficult as it appears at first sight. God's grace will never be wanting to us if we ask for it, and with the help of that grace sanctity can be attained in any walk of life. Christian perfection consists in perfect charity—in the complete dominion of divine love over all our thoughts, words, desires and actions. This charity becomes perfect when it has banished

from our hearts not only what is contrary to charity—mortal sin—but also whatever prevents us from giving our hearts wholly to God. Be our state of life what it may, we are in the path of the saints if we truly love God above all things and are free from inordinate attachment to the world and to self, so that we love all things else only in their relation to God. This was the secret of success in the saints, and it is within our reach as completely as it was in theirs. Let us but strive to imitate them and God's help will not be lacking to assist us in our efforts. Keeping in view the supernatural motive which inspired them, and praying as they did for divine grace, we can sanctify and render meritorious even the most trivial duties and ordinary actions of our daily lives. As devotion to the saints becomes more earnest and widespread among all classes, the resolution to imitate their example will become more universal, and the result will be a great increase of love for God and for the Sacred Heart of our Divine Lord.

One of the most important effects of devotion to the saints is that it places clearly before our minds the true and proper ideals or standards of life. There is a strong tendency in all of us toward hero-worship, and it makes a great difference who, and of what character, the heroes are. The world has its great men whom it honors, whose deeds it recounts, whose memory it cherishes and whose achievements it holds up to the admiration and imitation of others. Why should not the Church in like manner have her heroes of the cross to whom her children may look up as to their models, and from the consideration of whose lives they may derive strength and inspiration in the battle of life? When we honor the world's heroes, however deserving they may be of our respect from a natural point of view, there is always the danger that we may be led astray by false or inadequate standards of life, and this danger is avoided or counteracted by due veneration of the saints. For we are thus reminded that the true aim of life is not to acquire honor or wealth or fame or any form of earthly happiness, but to know, love, and serve God, and to love our neighbor for God's sake. The saints had the qualities of courage, perseverance, self-denial and energetic effort, which are the sources of success even in worldly projects; but they used these qualities for the glory of God, the sanctification of their souls, and the true welfare and happiness of their fellow creatures. What

made them saints (humanly speaking and apart from the assistance of divine grace) was the ideal which they placed before their minds—an ideal which reason itself, as well as revelation teaches us, is the highest and noblest that human beings can pursue. For what grander view of life is it possible to have than that of promoting the glory of God, ensuring our eternal salvation, and becoming co-workers with God in fostering the true happiness of mankind? This was the thought that inspired the saints and sustained them in their efforts to advance toward Christian perfection. Devotion to the saints keeps us in constant mind of this true ideal of life and assists in preventing us from being carried away by the false standards and worldly notions of success which are unfortunately so prevalent at the present time.

Among the means which the saints made use of for the accomplishment of their aim, it is noteworthy that they one and all studied and meditated upon the life, the words, the deeds, of our Divine Lord, who is the model and exemplar of all Christians, but especially of the saints. They accepted literally and unreservedly the teachings and admonitions of the gospel and they resolved to realize them in their own daily lives. Of course they knew well that this was impossible without the assistance of God's grace, but they also knew that God's grace is to be had for the asking—"Ask and you shall receive." They besought that grace by fervent prayer and then, confident that their prayers would be heard, they exerted their own energies to the very best of their ability to co-operate with that grace. They made acts of faith not merely with their lips, but with all the power and fervor of their souls, and thus firmly believing the truths of divine revelation they proceeded to regulate their lives accordingly. They placed all their hope for time and eternity in the merits and promises of Jesus Christ, and they made abundant use of the sacraments by which those merits are applied to, and those promises fulfilled in, the individual soul. On the foundation of this faith and hope they built the edifice of charity—true, deep and sincere love of God and of their neighbor for God's sake. They understood thoroughly that it is folly to pretend that we love God unless we observe His commandments in thought, word, and deed, and unless for this end we subdue the rebellious passions which are a consequence of original sin and which are continually struggling for

the mastery of our souls. Nor did they imagine that pride, avarice, and impurity are the only enemies of the higher life of the soul. They were well aware that very often the master vice is sloth or that spirit of laziness, of easy going lack of effort, which leads us to glide with the stream and gradually drift into worldly ways and pleasure-seeking habits. They realized that the spiritual life is a warfare in which only the brave and the energetic can hope to win the victory. Complete as their reliance was on the help of divine grace, they spared no effort of their own to advance from day to day in the path of Christian perfection.

In this respect particularly, devotion to the saints is of practical service to us, for in considering their lives we cannot but observe that they differed from ourselves chiefly in the heartfelt earnestness, energy, and enthusiasm, with which they devoted themselves to the service of God and their neighbor. We all believe the same divinely revealed truths as they did; we put our trust and hope as they did in the merits and promises of Christ; we, too, profess to love God and our neighbor. The difference between us and the saints is that only too often we do all this in a half-hearted way as if we were not quite sure that this is the true end and aim of life, or as if we were unwilling to exert ourselves any more than is absolutely necessary to attain heaven and avoid hell. The saints, on the other hand, entered with confidence and generosity into the wishes of our Divine Lord and gave to His service all the powers and energies of their souls. Whether they prayed or preached or engaged in bodily toil they felt and realized keenly that they were children of God and brethren of Christ. They were conscious that no effort of theirs could be too great, no labor too arduous, no suffering too severe, that would in any degree repay the infinite love of Him who created and redeemed them and who bestows so many priceless blessings on His creatures. In a word, the saints were thoroughly in earnest in their faith, their hope, their charity, whereas we seem very often to be acting a part on a stage rather than to be engaged in dealing with the stern realities of life. To the saints heaven and hell were not mere words, but facts as real as the air they breathed and the earth on which they walked. They lived in the conscious presence of God and trembled at the thought of His anger as if He were visibly present before them. They knew the malice of sin, the infinite holi-

ness of God, the fearful price paid for our redemption, and in their inmost souls they grieved as they beheld the ingratitude, the recklessness, the wickedness and rebellious conduct of so many thousands of mankind. To the saints all this was real and actual as the scenes which they witnessed with their bodily eyes, and their souls were stirred to their depths with the desire and the determination to make at least some reparation to the offended majesty of God and to strive by prayer and toil and suffering to win for Christ the souls of those who were held in the slavery of sin and Satan.

This whole-souled consecration of ourselves to God's service may seem to us beyond our strength, but let us never lose sight of the fact that the saints were only human beings like ourselves, subject to the same difficulties, trials, and temptations. If they succeeded so well, what is to prevent us from attaining the same success? Opportunities are open to us no less than to them. They did not reach the heights of sanctity suddenly, but by slow and often painful process. Each grace faithfully corresponded with became a source of new strength. So, too, we may become saints by sanctifying each act of our daily lives. It is well for us to remember that there have been great saints in every walk of life from the highest to the lowest. Often they were not recognized as saints during their earthly pilgrimage, but God who reads the secrets of the heart knew and loved them as His own chosen friends. Their lives remind us that we, too, however weak and frail we may be when relying on our own strength, can, with the all-powerful help of God's grace, make our lives sublime as they did by the practice of humility, self-denial, patience and the many other supernatural virtues which have their root and source in true, sincere, and fervent love of God. Such is assuredly the aim which the Holy Father had in view when he calls upon the members of the League of the Sacred Heart to join their prayers with his that all the faithful may cultivate a deeper and more fervent devotion to the saints.

O Jesus, through the Immaculate Heart of Mary, I offer Thee my prayers, works and sufferings of this day for all the intentions of Thy Sacred Heart, in union with the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass throughout the world, in reparation for my sins, for the intentions of all our Associates and in particular for the spread of Devotion to the Saints.

## OUR LADY'S VIGIL



HE knelt long, weary, watching through the night  
From staring window, that bleak hill afar,  
Beneath the Paschal moon and one lone star,  
And kept her vigil till the trembling light  
Showed, reared in victory on the conquered height,  
The Standard of her Son. His every scar  
Like stroke of sword her virgin heart did mar.  
Ne'er maid nor mother plained in so sad plight.

Yet, as the dawn came creeping up the sky  
And rosy light enlivened that dead hill,  
A brighter beaming smote her tearful eye,  
A touch from Him doth all her being thrill.  
"Son!" said she then, and all her woe let die.  
"Mother," He said, her utmost joy to fill.

MARK J. McNEAL, S.J.

## ANGELS IN THE CHURCHYARD



YOU, who have laid beneath the sod all you loved most  
on earth; you, who have left, far beyond the sea,  
under a small, low mound, your heart's treasure;  
you, who think, with yearning and with tears, of some  
far-off, lonely little spot that you may never see again:  
all you who remember regretfully the resting places of your  
dear dead, read this little story, and find comfort therein, as  
I did, recently.

I was travelling in the south, and was looking idly from the car window at grey forests of dead trees veiled in Spanish moss, at waving green palms and pines, at dismal swamps and sandy shores and wastes of water, when, suddenly, an unexpected picture flashed by, surprising and mournfully suggestive. Just two graves side by side, with gleaming white headstones, under some dark trees, by a lonely little meeting-house. That was all. No human habitation was near



no sign of life, only an empty, desolate landscape, under a leaden sky.

The train sped on amid ever changing scenes, but that picture stayed; and I thought sadly of all the graveyards there are upon this old earth. One cannot forget them, although those lying so still within their silent limits, are often too soon forgotten.

If you pass through pleasant country places, you come across God's acre, whether you go by the road, or through the woods or meadows. Wherever men have lived, they have left their dead, and when men move on, their helpless dead remain where they have placed them. In an unfrequented forest, you may climb a crumbling wall, and suddenly find yourself in their silent presence. Time and nature may have done what they could to obliterate their memory, gently pulling down their headstones, and covering their graves with growing green; but you know they are there, in the woodland solitude.

And near the towns, you find them. Approach or leave a country village, and you pass its burial-ground; new, it may be, and repellant in its bare harshness; or old and dim with green shadows and full of peace. And close to the largest cities, the cemeteries are most numerous, most crowded. Go where you may, the dead are there before you. Maybe, their graves are neglected by those who wept over them, and forgotten by those whom they loved; but God cares for them. He sends spring to dress them with delicate green; summer to put flowers on them; autumn to brighten them with many-colored leaves; winter to lay a pall of snow upon them. And He bids the obedient stars to watch over them, with shining eyes, and the tender moon to bathe them in soft light, and the rain to wash them, and the sun to warm them, and the winds to sing lullabys over them.

For His faithful, best-loved children, who have died and been buried, He does more, as this tale tells.

I found this little flower of a story in a garden of weeds, where its sweet, faint fragrance might be lost, like that of hidden violets in secret places; so, I gather it, and give it to you, to press between the pages of memory.

There was once a saint, what his name was, or where, or when he lived, I do not know; nor does it matter, for he has long been happy

with the Lord. And when he was on earth, he cared not to be praised by men, but only to serve them, for God's sake. His great heart was full of love for everything that God had made—so full, that its tenderness overflowed and reached the least, most distant creatures. Most of all he pitied the helpless and forsaken, and, pitying, loved them most; and of all these, the dead were dearest to him; for they, of all God's creatures, are the most helpless, most forsaken—those poor souls in Purgatory, left by God to man's mercy, and therefore, helpless indeed, and too often forgotten and forsaken.

This holy man, whose warm heart was full of love and pity, was wont to go into the churchyards to pray for the souls of the faithful whose bodies rested there, and for all on whom the dark gates of death had closed. One afternoon, coming to a strange town, he entered its quiet, deserted cemetery, and, kneeling down, began to pray earnestly for all who were buried there. While he prayed, the sun set, and twilight drew on; still he did not move; then, the stars began to sparkle in the mantle of night, and the saint was aroused from his deep absorption by a procession passing near him. There was not light enough for him to see clearly, but it seemed to be a band of white-robed priests, with smoking censers. He wondered that a company of priests, or acolytes, should come, alone, at night, in gleaming vestments, to the graveyard, and watched to see what they would do.

Slowly, with gentle, gracious mien, they moved, until they reached a noble monument, raised in honor of a noble man, who gave his life for his country and his God. Here they paused, and swung their golden censers, until the marble shaft was wound with sweet-smelling wreaths of silver smoke; then, making low obeisance, they noiselessly passed on, until they reached a distant, neglected corner, so overgrown with weeds and brambles, one could not tell if any graves were there; for nothing marked the spot. Here, the white-robed company reverently stood, while the incense rose in thin, soft clouds making the shadows dimly luminous. So from one grave to another they went; and where they stopped, they bowed with stately, graceful reverence, and swung their golden censers. Now it was a newly made grave they visited; now an ancient, forgotten one; now it was one distinguished by a fine monument, one kept with scrupulous care; but, more often, it as some nameless mound, or one marked

only by a poor wooden cross, and one of these showed that in the nearby town there was at least one heart that remembered and loved, for fresh flowers lay upon it.

At last the little band in snowy vestments passed out silently as it had come, leaving the still air sweet with heavenly fragrance. But the next night they came again, and the next, and every night; and they always went to the same graves, with swinging censers and the same strange, sweet reverence. Each evening the saint went there to pray for the poor souls in Purgatory; and late each night he saw the silent, white-robed figures come and go, with gentle, stately motions and without sound.

He wondered, more and more, what this unfamiliar ceremony might be; until, one night, he rose and followed the little company to ask why they made this strange, secret, nightly visitation, addressing the last, as they passed out. By this the moon was shining, making objects softly visible; and, when the noble figure in shimmering vestments turned, the saint saw neither acolyte, nor priest, nor mortal man, but an angel of the Lord; and in the beauty of that countenance that looked upon the Face of God, the moonlight faded and grew dim, but the saint rejoiced. And the gleaming, glowing one answered, in a voice more golden than his censer, and sweeter than its incense: "We are God's Angels, and we come here each night to do His holy will. For God so loved His faithful servants, their very dust is dear to Him; and even when their souls are safe with Him, glorious in Heaven, He would not leave unhonored what remains of them on earth. And so He sends us down each night to do reverence to their graves."

The band of angels vanished, but a heavenly fragrance lingered with the moonlight, and great peace was in the place.

VIRGINIA B. WALLIS.

#### OUR DEAD

Just that Heaven may be near  
God has taken those most dear;  
But He keeps us not apart,  
All are sheltered in His Heart.

SR. M. C.

# STORY INSTRUCTIONS FOR BOYS

## REVENGE DISARMED.



ONE stormy afternoon, long ago, the people of a sea-coast town in Spain were thrown into a state of wild excitement. All were gathered at the shore, for a sailing vessel had run upon a nearby rock and was pounding to pieces. Those on board were about to be lost, but the waves ran so high that would-be helpers found themselves unable to use their boats and could give no aid.

Suddenly a man was seen to plunge from the ship. Tossed up and down by the white capped waves he was carried towards the shore where soon a loud moan arose as the crowd saw what would almost certainly occur. The brave man, rudely hurled by the angry sea on a jagged rock, was picked up with bones broken, brains battered out, and his last breath already drawn.

This generous fellow was the hero of the day. To his dead body was attached the life-line which, at the sacrifice of his own life, he had carried from the ship ashore. Not a moment was lost in making use of the means of rescue so dearly bought. Clinging to the rope the passengers first made their way to land; after them followed the crew. Last of all came the captain and none too early; no sooner was he lifted out of danger by a dozen strong arms and with a great cry of joy, than the ship, lurching away from its rocky support, went down into a watery grave to remain forever hidden from men.

The dead life saver proved to be by no means a stranger to the town. He was, in fact, one of its own citizens returning home after years of absence, and anxiously expected by his brother Miguel, who, at the time, was about to be thrown into prison for debt. Indeed, Miguel had seen no escape from that fate save through the hero of the day, his dead brother Carlos, who, after a long period spent in other lands, was returning with more than enough money to free the debtor from distress.

As in those days there were no bank checks, whoever had to take money anywhere carried gold; but, alas! the dead body of Carlos

was without the belt filled with yellow treasure, which belt he had certainly worn before plunging into the sea. As everybody clearly understood, the brave man, knowing that any extra weight would lessen his chances of landing the life-line, had left his golden burden behind to go down with the ship. Hence Miguel suffered double grief; his chief and by far greater sorrow was the loss of his dear brother; but to this crushing blow was added the bitter disappointment of failure to receive the gold that was to save himself from prison bars. However, the mourner had at least the consolation of seeing that all hearts were with him. The people cried out that the dead Carlos was a wonder of charity and courage to be honored with the best of prayer and praise; they carried the body of the hero to the church of the town and placed it before the altar for sacred rest until it should be honorably borne to the grave.

Foremost in these very proper things were the passengers and crew of the sunken vessel—a fact that should not occasion surprise. Our hearts always go out to the hero who saves other lives at the cost of his own. On hearing of such a life saver, we easily begin declaring to ourselves, “What unspeakable regard and good will I would have towards any person who might give up his life to save me from the grave!” But is there not one who has done this very thing, and of whom, after all, we think little? For, in point of fact, each of us has his life saver who is unspeakably more than a man; He is the Son of God who, to save each of us from sinking into the eternal grave of hell, gave up His own life on the bloody cross.

Hence the crucifix is where we now see it in the most sacred part of this sacred gathering place—at the altar. The crucifix is kept there and on every other altar of the Catholic world as a reminder that two thousand years ago the God-Man, the same who visits the altar during Holy Mass, gave up His life to save one and all and each of us from a death far, far worse than the death of the body.

The Church, by thus honoring the crucifix, teaches us to make much of the same; to often place it before our eyes and to guard the thought of it in our hearts; to rely on it, in a word, as a means of overcoming every temptation that the devil, the world and the flesh may propose. For, no matter how hard obedience to God's law may sometimes seem, we can always be faithful by reflecting that all things must be borne for the sake of Christ who bore death for us.

And there is one call in particular to sin against which the heart of a thoughtful Christian can be immediately turned if the crucifix be in sight; it is the inclination to harm one's enemy. While there is no sin at all in merely disliking another, it is a mortal sin to wilfully cherish the desire of doing him great evil—the desire, for example, of taking the enemy's life. But be sure we shall always be ready to resist temptation to this grave fault if only ever willing to think of Christ on the cross, as the Church, by keeping the crucifix in holy places, teaches us to do. One who is thus prepared has a certain question on his lips whenever revenge knocks for admission at his heart. "How," that Christian asks, "can I wish evil, let alone do it, to my enemy since he is equally dear with me to the God-Man who has died on the cross for us both?" And to this question savage passion must yield.

If you would have an example of such resistance to temptation, the example will be found in the very affair before us. I have just told you how those from the sinking vessel made their way by the life-line through the angry, foaming waters to the shore. Forseeing the danger of being washed away from the rope, they had prepared themselves for a successful swim by carrying no extra articles save their gold. To this there was but one exception. The captain of the ship, burdened as he was with a heavy belt, did carry something besides; that something was a dagger. As would naturally be expected, the weapon was intended for an enemy, but who could have imagined that enemy to be Miguel, the crushed, heart-broken brother of him who, by sacrificing his life, had become the hero of the day? Nevertheless, yielding to a grudge, much strengthened by certain recent occurrences, the sailor had sharpened his weapon to a deadly point and had sworn to always carry the weapon until the chance would come of driving it into Miguel's heart.

As we have seen, Carlos' dead body was placed for the night near the altar of the large church of the town. They whom he had saved gathered near in gratitude and praise; friends of the family kept watch over the corpse; children were lifted that they might look for the first and last time upon the face of a hero whose name and great deed would be remembered for generations to come; all knelt to pray for the repose of the generous departed soul. All knelt to pray? Yes; all save one—the captain of the lost ship; his

soul was in no disposition for prayer; he had entered the church with a very different aim. The sailor was present in the hope that he would find then and there—even in that sacred place—the wished-for chance of taking Miguel's life.

After the midnight hour the dagger-bearer believed his opportunity had come. Hiding in the darkness at the side of the church, he had seen people leaving in threes and twos and singly until no person remained with the corpse save the man whose life was to be had. The sanctuary lamp alone lit the place, and by its feeble rays the would-be murderer watched his intended victim. Standing with eyes fixed on the dead, Miguel wept loud and freely over his twofold foe—the loss of his beloved brother and the loss of the gold that was to have saved himself from prison. Afterwards the mourner, weakened with grief, sought rest. Propped against the bier, and drawing his cloak tighter to keep off the chill of the night, he became motionless and slept.

"At last!" hissed the captain. "At last the hour has come!" Gliding swiftly to the spot he lifted the blade for the intended stab; but the raised arm dropped. The captain's eyes had met the face of the dead and had forced this question: "How can I take this man's life, his brother having saved my own?" "But," whispered the murderer, "revenge is sweet! Away with women's soft nonsense!" Once more his hand was raised for the fatal stroke; again it fell. The rejected thought had taken a still stronger form whereby to stay violence. "What would I reply," the sailor asked himself, "if the dead hero, after rescuing myself from a watery grave, should now rise up and ask me to be merciful?" Hesitating and confused the captain tiptoed his way back to the dark cover of the church wall to consider the affair anew.

But passion finally won. "Why have a baby heart?" he muttered. "Let fine sentiments keep for other occasions; the blood of my enemy I must have!" Accordingly with swift, noiseless, tiger-like approach, the assassin made towards his victim for the awful finish.

At that moment he beheld a soft light filling the sanctuary. The rays of the bright full moon, escaping suddenly from cloud-concealment and stealing through a chance opening in the foliage thick about the place, had poured themselves upon the altar, flooding the

large crucifix with their silvery light. It then seemed to the murderer, not merely as if the human life saver might rise up and beg mercy; it seemed to him that the Saviour amongst life savers, the God-Man, did actually speak, did really command, from the plainly visible cross that mercy be shown Miguel for whom the Saviour had died.

You have already heard the question that the Christian when tempted to do unlawful violence must put to himself if the crucifix is in mind. "How," he will ask, "can I wish evil, let alone do it, to my enemy since he is equally dear with me to the God-Man who, on the cross, died for us both?" The sailor's heart softened as he repeated this question. Kneeling, he beat his breast and murmured: "The deed I have planned shall not be done."

Then Heaven was pleased to work a miracle of grace. On the instant it enriched the converted murderer's soul with virtue of wonderfully high degree. Still looking on the crucifix, that divinely influenced man crowned the victory just gained by resolving, for the sake of Christ nailed to the cross, not only to spare the enemy as commanded, but to do far more; he would aid the intended victim even to the extent of making himself poor.

Accordingly the repentant sinner quickly removed his money-belt that Miguel might receive its contents and so escape imprisonment for debt. But the giver preferred that his splendid present should seemingly come from the departed life saver himself, from him who had gathered and generously sacrificed the gold by which Miguel was to have escaped threatening bolts and bars. Hence the captain, first opening the mouth of his leather coin-holder so as to make some of the glittering gold appear, wound the belt itself around the cold hands of the dead.

This done he reflected that an arrangement was needed by which the sleeper, on awakening, would discover the precious metal and thus be safeguarded from the possibility of leaving without taking the same in hand. Accordingly the dagger was again drawn; this time for a kindly act. Its blade parted the cords of Miguel's cloak, and that garment was gently placed to cover the hands of the corpse as well as the golden treasure the cold hands held. Then the sailor, about to depart, slipped quietly towards the door. But as he withdrew the great bell of the church struck one; its single heavy stroke



falling from above broke upon the deserted aisles with a loud startling peal that brought the sleeper to his feet. Standing in the darkness near the door the captain, with a devout and even merry heart, watched what followed.

Miguel first rubbed his eyes as people do when suddenly awakened. Next, missing his cloak, he sought the garment on the floor, afterwards on the seats nearby, finding it at last spread over the breast of the dead. Throwing the cloak over his shoulders, the fortunate searcher caught sight of the gold. Again he rubbed his eyes as people do when asking themselves whether they dream, and then threw up his hands in gladsome wonder. The finder's gestures, words and acts made his thoughts and feelings clear. It could be no other than his dead brother's gold carried by the angels from the sunken ship to his dead brother's hands. Finally the favored man counted the coin. This done he threw himself on his knees in thanksgiving to Heaven for having bestowed not only what would save him from a debtor's cell, but enough over and above for the needs of after life.

All of this was witnessed by the sailor. "Thanks to God's grace," he murmured, "I have won gloriously in my fight with passion and Satan and can now hope to rank not only with ordinary Christians, but even with the closer followers of Christ Crucified." Full of this thought the convert slipped unnoticed out of the church and out of the town, to stand by daybreak at the door of a religious community humbly asking admittance. This request was granted; and for the rest of his days the wretch who once would have reddened the very altar with the blood of an enemy lived a meek, charitable, pious monk.

GEORGE E. QUIN, S.J.

### TREASURY OF GOOD WORKS

Offerings for the Intentions recommended to the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

|                              |           |                                  |           |
|------------------------------|-----------|----------------------------------|-----------|
| 1. Acts of Charity.....      | 6,558,275 | 11. Masses heard .....           | 323,029   |
| 2. Beads .....               | 429,712   | 12. Mortifications .....         | 282,599   |
| 3. Way of the Cross.....     | 184,499   | 13. Works of Mercy .....         | 211,996   |
| 4. Holy Communion.....       | 234,332   | 14. Works of Zeal.....           | 1,974,979 |
| 5. Spiritual Communion ..... | 265,487   | 15. Prayers .....                | 1,394,012 |
| 6. Examen of Conscience..... | 382,566   | 16. Kindly conversations .....   | 397,917   |
| 7. Hours of Labor .....      | 5,913,517 | 17. Suffering, Afflictions ..... | 118,487   |
| 8. Hours of Silence .....    | 308,378   | 18. Self-conquest .....          | 99,813    |
| 9. Pious reading .....       | 376,450   | 19. Visit to B. Sacrament.....   | 659,177   |
| 10. Masses read .....        | 2,603     | 20. Various Good Works.....      | 520,718   |

General Total Good Works, 24,630,544.

## UNDER THE SANCTUARY LAMP

### THE HILLS THAT JESUS LOVED. XV. THE HILL OF THE CALL.



LESSED is he whom Thou hast chosen, and taken to Thee: he shall dwell in Thy Courts." These words we can apply to those who listen to the voice of the Master and walk in the way He lovingly points out. In our last Holy Hour we saw that we have not been cast adrift aimlessly upon the open sea of the world, and that every human life is freighted with immense glory to the Sacred Heart if it is lived on the lines which God in His mercy points out. The question now to be answered is how are we to know the state of life to which we are called, for which our Heavenly Father has chosen us.

There are some calls about which there can be no doubt, no mis-giving. When our Lord, after His night of prayer on the mountains, came down at the dawn into the valley, and looking with love into the tanned faces of the fishermen, whispered to each of them: "You have not chosen me, but I have chosen you: and have appointed you, that you should go, and bring forth fruit: and your fruit should remain," surely here there can be no perplexity as to the will of our Blessed Saviour. Again, one day when Jesus was in Galilee and had just laid His hand upon the leper and healed him, and when He had bidden the paralytic: "Arise, take up thy bed, and go into thy house," . . . "He went forth, and saw a publican, named Levi, sitting at the receipt of custom, and He said to him: 'Follow me,' and leaving all things, he rose up and followed Him." Here also Matthew can have no hesitancy as to the Master's wishes; he need entertain no doubt as to his manifest vocation.

Some years later, after the Apostles had looked upon our Blessed Saviour in the flesh for the last time, when they were fulfilling His injunction to be "witnesses unto Him even unto the ends of the earth," Saul, a young man of great energy and promise among the enemies of Christ, was on his way from Jerusalem to Damascus, and

armed with letters from the high priest for the taking of the Christians. "As he went on his journey, it came to pass, that he drew nigh to Damascus; and suddenly a light from heaven shined round about him. And falling on the ground, he heard a voice saying to him: Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou Me?" And Saul asking what he was to do, heard: "Arise and go into the city and there it shall be told thee what thou must do." Surely, when in the city Saul learned from Ananias that he was to be "a vessel of election," there could be no question in his mind as to his vocation. Again, in the First Book of Kings we read how God called Samuel in the night, when he "slept in the temple, where the Ark of God was." "And all Israel knew from Dan to Bersabee, knew that Samuel was a faithful prophet of the Lord." Here again we have a direct call which excludes all misgiving.

These vocations, however, are extraordinary and unusual. To look for them when the natural means are to hand of knowing God's will, would be presumptuous. The Magi had surely been called by the apparition of the star in the East, to the feet of the Babe of Bethlehem. The light of that star had led them on and guided them from their distant homes, over the desert and over Mount Nebo and the Jordan, to the very walls of Jerusalem. In the Holy City the Magi could by their own efforts get an answer to the question: "Where is He that is born King of the Jews?" There would be little difficulty in learning from the chief priests the prophecy: "And thou, Bethlehem, the land of Juda, art not the least among the princes of Juda: for out of thee shall come the captain that shall rule my people, Israel." Had the Magi neglected the natural means to obtain this information they never had reached the Babe of Bethlehem and gazed into His loving face and beheld the welcome in His Mother's eyes or heard her gracious thanks. We cannot, therefore, look for the knowledge of a vocation through any extraordinary action of God's providence while the natural means are at our disposal.

A vocation can be defined as the qualification for a state of life with the desire to embrace it. Evidently if our Lord wishes us to follow Him in a certain path, the first requisite is the bestowal of the ordinary qualities required. These given and with them a sincere desire in the soul for a particular calling, nothing else can be

reasonably demanded. These qualities lacking, no matter what the desire, clearly there is no call. One day when our Blessed Saviour had just finished laying His hands upon the heads of the little children, a young man came to Him beyond the Jordan and asked: "What shall I do that I may have life everlasting?" To the answer of Jesus: "If thou wilt enter into life, keep the commandments," he replied: "All these have I kept from my youth, what is yet wanting to me?" Then Jesus saith to him: "If thou wilt be perfect, go sell what thou hast, and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven; and come, follow me." Then St. Matthew continues and the next verse tells a story which has been repeated from that day to this, a story of defeat for the Heart of Christ. "And when the young man had heard this word he went away sad: for he had great possessions." This young man had all the qualities for the following of the Master, everything now depended upon his own will, his own choice. He had kept the commandments, if at this time he wished to be perfect, it depended upon himself,—let him sell all and give to the poor and come and cast his lot with the Master. He refused and went away sad, as every soul must be sad that turns away from Christ. Outside of the light of that countenance, there must be darkness. Beyond the influence of His grace there must be weakness, away from His sweet presence there must be lonesomeness and despair at the last.

Perhaps an illustration will make this important subject clearer. In New York there is a certain model Catholic home. The children—not insignificant in number—have grown to manhood and womanhood. One of the daughters who is strong, intelligent and solidly pious accepts the attentions of an honorable, upright Catholic man of the same social standing as the girl to whose hand he aspires. There is no question of his financial competency; that is assured; and he is Catholic to the heart's core, a desirable qualification not so common. His attentions are acceptable to the lady and she feels that she can give him her heart in honorable love. She would be a strange mother who would object to her daughter's marriage on the plea that she did not feel sure her daughter had a vocation for the married life. It would be strange if the mother would require some extraordinary sign that God approved of the proposed union. The girl has all the qualities to make a good wife and mother; she desires

to enter the married state, a suitable offer has been made; surely, in reason nothing more can be expected or required. How laughable it would be, if it were not sad, were the mother to insist on her daughter's entering a Convent for a year or six months to find out if she had a vocation for the new state or sphere of life which is set before her.

But let us change the picture. In the same family there is another daughter, beautiful, intelligent and pious—not emotionally so—but solidly devout. She possesses a piety which ever rings true under the test of unselfishness and self-denial—the really safe criteria of devotion. This girl has finished at the academy and her heart longs for the day when she can go back and give up her life to God. Her health is sufficiently robust, she has the intellectual and moral qualities that fit her for the life. Her soul yearns to devote all its energies and its years to the training of children, to the care of Christ in His sick poor. She wants to spend her life and her talents in bringing back the wayward and those who in their wanderings, like Magdalene, are tarnished and stained. In one word she wants to give herself up to the religious life. This decision is not a sudden impulse, it is no emotional resolution, but has been arrived at after mature reflection and prayer. Has she a vocation? Is she called to follow Christ as truly as the Apostles were when our Lord came down from the mountain and chose them, as really as Saul was selected when Ananias delivered heaven's message? Is she destined for the religious state as certainly as her sister for the married? Who can doubt or question it?

Yet how many mothers there are—it is a matter of daily occurrence and lives are daily blighted in consequence—who will consent to admit a vocation in the first instance and require other signs in the second. What different indication of God's will can be demanded short of a divine revelation or a miraculous intervention, which will not be forthcoming. Indeed, if it were granted it would not be accepted and the consent would be withheld. If a mother will permit her daughter to give her hand in honorable wedlock to an eligible suitor because her child has all the qualities that make a good wife and mother, and loves the man who offers her his heart and a home, how can she refuse her daughter who has all the qualities to be a sister, as well as the desire to embrace the higher life,—how can

a mother refuse this child to Jesus Christ when He comes asking for her heart and her hand? If no girl would hesitate and doubt about a vocation in the first instance, surely there can be no room for misgiving in the second.

Sometimes in this matter of a religious vocation parents do not refuse outright to consent to let their children embrace the holier life; but they plead for a delay, they insist that their children wait for a while, go out into society and see the world and its gayeties and pleasures. St. Luke tells that when our Lord was passing through Samaria "steadfastly facing" Jerusalem, a young man met him and said: "I will follow Thee, Lord, but let me first take my leave of them that are at my home. Jesus said to him: "No man putting his hand to the plough, and looking back, is fit for the Kingdom of God." Again, on the same occasion He said to another: "Follow me." And he said: "Lord, suffer me first to go and to bury my father." And Jesus said to him: "Let the dead bury their dead, but go thou, and preach the Kingdom of God." These sayings seem hard, at first, from the lips of Him who was so gentle, who loved His Own Mother so tenderly. Yet for three days she sought Him sorrowing while He was about the Father's business in the Temple. After thirty years of the sweetest and holiest intercourse that earth has ever witnessed, He left her to begin His Public Life, and the home at Nazareth was broken up and saw Him no more. When He put His hand to the plough for our welfare, He never looked back. When He calls, He wants no half-hearted answer. He wants the whole soul in all its youth, all its brightness, all its generous impulses. "If with your whole hearts you seek me, you shall surely find me." Had the Magi tarried and delayed they would never have found the Child and His mother. Had Peter and Andrew lingered when His voice rang out along the lake-shore: "Follow me and I will make you Fishers of Men," they might never have been allowed that closer fellowship which became their privilege when the Master, coming down from His night of prayer in the mountain, picked them out to be His Apostles.

Let there then be no turning back when we have heard in our hearts the whisper of the Master: "Follow me." A mother who detains her daughter from a religious vocation that she may see the world and its vanities and pleasures, may live to rue her guilty

action. If the child with the vocation to the religious state, if the child whom Jesus Christ wants to espouse must loiter in the world to test her calling, then evidently the daughter who wishes to marry, no matter how eligible and desirable the suitor, should retire to a convent, if the nuns will admit her, to see if she has a vocation for the married state. This seems a foolish suggestion. Yet when we consider the welfare of our children, marriage, being a lower state, ought to require more reflection on the part of those who enter upon it, than is demanded from those who embrace the religious life. For, after all, there are no years of probation, there is no noviceship for the former as there is for the latter. Perhaps if there were such a noviceship, we should see fewer unhappy marriages and there might be some ray in the married life of the joy and happiness of convent life. Then again if in choosing the religious life a false step is taken, it can be retraced; if a mistake is made it can be corrected. The doors of our religious houses are always open. They are barred and bolted against impulsive and sudden ingress, but ever open to those who are not happy and find that they have taken a false step. On the other hand a mistake once made in the married state is irrevocable. There is no noviceship here. No retracing our step if a false one has been taken. The entrance is easy enough, but what God has joined together no man may dare put asunder, divorce courts to the contrary notwithstanding. Catholics are well aware that there is no separation till death.

Finally, in this matter of vocation, many parents speak as if we could choose or reject the call of Jesus Christ. We must never forget that it is the Sacred Heart that selects us: "You have not chosen me but I have chosen you." It is an inestimable privilege to be chosen by that Divine Heart, but to be rejected by It is an unspeakable sorrow to ponder over in our souls with fear and trembling. "Many are called, but few are chosen."

JNO. H. O'ROURKE, S.J.

A PRAYER OF THANKSGIVING

To thank Thee, Lord, where'er I be  
May every prayer and sigh of mine,  
For all Thy many gifts to me,  
Be rendered to Thy Heart divine.

## TALES FROM REAL LIFE

### "WHAT DOTHT IT PROFIT?"



HE great financier sat at his desk in his private office and watched with impatient disgust the figure standing on the mat by the door. It was a gaunt, disheveled figure that stood there, with hollow cheeks and bent shoulders, while trembling fingers nervously picked at the ragged cap they held. The mass of nondescript rags which formed his clothing, the worn and battered shoes, in fact the entire appearance of the figure by the door proclaimed him what he was—the wreck of what might once have been a man. And, indeed, that was the only name by which he had been known for many a day; it was the only name by which he cared to be known, "The Wreck."

The great man's face spoke unutterable disgust, and his voice cut like cold steel as he spoke to the figure by the door:

"Well, what brings you here to-day? Did I not tell you the last time you honored me with a call that I hoped never to see your face again?"

"Yes, Dick, I know, I know," replied a shaking voice from the doorway. "I know I ain't nothin' to be proud of; I know I've been a disgrace to ye all my life, an' ye ain't got no call ter be glad ter see me. I know I'm nothin' but a wreck what has just been driftin', driften', always driften' from bad to worse. But I'm yer brother still, Dick, an' she was yer sister, an' it's a message from her that brings me here to-day."

"Oh! yes; I know what ye mean by that look on yer face. Ye think I lied to ye that last time I come here (almost a year ago now, warn't it?), when I told ye she was dyin', just dyin' from cold an' hunger an' neglect, and I begged ye ter do somethin' ter try an' save her. Ye thought then I was lyin' to ye an' ye told me so an' ye turned me out without listenin' to what I'd come ter say. Remember that day, Dick? You may have forgotten it but I never will. There you was, sittin' just where y'are now, with



yer fancy cigar between yer lips, yer rugs all over the floors, them pictures on the walls, the room so warm an' cosy, an' everythin' that money could buy all around ye. Then there was she, yer own sister, dyin' in a miserable little attic, so cold, so hungry, an' ye told me I was lyin' to ye an' ye wouldn't do a thing to help her. No, Dick, ye needn't start to interrupt me, an' ye needn't ring that bell to have me put out. Ye did that once before, but I've a message ter give ye now an' I mean ter give it before I leave. When I've said my say I'll go an' ye'll never see my face again, but ye've got ter listen ter me this time for it's a message from the dead I'm bringin' ye. Yes, from the dead, Dick, for she died that night after I was here before."

The figure by the door had unconsciously straightened itself, and something like the spark of a lost manhood glistened in his eyes as he came a few steps nearer to the man at the desk. A strangely tender note crept into his voice as he went on reminiscently:

"Ye remember that day, Dick, when I had come ter ye for help for her, an' ye had me turned out into the street an' threatened ter have me arrested as a drunken loafer. I had been drinkin' that day, but I wasn't drunk, an' what I went through after I got back to the leaky little attic we called home, would have sobered a man much worse than me. An', Dick, I've never touched a drop from that day to this.

"Well, when I got home an' see her lyin' there on the bed, her poor, thin face an' hands all blue with the cold an' she dyin' for want of food an' medicine, my heart just raged within me an' I would have cursed ye with all the black curses I could think of. But she wouldn't have it so. She made me sit beside her an' she took my hand in both of hers an' she talked to me so kind an' gentle. Ye know how she used ter talk to us, Dick, when we was little lads back there on the farm, an' she the only father an' mother that we had. Well, it was just like that until she made me feel I was a little child again. I saw that she felt so, too, an' seemed ter think we was all young again an' back in the old home. By an' by, I knew her mind was wanderin' for she was livin' the past all over again. She spoke of things I had long forgotten an' she spoke of things what I never knew, an' it broke my heart ter listen to her. She was a girl again an' we was two little scraps of boys an' she was

bringin' us home from father's funeral. She had always been the only mother we ever knew an' now she would have to take father's place as well. We was too little to understand it all, but the sight of the coffin or the black clothes or somethin' must have frightened us for we had cried ourselves to sleep. She carried us up one at a time an' put us in our little bed an' was kneelin' down beside us an' prayin'. I wish ye could have heard her, Dick; even your heart would have broken. She was prayin' God ter help her be father an' mother ter the two of us, prayin' Him ter keep us always as good an' innocent as we was then, an' make us grow up into good, brave men. Oh! Dick, as I sat an' listened to her an' thought of her prayin' over us as we lay asleep in our little bed, an' then thought of all I'd been since, an' the kind of a man I'd grown into, I could have crawled in the dust like the worm that I was.

"Then she went on talkin' about the days when we was a little older, an' the hard times came an' she had to sell the farm an' move down into rooms in the village. She took in sewin' to support us an' sent us two lads to school. Remember them days, Dick? I do. I never thought about it then, but I can see now just how it was with her in them days. Long after we two was sleepin' sound, she'd sit and stitch, stitch, stitch, to keep us in food an' clothes so we could go to school an' get some learnin'. I warn't never much at the books, Dick, an' was a wild scamp even then, an' always gettin' into trouble. But you was straight an' steady, a'peggin' away an' bringin' home all the prizes.

"She went through it all that night, Dick; all our school days, all the days that followed when you had gone down into the city to make yer fortune an' I was the black sheep an' terror of the village. She went through it all over again; her days spent in constant drudgery, her nights spent in prayin' for her two boys; the one down in the great city makin' his way in the world, mountin' step by step up the ladder of fame an' fortune, but slowly, slowly, forgettin' the folks left behind in the country town; the other, a good-for-nothin' scamp, the village scandal, who was wastin' his youth an' manhood in drink an' gamblin'.

"Then she went on talkin' about that time when her eyes began to fail an' she had to give up the sewin' an' was gettin' poorer an' poorer every day. Her blindness sorter sobered me for a while

an' we came down to the city, she an' me, hopin' that I could find somethin' to do an' begin all over again; hopin', too, to find you an' have her eyes attended by some good doctor who might cure her perhaps. You had long ago stopped writin' to us, but ye was pretty famous by that time an' t'waren't hard work to find ye. She had me write to ye; an' Dick, I never knew until that night she was dyin' what was in the letter ye sent her in answer. Her eyes were pretty bad but she made out to read yer letter an' only told me that ye wouldn't have nothin' to do with us. I never knew until the night she was dyin' that ye offered ter take her into yer home an' provide for her if she'd leave me an' promise never ter see me again. Ye never liked me, Dick, even when we was little chaps, perhaps because she seemed ter like me best. But, Dick, she only did that because I was always the wild one and I guess she thought I needed her most. That's always the way with women like her; it ain't the strong one that's on the top, the one that'll take care of 'em an' do for 'em, they'll stick to. It's the weak one, the one that's underneath, the one they think needs 'em most. She knew I wanted ter do better an' she wouldn't leave me, not for anything ye could offer her.

"I don't blame ye for what ye done, Dick. Ye knew what I was an' ye didn't want me disgracin' ye in yer grand home with all yer fine friends an' the great lady who was yer wife. No, Dick, I don't blame ye for not wantin' me, but I wish I'd known what was in yer letter. Things would have been very different for her, poor girl.

"Well, I didn't know, an' she stuck ter me an' we tried ter scrape along somehow. 'Twas hard work, mighty hard, for her eyes grew worse an' worse an' then she took sick an' was failin' day by day. I done what I could for her an' I tried ter let the drink alone, but sometimes it would get the better of me. I tell ye what, Dick, them were the black days for both of us.

"At last, in despair, I came to you that day an' then went home an' sat an' watched her dyin'. All night long she talked on and on, all about the past an' about you an' me. Then, towards mornin' she fell into a kind of doze an' when she woke her mind was all clear again, but she was so weak she could hardly speak to me. I saw there was somethin' she wanted ter say so I leaned over close to her.

an' then she gave me the message I've come ter bring ye to-day. Her voice was only a whisper an' her hard breathin' an' the wicked cough kept stoppin' her, but she couldn't rest until she'd sent her message ter you. These was the very words, Dick, just as she spoke 'em:

" 'Tell him,' she says; 'tell him I've watched him an' followed him along every step of the way. I watched him when he first came down ter this great, cruel city. I watch'd an' prayed for him in them days of struggle an' homesickness when he was fightin' so hard to make his way in the world. I watched him when he first began to climb up, step by step, an' I was proud of him an' glad of his success. But oh! the little worm of bitterness that began to creep in when I saw him slowly but surely forgettin' not only me an' the old home, but everything he had once held dear. Oh! the pain in my heart as I watched the cares of the world, the strivin' after fame an' fortune, the thirst for money an' power gradually drivin' out of his life all thought of his God and his religion. Still I kept watchin' him an' prayin' for him even when his letter stopped comin', and I knew we was all put outside his life forevermore.

" 'Tell him I've never quit lovin' him, I've never quit prayin' for him, an' now when I know I'm dyin', my last thoughts are of him. He has won a great place in the world, he has money, friends, a grand home, everything the world can give, but what will all these do for him when he comes to lie as I'm lyin' now? Can he take his home an' gold an' silver with him? Can any of his fine friends go with him into that awful world beyond? Will all his money buy him a place in Heaven? Tell him to look back on the first pages of the little catechism I taught him so many years ago, an' read just one sentence there: *What doth it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?*

" 'That's my dyin' message to him; that's all I have to leave him; my love, my blessing, an' them words from the holy book.'

" She was quiet then for a little while, so quiet I thought she was gone, but soon she roused herself and began to speak again:

" 'Tell him, too,' she says; 'tell him I'm leavin' this world with all its cares an' worries, but I'm goin' to a better an' a brighter one and I'll still keep watchin' him an' prayin' for him there. Tell him when the day comes to him, as come it must, when he sees all his

friends, all his money, everything, slippin' away from him and he stands all alone facin' the end, he will still have a soul to save. Tell him to remember that. He may gain the whole world, but the day must come when he will lose it all. Bid him remember that on that day he will still have a soul to save.'

"She never spoke no more, but fell into a stupor like, and just as the day came peepin' in through the cracked window panes, her poor, tired heart stopped beatin', that kind, lovin' heart that I had helped to break. I tell ye what, Dick, when the day o' reckonin' comes, you an' me will have a pretty big pile to answer for, an' her death there in that cold, freezin' attic, her death brought on by want an' fret an' worry, won't be the least among our sins. I realized that as I knelt beside her that winter mornin', an' I promised her solemn that I'd never touch the drink again and I'd try to live as she would want me to. I've kept that promise, Dick, though it's been pretty hard. I tried to get work to do, but there's no one'll trust the likes o' me. A little snow shovelin', a little wood choppin', the Lord alone knows how I've picked up a few cents here an' a few cents there. I've begged my bread from door to door, an' I've slept on a bench out in the public parks when I hadn't a penny to pay for a night's lodgin'. I tried ter see you, Dick, tried again an' again, for I wanted to bring ye her message. They'd keep tellin' me ye was away an' I couldn't see ye; they thought I was a tramp just come a'beggin', I suppose.

"Lately, I've come to realize that I'm goin' the same way she did. The doctors at the dispensary told me so, an' I guess ye need only look at me ter know they spoke the truth. They've found a place for me ter go to, a home for just such wrecks as I be, where I can wait for the end in peace. I'm goin' there to-day, Dick, but I made up my mind to see you before I went an' give ye her message. Last night as I lay out under the stars (an' it's pretty cold these autumn nights out there under the stars), I got ter thinkin' of her and of how I'd see her soon again. I couldn't face her if I hadn't brought her message, so there it is, Dick, there it is.

" 'What doth it profit a man if he gain the whole world an' lose his own soul?' "

The man at the desk was sitting now with his head bowed upon his hand, his face concealed from view. "The Wreck" had drawn

gradually nearer and was standing close beside him. Stretching forth his hand, he continued, in trembling tones:

"Dick, old man, we've never been very good friends, you an' me, but I'm goin' on a long journey, a journey there'll be no comin' back from. Death is beckonin' to me, lad, and I'll be answerin' the call pretty soon now. This is the last time I'll see ye in this world, and, after all, we're brothers, Dick. Won't you— shake hands— before I go?"

Slowly the man at the desk raised his head; slowly he turned and looked his brother in the face. Then, without a word, he rose to his feet and grasped the outstretched hand of "The Wreck." For a moment they stood so, hand clasping hand, eye speaking to eye, but tongues strangely silent. Then "The Wreck" turned away and with bent head and slouching gait drifted out through the door down the stairs, and into the noisy street below, where he was soon lost to sight among the bustling throng.

As the office door closed on the departing figure of his brother, the financier dropped heavily into his chair and sat gazing into space, buried in deepest reverie. A picture rose up before him of the little attic room and of the woman dying there, and half unconsciously he repeated aloud the words of her message to him:

"What doth it profit a man if he gain the whole world? Yes, what doth it profit? What does anything profit, for that matter? I have gained a world and I have lost it; I have won place and power and I have lost them; I have had wealth and fame, home and friends, and to-day I sit here alone and penniless, facing ruin and disgrace. To-morrow the world will know me for what I am, a thief, a defaulter; the finger of scorn will be pointed at me; the very news-boys will cry my shame upon the streets. Those who have been my friends will be friends no longer. Truly, the day has come, as she said it would, when everything is slipping away from me and I sit facing the end of all things."

He glanced at the desk and his eye fell on the letter he had been writing when interrupted by the entrance of his brother. It was his farewell to his wife, in which he confessed the ruin and disgrace he would not live to face. To-morrow his shame would be published to the world, but he would not wait to see that to-morrow. To-night, almost any moment now, they might come to arrest him,

but he would escape them. In the drawer of his desk lay the revolver with which he meant to end it all. These had been his thoughts while writing that letter several hours ago, before "The Wreck" had stood there on the mat by the door. Since then something had happened, a message had been sent him, a message from the dead. What was it she had said?

"He may gain the whole world, but the day will come when he must lose it all. Bid him remember that on that day he will still have a soul to save."

He picked up the unfinished letter and commenced slowly tearing it into tiny fragments, repeating to himself as he did so: "Bid him remember he will still have a soul to save. What doth it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul, and, after all, a soul can be saved even through ruin and disgrace; yes, a soul can be saved even in prison."

A little later, when the officers of the law came to take him, it was with a smile that he rose and went forward to meet them.

ISABEL WILLIAMS.

## IN A CONVENT GARDEN



HE Angel Israfel, having brought from God the precious gift of death to a pure soul, delayed a little his heavenward return to seek the source of a sweet perfume that suffused the air; so sweet indeed, it seemed it must originate in the gardens of Paradise rather than in the purlieus of our old sad world. But he found that it issued from a nook in our scattered earthly Eden, one of the convent gardens wherein are sheltered sweet flowers enough to brighten all the world. And the angel gazed deeply upon the blossoms, loving them with something of his Master's love, thinking tenderly of their so brave perseverance in winning a way through their dark earthen beds, preserving always a spotless purity.

He beheld climbing roses encircling a shrine of the Sacred Heart, bearing nobly aloft His crimson standard of suffering; and around

the base of the same shrine, lowlier, pale little ones clinging dependently to His lattices, knowing their own insignificance beside their more glorious sisters, but trusting always in His all-embracing love. And nearby, surrounding a statue of our Lady, stood tall spotless lilies, radiant in their calm peace of purity, secure within the shadow of her patronage; and around was the all-pervading sweetness of the violets, almost unseen save by the eyes of their gentle Queen and those of her most sweet Son, who would not for all the world have missed their humble homage.

There were borders of hardy, patient phlox, ready to endure alike the cold discouragement of winter or summer's ardent breath, indifferent to all save that they persevere in bloom, confident that the Sower must love their homely sturdiness else would He not have placed them there; and cheery morning-glories not less pleasing in their own small way than the royal passion-flowers that hold the crown of thorns forever to their hearts.

And always they gave of their surpassing sweetness to God's small birds who came and rested with them for a little while, and carried thence to all the world the spirit of fresh soulful beauty which was there distilled. And every flower, even to the very least, added somewhat to the sweet perfumes of the world, the incense that our Lord most loves, making Him amends in some wise for the noxious plants and poisonous creepers that without the gardens seek to entangle and overbear His simple blossoms.

Even God's perfect angel bowed his head in very reverence before their almost-perfectness attained through steadfast effort, taking back with him to Paradise a renewed conception of the greatness and sweetness and infinite love of Him who had planted the garden and made it to flourish with His wells and springs of grace.

FRANCES VIRGINIA SANDS.

#### THE SAVING RAY

LIKE tropic glades the soul may teem  
With rankest growth to bar the day;  
Yet to its depths some kindly gleam  
Of love divine shall win its way.

D. F. R.



## THE VICTOR'S GUERDON\*



HERE are doubtless many readers of the MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART who would like to go to Holy Communion more often than they do now, but whom fears or prejudices keep away. Within the last year or two many excellent little books and pamphlets have been published which aim to show how vain, foolish or baseless is every objection that can be urged against Frequent Communion. But as all the 500,000 who must now be reading the MESSENGER each month can scarcely have seen these books, it is hoped that by presenting briefly the chief advantages of Frequent Communion and meeting cogently the common objections to it, a devotion so pleasing to our Lord and so highly profitable to those who practise it, may become more widely spread.

In the beginning of the Apocalypse, the Beloved Disciple, it will be remembered, tells us how he once had a vision of "one like to the Son of Man" clothed with a garment down to the feet and girt with a golden girdle, with hair like white wool, and eyes like a flame of fire, his face like the sun, and his voice like the sound of many waters; and how the vision spoke to the trembling Seer and gave him a message for each of the bishops of the seven Churches of Asia. From a careful study of these messages, it will be seen that each ends with a promise of reward; a reward, however, for victors only—for them "that shall overcome." Now, these same rewards can be considered as offered the frequent communicant, for is it not true that to reap the advantages of Frequent Communion only means for most "to overcome" the prejudices, fears and sophistries that keep them from coming often to the Holy Table?

The texts in question are strongest of course when Frequent Communion means Daily Communion, and that Daily Communion should become in time the common practice of ordinary Christians, we know is the eager desire of our Sovereign Pontiff; and what Catholic can doubt that it was Christ Himself who inspired His Vicar to exhort the faithful so earnestly to eat daily of the Bread

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\*These papers are designed to present to our readers some of the numerous advantages of Frequent Communion, and to meet the main objections to the practice.

of Life? For every day we need food, every day we need a friend, every day we need a teacher, every day we need a shepherd.

Yet, for those to whom daily Mass, or Mass during the week is impossible or very inconvenient, for them Frequent Communion will mean weekly Communion, and the arguments urged in favor of Communion every day should have equal force where there is question of Communion every Sunday. The principle is clear and simple: Let Mass mean Communion too.

#### CHAPTER I.

*To him that overcometh I will give to eat of the tree of life.*  
Apoc. II., 7.

It was by eating daily of the tree of life that stood in the garden of paradise that Adam and Eve, according to many commentators on the book of Genesis, were to enjoy their enviable immunity from disease and from the ravages of time, and were to live a life of perfect health, perennial youth and freedom from care and sorrow, until at last they, and their posterity after them, should pass alive to heaven. But this boon was to be the reward of victory. Had our first parents but overcome the temptation God permitted Satan to try them with, all would have been well, but they failed unfortunately to endure the test, were driven from Paradise, became a prey to disease and death and left this heritage to all their children.

Adam's Paradise is now no more, and his tree of life is lost forever. But is not Jesus in the Blessed Eucharist truly the tree of life in the world to-day? And what the daily eating of that former tree would have made the father of the human race, had he but overcome the temptation, that the daily eating of this later tree will be to those who overcome by prayer and sacrifice of self, that practical indifference regarding the soul's highest welfare which is implied in neglecting to go to Holy Communion as often as possible.

For if it once be granted that sanctifying grace is the life of the soul, that this grace is the one thing that makes us friends of God and heirs of heaven, that actual graces are absolutely necessary for us; if we are to have the light to see and the strength to do God's holy will, and if we believe that the more of this we have in our souls, the better, and if we believe that Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament is to-day the principal source and centre of all grace and

sanctity, then it follows, as the night the day, that the oftener we come to Communion worthily, the holier we shall be. But at the practical and personal application of this reasoning many good men will pause, waver and then deny the conclusion by sheltering themselves behind that false Jansenistic principle still deeply rooted, unhappily, in the minds of many, that Frequent Communion was meant by Christ to be only the reward of virtue, the guerdon of acquired sanctity, "But as for me, I am no saint, and I will make no profession of holiness I do not possess." Whereas the fact is, Holy Communion was meant by Him who instituted it to be a remedy for sin, a source of strength in weakness, a medicine for disease; and that many of those who avoid Frequent Communion through an aversion, as they express it, to hypocrisy, really keep away because they are too indolent or timid to make the sacrifices coming often to the Holy Table would entail, such, for instance, as rising a little earlier, praying a little longer, or living a little more circumspectly.


For these men forget that if they but make the effort necessary to begin this devotion, and pray fervently for the grace and strength to do so, Frequent Communion by its very practice grows easy, and that by bringing to bear on one after another of their defects of character the limitless power of this Sacrament, self-renunciation and self-conquest will day by day grow easier.

For "after the Sacrifice of the Mass," as a popular writer of the day puts it, "Communion is the holiest action we can offer God in this life. One good Communion can draw down greater graces than all other acts of religion, by one good Communion we can acquire more merit than by all other practices put together. One Communion contains grace enough to make us saints. If we want to know how it was that the saints became saints the answer is, it was by their Communions. They brought good dispositions and the Blessed Sacrament did much for them, they brought better and better dispositions and the Blessed Sacrament did more and more till our Lord's likeness was perfected in them."

Now, if these are some of the salutary effects of Frequent Communion, should we not "conquer" the laziness, tepidity or indifference that keeps us from reaping these benefits? Why not eat of this tree of life every day?

WALTER DWIGHT, S.J.

## LAST WORD

ELOVED, when my soul takes flight,  
Peace to all idle tears;  
For rest is mine within the light,  
That scatters empty fears.

The griefs of earth are strangers there;  
My joy, to count the gain  
I owe your fondness, making prayer  
To clear your years of pain.

And when on Seraph's wings the night  
On sea and land descends,  
Glad greeting from his starry height  
A friend sends to his friends.


H. P., S.J.

## BLESSED AND UNBLESSED

(A TRUE STORY.)

### I.

#### *The Serious Question.*

ARY VINCENT stood before the mirror in her cosy boudoir and surveyed with satisfaction the charming reflection. A happy light of expectancy shone in her blue eyes, a faint rose-flush suffused her cheeks. Her evening dress of rich lace fell in graceful folds about her, and in one arm she carried a cluster bouquet of delicate violets. A rosebud peeped from the coils of her dark hair, and a circlet of pearls was clasped about her neck. At last she turned away with a sigh of content, and crossed the

room to her maid, who was holding her evening cloak. As Mary slipped the downy robe about her shoulders, there was a faint rustle of silk in the hall, and a moment later, magnificent in ermine and velvet, her mother swept into the room.

"All ready, Mary?" she cried in a sprightly voice. "That is well, for the carriage is waiting. You look charming, my dear," she added, with all a mother's pride, as she led the way downstairs.

It was the occasion of the yearly military ball, and guests had come from far and wide. Officers in brilliant uniform added the splendor of martial color to the gaily-dressed social throng, and stirring strains from a palm-sheltered orchestra rose above the confused babel of voices.

Wherever she went, Mary Vincent was the belle of the hour; her most devoted cavalier was a handsome young lieutenant, Alec Melville, and Mrs. Vincent, from her place of honor amongst the matrons of the dance, observed his gallantry and was content. For some time it had been the desire of her heart to see Alec and Mary united in the bonds of happy wedlock. True, he was a Protestant of the most rigid class, and her daughter was Catholic to the heart's core; still, he was so noble and courteous in his manner and bearing, so deferential in speech and action, that she felt sure he would make the necessary promises. And even if he did not, Mary's happiness must be considered at all costs, and the marriage permitted; for it would be ridiculous in the extreme to allow a few paltry promises to stand in the way. So reasoned the mother. Fortunately Mary was made of sterner stuff.

Mrs. Vincent was a woman of the world, and provided she shone in her social set cared little for the claims of Mother Church. Mary had been educated at the Sacred Heart Convent. She owed this privilege not to her mother, but to her father, who, in spite of his wife's opposition, insisted on sending her there.

If Mrs. Vincent had had her way Mary would have gone to Madame Le Baron's Select Academy for Young Ladies, a school which sheltered beneath its fashionable roof the cream of wealthy society, and was noted not for its high standard of study, but for its development of the social instincts. The mother's disappointment, when her plans were frustrated, was the keener because Bertha Randall, a friend of Mary's and a Catholic as well, attended

that school and had made her debut a year ahead of her daughter as a result of the shorter course of studies. Bertha, indeed, had not half of Mary's strength of character and loyalty of purpose, nor half her sterling Catholicity that had been so carefully nurtured within the Convent walls, but Mrs. Vincent cared little for these qualities, in the absurd value she set on social prestige, and the one galling point to her pride was the fact that Bertha had made her debut first.

Alec and Mary were strolling leisurely up and down the orchid-decked reception room near the main hall, and the lieutenant's shapely head was bent slightly forward as he listened smilingly to Mary's words. A moment later, her laughing eyes grew serious, when he laid his hand on hers and with an earnest look said entreatingly:

"When may I know the answer, Mary? Have I not waited long enough?"

Mary dropped her eyes and hesitated.

"Is it," he continued, "because I will not make the foolish promises you desire? Surely you would not be so superstitious as to think our union would be unhappy if it was not blessed by a Catholic priest. Your mother has none of your scruples; she is perfectly willing to let the ceremony be performed by a Protestant minister if . . . ."

He paused, fearing he had said too much, for Mary had drawn herself up with an air of queenly dignity, and determined lines had crept about the corners of her mouth.

"What my mother thinks and says in this matter is of no account in this case," she broke in impetuously. "The decision rests with me and with me alone, and if you will not conform your desires to mine, our ways must part for the future."

Alec's brow contracted in pain for a moment, then he raised his eyes to meet her firm, unwavering glance.

"Why do you lay so much stress on the point?" he pleaded. "Is not a marriage performed by a Protestant clergyman as holy and binding as one performed by a Catholic priest? As for the future, can you not trust me without my written word and promise." Mary hesitated but for an instant, then in her clear, direct way went straight to the heart of the matter.

"In the first place," she said, "non-Catholics do not seem to

regard marriages performed by their ministers as binding as we regard Catholic marriages. Why, Alec, you know from your own observation that divorce on the slightest, flimsiest excuse, is an every day occurrence amongst the Protestants; families are broken up, sacred ties dissolved, and husband and wife separate to marry again if they wish. Knowing that how can you say that they regard their marriage tie as truly binding? Now, within the Catholic Church, divorce, with the right to marry again, does not exist, and the marriage once performed binds both parties until death. The tie is a sacred and a holy one, that uplifts and ennobles those whom it unites."

"Then again," she continued quickly, as she saw he was about to interrupt, "the union between a Catholic and a Protestant is to be avoided at any cost, for instead of mutually aiding and helping each other, husband and wife are constantly at variance on the most vital subject of religion. Mutual confidence and esteem that should exist find no resting place in their troubled hearts. If the wife be Catholic, she must either practise her religion without her husband's knowledge, or else practise it with his knowledge and live in open strife, for it is the exception and not the rule when she is allowed unmolested freedom of conscience. Often there is no open opposition, but the quiet, cynical smile, or stolid indifference, is as great a trial for the wife to bear as the bitter taunt or angry word. Moreover, for myself, such a union would endanger and weaken my faith and I had rather die than loosen my hold on that gift, of all gifts the most precious."

There was silence a moment, and the young lieutenant stood looking at her in undisguised admiration; never before had she appeared to him so beautiful, and at the thought of losing her his heart sank in despondency.

"Do not let this be your final answer," he entreated. "Give me time; let me come to you again and plead my cause, for in the meantime . . ." he paused— "many things may happen, many changes take place."

Mary's heart leaped up with a sudden exultant bound. Did he mean that he might become a Catholic? The hope showed itself in her face, but, if he read the expression aright, he gave no sign, and just then they were interrupted by a merry crowd who came

to bear them back to the ball for a quadrille. Before the dance was over, however, she had given him the desired permission to come to her again after six months and to plead his cause once more.

## II.

*Gently But Firmly.*

It was a scorching day in June, the leaves hung drooping on the trees, scarcely stirred by the faint breeze; from the parched grass came the incessant hum of the locusts. A dusty stretch of road lay between the Vincents' summer home and the little country station, and far down the road a young lieutenant could be seen swiftly approaching. Every few moments he would take off his hat and mop his heated brow with his handkerchief, but he never slackened his pace. At last he reached the gateway of the Vincent homestead, and turned his eyes to the broad piazza with an anxious gaze. A moment later his search was rewarded, and Mary stood in the open doorway, clad in cool, fresh white, her bright eyes smiling a welcome, and her hands outstretched to greet him.

"The six months are up to-day, Mary," he cried impetuously, taking her hand in his.

"I know," she answered with a quiet smile, "but now you must rest awhile; you are warm and tired after your long walk."

"Thank you," he murmured gratefully, as he sank into a comfortable wicker chair, "this spot is certainly a delightful contrast to the sun-scorched road."

For some time they talked of commonplace subjects, until Alec, unable any longer to bear the suspense, interrupted the conversation.

"Mary," he entreated, "do not keep me at a distance any longer, but let me know the answer." Mary hesitated a moment, her heart beating with anxiety.

"Has there—has there been any change—has anything happened to alter your religious beliefs?" she faltered.

"No," he returned rather shortly. "Why do you ask?"

With a silent prayer she lifted her eyes and bravely met his gaze.



"Then there can be no question of marriage between us," she said gently but firmly. "I cannot marry a Protestant."

Had a bombshell exploded in front of him Alec could not have been more astounded. The determined stand taken by this girl, the strength of character and firmness of will, revealed in every line of her fair young face, was a revelation to the easy-going lieutenant, and for a moment he was speechless with surprise and dismay. And Mary in that moment of silence, renewed her supplication to the tender Virgin Mother, that she might remain steadfast.

A difficult half-hour followed and at its close Lieutenant Melville left the house with downcast eyes and faltering steps, and walked swiftly toward the station. Mary retired to her room in tears and remained there for the rest of the day. Great was Mrs. Vincent's distress when she learned of her daughter's decision. A stormy interview followed next morning at the breakfast table. But despite all her mother's entreaties to reconsider, Mary remained firm as a rock.

### III.

#### *The Path of Honor.*

Five years have elapsed. Before the glowing firelight in her husband's cosy den, Mary Vincent, or, as we must call her now, Mrs. Richard Sterling was enjoying the quiet after a busy day. Opposite her, in a deep Morris chair, sat her husband, newspaper in hand. Upstairs her little daughter was sleeping peacefully, the golden curls tossed in pretty disorder about her dimpled face. Little Elsa had come to bless their lives two years ago and was the pride and joy of her parents' hearts. Her husband was a fervent Catholic, and lavished upon her a wealth of love and affection. God had blessed their union with a child and had granted them a fair degree of riches and good health.

Suddenly a stifled exclamation from her husband interrupted her meditation. Rising, she went to his side and laid her hand on his shoulder.

"Look, Mary!" he cried, pointing to the death notes in the paper. Bending slightly forward, Mary read:

"Lieutenant Alec Melville, aged 34 years, died last night at his home from heart failure; he leaves a widow but no children."

Details were given about his military life and exploits, but Mary had seen enough. "Thank God I did not marry him," she said to herself; for although the paper announced his death as coming from heart failure, Mary knew from public report that it was chiefly brought on by his dissipated life. Her husband dropped his paper and rose from his chair.

"Poor Alec," he muttered, half to himself. "We were classmates together at school and he was a fine boy then. What a pity he drifted so far from the path of right and honor! I am truly sorry for his widow."

"I will go and see her," responded Mary, quietly. "As Bertha Randall I knew her well, but since her marriage to the lieutenant I have not met her."

True to her word Mary set out a few days later to comfort the grief-stricken widow. Changed as she realized Bertha must be, from the gay flippant girl of society days whom she had known five years before, she was totally unprepared for her utter misery. Bertha was lying on a couch in her room, partially under the influence of drugs; great, dark circles were under her eyes, her face was ashen gray. As Mary entered she rallied somewhat and raised her great, pathetic brown eyes to the visitor's face.

"Dear Bertha, your cross is a heavy one," Mary whispered sympathetically, "but, as a Catholic, you have the consolation of resting on the dear Lord's grace and offering your burden at His Divine feet."

Bertha started up wildly.

"As a Catholic, you say," she cried excitedly. "Ah! then you do not know, you do not know!" "When I married Alec," she went on a trifle more calmly, "I foolishly hid from him that I intended to practise my religion. He had consented that we be married quietly by a Catholic priest, but he insisted afterwards on an elaborate evening ceremony by a Protestant minister, and I weakly consented."

"The night before our wedding he came rushing to the house like a madman. Hearing the violent ring at the door bell I answered the call myself. As I opened the door he stepped inside the

threshold and drew a fervent sigh of relief. 'Thank God you are in,' he said. 'What do you mean?' I asked, thinking he had gone out of his mind. 'Why a moment ago,' he responded, closing the door and advancing a few steps towards me, 'my sister mentioned that in all probability you would be at Confession to-night, and the very thought of it filled me with such horror that I rushed here at once to assure myself that it was not true.'

"Now, the truth of the matter was, I had been out to Confession in the afternoon, but I was afraid to tell him so, and thus our married life began with deceit and it continued deceitful until the end. Next morning I went to Holy Communion, but secretly, and as the days wore on and lengthened into years, I gradually left off my religion to please him, until now I have given it up altogether.

"Neither of us was happy. He was discontented because he saw my unhappiness, and I had given up what I should have held most dear. He began to lead a reckless life to drown his sorrow, and I threw myself into the frivolities of society. It was of no avail; remorse kept tugging at my conscience, and would not be stilled. And now, as a result of our ill-mated union, he is dead in the prime of his manhood, and I am slowly dying.

"Oh, you need not deny it," she cried bitterly as she saw Mary start quickly forward. "I know it too well; it is a dreadful nightmare that haunts my sleeping and waking hours."

At that moment a spasm of pain contracted her face and she sank back on the pillows white as death. Much alarmed, Mary hastily summoned the nurse and waited anxiously till Bertha should recover consciousness. The moments flew by and lengthened into hours, and at last Mary was obliged to leave her friend in the nurse's care, still unconscious.

That night a message came that Bertha was dead. She had died without regaining consciousness. She had taken so many drugs to quiet her nerves that they had affected her heart, and her death followed. The news was an awful shock to Mary who had hoped that her friend would see a priest and be reconciled to God before she died. During her life Bertha had put off her repentance waiting as she said for the moment of death. Death had come and found her unconscious and unprepared.

MARY ADELAIDE GARNETT.

## WHERE PENAL WATERS ROLL

“Softly and gently dearly-ransomed soul  
In my most loving arms I now enfold thee,  
And o'er the penal waters as they roll,  
I poise thee, and I lower thee, and hold thee.”

*The Dream of Gerontius.*



T is a significant fact that the month dedicated by the Church to the memory and service of the Holy Souls in Purgatory, should be ushered in by the solemn festival of all the Saints of Heaven. On first thought, this disposition of the Church's liturgy is a strange one. But whatever be the reason for it—and we know there must have been many good reasons—the consoling truths that it suggests cannot but be reviewed with profit at the opening of November.

What are these truths? First, that just as closely as one day follows upon another, shall the mansions of the Father's house follow upon the prison-bars of Purgatory. The poor souls, whose sufferings we think of with pity, are near, very near to being the saints of God. And then, it rests with us, poor sinners, as they were in life, to hasten the moment when they shall be the saints of God. Again, and in consequence of these two truths, the glorious feast with which we begin this month of memories, should serve to keep always before our eyes the lofty aim we should have in all our efforts to help the suffering souls. That aim is to increase the number of the elect of God. It sounds bold, but it is true, that we have the power to do this, and every soul released from Purgatory by our prayers and good works, enters Heaven as a saint and will be among those whose happy feast is celebrated the world over on the first of November. Lastly, the occurrence of All Saints' Day at the beginning of the month of the Holy Souls should remind us that we can, in a sense, increase the joy of the Blessed in Heaven, by sending them more souls to share with them the vision of the face of God.

These and like thoughts should make us brave and constant in our efforts to satisfy for the sins for which the Holy Souls are suffering. And how easily and in how many ways can we make this satisfaction! Undoubtedly the best way is to have the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass offered as frequently as possible for the dead; in the Mass it is our Lord Himself who makes satisfaction for sin. After this, we should hear Mass, receive Holy Communion, and recite the Rosary of our Blessed Mother and other indulgenced prayers as often as we can, for in all these ways do we implore directly the intercession of Heaven in behalf of the souls whom we wish to make saints. It is a mistake, however, to think that it is only by acts distinctively pious in themselves that we can answer the cry for mercy that rings so loud in Catholic ears this month. No; we must remember that by our Morning Offering we can make every moment of the day, no matter how we are employed, a time of satisfaction for the Holy Souls as well as of merit for ourselves.

Indeed it is often the case that death, besides bringing sorrow to the bereaved family, adds to their burdens in such a way that they are not able to have a Mass said for the departed soul more than once or twice a year. For days and weeks that follow the cruel visit of death, the broken heart would instinctively turn to the Church and tabernacle, there to find relief in praying for the dear soul that has been taken away. But it may easily happen that those days are so full of care and anxieties that time will not permit us even to attend the Holy Sacrifice or kneel before the shrine of the Comforter of the Afflicted as often or as long as we would like. What, then, are we to do? In such circumstances, have we no means of helping the poor souls for whom we mourn? We know the Sacred Heart of Jesus too well; we are too familiar with His love for the poor and His compassion for the afflicted to think that He would so desert us. No; in His goodness He has given to every heartache, to every tear shed for the loss of a loved one, to every raising of the soul to His Father in an act of resignation, to each added burden patiently borne, to each new duty cheerfully done, the power of a prayer, an efficacious prayer to the Lord of Mercy for the captive souls in Purgatory.

JOHN H. FASY, S.J.

## Interests of the Sacred Heart

### *The Triumphant Friends of the Sacred Heart.*

TO our readers it will be apparent that a careful and a discriminating study of the lives of the saints has gone to the writing of the very practical and beautiful explanation of this month's General Intention; and we are most grateful to the Bishop of Newark for his scholarly contribution to our pages. It is our sincere hope that as many as possible of the friends of our subscribers may have an opportunity to read the fervent and solid yet simple words that make up the contribution to which we refer. The intention is one that appeals strongly to the members of the League of the Sacred Heart, and our Holy Father blesses and proposes it because he is intent upon enkindling in all hearts the fire of Divine love. The love of God burned in no slender way in the souls of the saints, and if we practise devotion to them we shall imitate their virtues and show the fruits of that imitation by greater fidelity to every manifestation of God's holy will.

Devotion to the saints has always been a leading and singular as well as a practical characteristic of the Apostleship of Prayer. For the saints are they above all others whose thoughts were taken up with and whose activities were engaged in, an eager and ever-springing readiness to carry out and fulfil to the best of their power God's will and God's service. We are to practise devotion to them, to men and women whose lives were remarkable for devotion—devotion to the spreading of the Kingdom in their own hearts and in the hearts of others. With a warmth of fervor that grew ever intenser they possessed all the traits of true Promoters, making the most of every opportunity to advance the glory of God either by open and unfaltering acts of zeal, or by the quiet and unobtrusive influence of silent prayer. Fittingly, therefore, may our Promoters look to them as models as well as helpers in their apostolic work for the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

*Men and Women of Faith.*

THE saints were men and women of faith. We cannot study their inner lives without discovering this. And they were men and women of fervent faith, living in an atmosphere of things unseen, believing what God has revealed to us that God is our end, the keeping of His commandments our chief purpose in this life, His love our eternal reward. It is possible for all of us by loving them and venerating them in a practical way to attain to a proportionate measure of holiness. It would be a great mistake to conceive of them only as people who lived apart from all others with nothing to do but contemplate heavenly mysteries and recite long prayers.

When the Church sets the saints before us for imitation she does so remembering that every one of them saw and secured in the most trifling duties the elements of a grand achievement, and that achievement was holiness. And so, whether they served God in the sanctuary or in the quiet seclusion of the cloister, or whether they had to earn their bread by hard toil or make a home for their own or build a place of security and comfort for declining years, they read God's will into every plan and purpose and feature of their lives, and served Him accordingly. We shall practise true and sincere devotion to the saints by doing likewise. They bid us to be patient and resigned in time of trial; they tell us to make the most of the materials that lie around us in every-day life; they remind us that humility and self-denial and purity of heart can alone make us pleasing in the sight of God and worthy to be called the children and, indeed, the saints of God.

*Our Own Patrons.*

MONTH after month the League leaflets which are distributed to Associates contain the names of different saints whom we are invited to invoke; and there is always the little summarized life of a special saint with a brief outline of some characteristic secret of sanctity wholly personal. For with manifold knowledge the Lord hath divided them and diversified their ways, making them to differ from one another as flower from flower in loveliness, or as star

differeth from star in glory. That which shines with unusual brilliance in one is veiled in another. The fruit that is ripened and mellow in a saint of venerable years is as yet but blossoming in the charming and sweet-hearted patron of youth. Not one of the saints but was remarkable for excellence in some particular virtue which was proper to a certain strength of soul and adequate to win an exalted position in the kingdom of Christ.

It can very well happen that the latent heroism of some afflicted soul may be fanned to a glowing and meritorious flame by the remembrance of a saint who won eminence in the kingdom of heaven by the practice of the simplest everyday virtues. The saints were men and women of elevated thought, of high resolve, of single purpose, of humility, courage, energy, zeal, intrepidity and determination. The memory of their holiness can never be lost out of the mind of the Church nor out of the minds of the Faithful.

#### *An Apostleship of Influence.*

**T**HEY who are interested in the League of the Sacred Heart must realize how much can be done in this world by influence. For there is such a thing as an apostleship of influence; and by studying carefully the lives of the saints one cannot but observe that every period of their career, every feature of their character, every stage of their advancement in goodness, discloses the power of influence. It is our duty to try and influence others after the manner of God's elect; to influence their reading, to influence their conversation, to exert a good influence on their spiritual life by leading them to take a warm and loyal interest in everything that is dear to the Church and to Christ's Vicar upon earth. For this end we must make it a point to be thoroughly acquainted with the teaching of the Church on important and familiar subjects; to know the reasons for our Catholic Faith and for the kinship that a Catholic can claim with the saints of every age and period of the Church's history. It should not be difficult to become familiar with an abundance of common-sense and straightforward arguments for our holy Faith. A little less devotion to the world and its literature and a little more devotion to the saints and to the literature of the saints and of the Church will amply suffice.



*The Suffering Friends of the Sacred Heart.*

WE all have friends among the dead. If we go out in these beautiful fall days to "the silent city of the dead," when crisp and colored leaves are decking the graves as with mosaics, we can see the names of our friends on the headstones which our love has set up to their memory. There at rest lie those whom we have loved in life. When we saw the light go out from their eyes we felt that a darkness had come upon our souls blacker and thicker than that which fell upon the valley of the Nile in the days of Pharaoh. That white gravestone marks the last resting place of a mother, perhaps. When she lay dying and bade us farewell and put her thin white hand upon our heads in benediction for the last time, we promised that her memory would abide with us in prayer till we also were laid by her side. Have we kept our promise? In the next grave are the mouldering remains of that tender, self-sacrificing sister. How vivid the recollection of her stainless life! She was the brightness of the home, and how dark and cheerless the fireside when the light of her life had gone out—when the music of her voice was heard no more and the sound of her footsteps had died away forever:—

"Oh, for the touch of a vanished hand

And the sound of a voice that is still.—"

We thought we never could forget the last days of her lingering illness. Her peaceful resignation, her confidence in the Blessed Mother, so childlike yet so strong; her hunger for the Bread of Angels and the bright burning light of her faith which lit up her thin spiritual face when our Blessed Saviour came the last time to her in Holy Communion; all these and a thousand other memories of her last days made us think when we laid her away that we would never forget her. Yet she, too, seems lost out of mind in the hurry and rush of life.

*Our Own Dear Ones.*

OTHER treasures there are, too, under the mounds whose green is turning brown beneath the chilly autumn winds which whirl the leaves round the headstones over the last resting place of our dear ones. There are many there, perhaps, who have shared our joy and sorrow, who have helped us to bear our burdens when these were so heavy as well nigh to crush us to the earth by their weight.

“Coldly, sadly descends  
The autumn evening. The field  
Strewn with its dank yellow drifts  
Of wither'd leaves, and the elms,  
Fade into dimness apace,  
Silent;—”

Some there are, whom we have made stouter of heart and braver of soul in their battle for the Sacred Heart; and others also whom, perhaps, we may have weakened in the dark hour of trial and temptation. Friends may lie under the cold sod who went out from our lives, we thought, too soon; like young and fragrant flowers, nipped by the sudden killing frost. Dear ones there are, who lingered long on in the years with us, whose tarrying only wound them closer round our hearts as the aging ivy knits itself closer to the wall. Others there are who in their dying moments, left such a sweet peace in our souls, whose death seemed calmer and sweeter than a gentle sleep, and whose faces smiled into ours from their coffins.

All have gone. We regretted them when they left us and grudged them to the Sacred Heart. In our moments of weak, unwilling rebellion, in which our Saviour sympathized with us—in our hours of lonesomeness and bereavement we would gladly call them back again to the homes made so desolate by their absence. But now we would not have them back for worlds, for we know that they are the friends of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, linked to Him by a bond of love which never can be severed. And we can ponder in all sincerity and love the tender words of St. Augustine on the death of his mother: “And then I remembered what Thy handmaid was used to be; how holy and good; how patient and long-suffering. And that it was all gone from me now. And I wept over her and for her; over myself and for myself. And I let go my tears which I had kept in before, making a bed of them as it were for my heart, and I rested upon them. Because they were for Thine ears only and not for any man.”

*Nothing Defiled Can Enter.*

**B**UT these loved ones, are they yet with Christ in the glory of His Kingdom? That they shall be some day we have no doubt, and this is our comfort in their absence. But are they yet in the enjoy

ment of the Beatific Vision? Who knows? We do know that nothing defiled can enter into His Presence. We realize to some slight extent the awful sanctity of God which is beyond all telling and all thinking. The combined holiness of all the angels and saints, even Mary's purity multiplied seventy times seventy, is but darkness compared with His brightness. He is the infinite Fountain, the immeasurable Ocean, the limitless Sea of uncreated sinlessness. All created perfection, however great we conceive it, is but as the smallest rivulet flowing out from the infinite source of infinite perfection. When we reflect prayerfully upon this truth and remember the sinful origin and the well nigh infinite weakness of human nature, blunted and dwarfed in its very beginning and birth, how can we feel an assurance that our loved ones are with God? Going over their past, no matter how blameless, who can tell the hidden sins, the human weaknesses and frailties, the trifling offenses, the forgotten years, the mixed motives, the natural aims, the self-love, the repugnances yielded to, antipathies unchecked, attractions followed, worthless prayers, neglected graces, rejected lights, irreverent familiarity with the sacraments? When these venial sins and imperfections, which are found even in God's holiest ones, are placed in the presence of God's dazzling sanctity and the minutest account of them given, when they are scrutinized by a justice which is infinitely searching and exact, when the scale of the balance will not deflect even by a hair's breadth between justice and mercy, who can be pure and holy in His sight? Not the glittering snow under the rays of the setting sun on the mountain top sparkling with the lustre of ten thousand diamonds is flawless and without blemish under His eye.

*They Need Our Prayers.*

MAY it not, then, be a presumption to think that our loved ones are already with God and do not need our prayers? May they not from this prison of hope be stretching out to us suffering hands that we see not, and raising pleading voices that we hear not, begging help from us who can assist them when they are powerless to aid themselves? Truly they can sigh in their turn for the touch of a vanished hand and the sound of a voice that is still. That unheard prayer: — "Have pity on me, have pity on me, at least you, O my friends, have

pity on me," may be their constant and unanswered cry to us who at their death-beds promised lovingly to keep them in continual remembrance.

How the Sacred Heart yearns and longs for these souls! Their time of testing and sifting is over and they have been found loyal and true. They have "fought the good fight" and conquered. They are saved and belong to Him. They are His and yet He cannot have them. Never can they belong to His enemy, never can they fall away from His love, and yet they are kept from His embrace. He looks back at their lives of fidelity and dwells upon the thought of their brave deeds. He sees them suffering with such sweet resignation. His Mother, He knows, is longing to welcome them with a mother's grateful and tender love. Then Jesus turns and appeals to us, their flesh and blood, and in His eyes there is that look which was in them when on the cross with cracked and bruised lips He murmured "I thirst." Perhaps in those eyes there is an affectionate reproachfulness as He pleads with us for the holy souls. Shall we refuse them to the Sacred Heart? Surely we will slake that thirst.

This, then, is our privilege. How shall we avail ourselves of it? First there is the Sacrifice of the Mass which we can have offered for them. Then we can hear Mass often on week days and offer up our daily or our frequent Communion for their release. Thus we shall flood with the Precious Blood this beautiful land of the Church of God. Moreover, there are rich treasures of Indulgences that we can gain and apply to the suffering souls. The emancipation of a whole nation of slaves, the striking off the shackles from the limbs of an army of captives, the opening of the doors of ten thousand prisons is not an act so great as the saying of one indulgenced prayer of one ejaculation freighted with the Church's riches and made effective by the Precious Blood. To encourage our readers then to quench this thirst of the Sacred Heart and to enable them to fulfil their promise to their dead the "Little Treasury of Indulgenced Prayers" is added in the hope that it will be found of daily use in their Communions, at Mass and in their devotions.

J. H., S. J.

*A treasury of indulgenced prayers and ejaculations specially suitable for November, will be found after the list of Thanksgivings, on the pages usually reserved for Book Notices.*

# Thanksgivings

"In all things give thanks"—I Thes., V, 18.

Total number of Thanksgivings for last month, 1,428,426.

## SPECIAL FAVORS.

### A Brother's Return.

*Santa Clara, Cal.*—"Our oldest brother, who had neglected his religious duties for over twenty years, was always a cause of great uneasiness to us. As we dared not even mention the name of religion to him, our last and only resource was prayer. We had always hoped that my ordination to the priesthood would be the occasion of great grace to him. Accordingly we used every effort to bring about the desired result. We had some miraculous medals of the Immaculate Conception pinned about his clothes, and we made a special novena to the Sacred Heart with a promise of publication at the return of our brother. He and his family were present at our little home celebration, and so deeply was he moved, especially during the solemn High Mass and blessing of the newly ordained, that but a word of suggestion was required to unite him with us once more. I had the pleasure of re-admitting him to the Faith, and of baptizing his wife and four children. We are deeply grateful to the Sacred Heart and to Mary Immaculate for this great favor, and in fulfilment of our promise, we beg you to publish it in the MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART."

### Back to the Catholic School.

*Cleveland, O.*—"Special thanks are returned to the Sacred Heart for the return to the Catholic school of two little children. The priest had heard that their father, a Catholic by baptism, but otherwise an infidel, had determined to take his children out

of the Catholic school to which they had hitherto been going. A promise was made to the Sacred Heart, and prayers were offered to the Holy Souls to ask their aid. The father remained obstinate and scorned the entreaties of his wife and relatives. Finally, after a heated discussion with the priest, in which he laughed at the idea of a God, denied that Christ had ever lived, sneered at the existence of heaven and hell, he finally consented to let his children have the benefit of a Catholic education. This sudden change of mind in a man so persistent to the last in his opposition to his children's going to the Catholic school, must indeed be considered wonderful, and is without doubt, a fruit of confidence in and prayers offered to the Sacred Heart."

### As If By Miracle.

*Binghamton, N. Y.*—"Several weeks ago, the scar from a wound caused by a serious operation became red and swollen. I made a novena to the Sacred Heart and promised if the swelling and redness should disappear without an incision being made, I would have it published in the MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART. Before the novena was ended the inflammation had entirely disappeared."

### The Reward of Faith.

*Circleville, O.*—"A short time ago I suffered from an ulcerated throat. Fearing to call on a physician, I placed my confidence in the Heart of Jesus and begged our Lord that He would cure me by His sacred contact in Holy Communion as He had cured the woman who touched the

hem of His garment. Upon receiving Holy Communion the next day, I felt the ulcers sensibly disappearing. My eyes filled with tears of gratitude for the goodness shown to me by the Sacred Heart."

#### **A Child's Life Spared.**

*Ottawa, Ill.*—"A young child, wearing a badge of the Sacred Heart, fell out of a window, fourteen feet high. To the surprise of all, he had apparently suffered no harm. The family physician was summoned, who, after the closest examination, pronounced the child perfectly well and without the slightest trace of injury. All attribute this most wonderful preservation from death to devotion to the Sacred Heart, to whom be all glory for ever."

#### **Back to the Faith.**

*Algiers, La.*—"Mr. V. had lost the Catholic Faith, had joined a sect opposed to the divinity of Christ—at the solicitation of a relative he consented to be inscribed as a member of the Apostleship of Prayer and to say the decade of the second degree. Not long after the Blessed Mother inspired him to receive instruction in the Faith and he finally received the Sacraments with great fervor. He had never been at church since his first Communion, *fifty-three years* ago. Praise and thanks to the Sacred Heart of Jesus and to His most holy Mother."

#### **A Complete Cure.**

*Brooklyn, N. Y.*—"My mother had a sore on her face for over three years. Within the last few months it began to spread. We prayed constantly to the Sacred Heart, and had a Mass said, and promised a public thanksgiving in the MESSENGER and a number of Masses. At last we persuaded mother to go to a doctor who, fearing the sore to be of a cancerous

nature, recommended a year's treatment of X-rays. Though she followed this treatment only about two and a half months, she is now completely cured. I sincerely believe that her cure is all due to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, and now fulfil my promise of a public thanksgiving to the Sacred Heart."

#### **The Work of Prayer.**

"Some time ago the publication of a conversion was promised, and the gentleman died after receiving baptism, almost by a miracle, it seemed, for there was no resident priest nearby."

#### **GENERAL FAVORS.**

For many of these favors Mass and publication were promised; for others the Badge or the Promoter's Cross was used; for others the prayers of the Associates had been asked.

ARIZONA.—*Yuma*, a husband saved from serious trouble.

ARKANSAS.—*Eureka Spring*, a cure without operation.

BRITISH COLUMBIA.—*Penticon*, a position obtained unexpectedly.

CALIFORNIA.—*Los Angeles*, wonderful recovery from diphtheria; *Oakland*, recovery from sickness; *San Jose*, favorable sale of property, safety in long journey, a steady position obtained.

COLORADO.—*Denver*, the disappearance of a cancerous growth, recovery from a dangerous operation and severe illness.

CONNECTICUT.—*New Milford*, relief from acute throat trouble; *Waterbury*, improvement in sight, recovery of lost articles, protection from danger, a cure.

DELAWARE.—*Wilmington*, financial aid obtained.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.—*Washington*, restoration of hearing for three

persons and success of an undertaking.

FLORIDA.—*Altoona*, recovery from a serious illness; *Tampa*, a wife's prayers heard, a speedy recovery from a very serious operation, preservation from lightning, success in a new business, special guidance in business matters.

GEORGIA.—*Bainbridge*, the finding of a watch, success in an examination; *Savannah*, a change of position obtained for son.

ILLINOIS.—*Chicago*, cure of bronchial cough, a mother's recovery from pleurisy, the obtaining of employment for two relatives, success in important examinations, recovery from a severe operation, cure of headache and sore throat, relief from pain in the ear, work obtained, the improvement in health; *Ottawa*, the regaining of health by a mother, preservation from contagious disease; *Streator*, recovery of happiness and peace of soul; *Vincennes*, recovery from effects of operation; *Waterloo*, preservation from typhoid.

IOWA.—*Akron*, conversion of a non-Catholic friend, recovery of peace of soul.

KANSAS.—*Dodge City*, a cure; *Leavenworth*, cure of sore throat, the conversion of a friend, the recovery from violent insanity, success in an examination, the obtaining of a good position, recovery from an operation for appendicitis; safety of a family, friends and home in a dangerous flood; means to build a church, victory over dangerous temptations, grace of a good confession, peace in a family, the privilege of daily Communion.

KENTUCKY.—*Lexington*, a position obtained; *Louisville*, a brother's great improvement in health; *Loretto*, restoration to health of husband and

wife; *Newport*, the reform of a husband.

LOUISIANA.—*Gramercy*, success in an examination; *Lafayette*, preservation from lightning; *Mis*, a successful operation, reconciliation in a family, recovery from typhoid; *New Orleans*, the securing of a good home, the recovery of a sum of money, relief from nervous trouble and from other ailments, cure of a very sore throat; *Port Allen*, relief obtained in sickness and success in an undertaking.

MARYLAND.—*Baltimore*, work obtained for two persons, return of health for a novice, the securing of a position; *Rockville*, a school obtained; *Woodstock*, the return to the Sacraments after many years' neglect.

MASSACHUSETTS.—*Chicopee*, cure of a contagious disease, relief from sore throat; *Lowell*, remarkable relief obtained from troublesome affliction; *Salem*, cure of a sore eye.

MEXICO.—*Mexico City*, recovery from typhus and preservation of the rest of the family from contagion.

MICHIGAN.—*Champion*, relief from severe pain in the ear. *Hubbell*, the return of a father to the Sacraments after fifteen years' neglect, the birth of a sound child, relief from acute pain, two successful operations, an infant's relief from pain in four instances, employment obtained under very discouraging circumstances, the staunching of a hemorrhage, help in spiritual difficulties; *Newberry*, success in teachers' examinations; *Sault-Ste-Marie*, recovery from a recent illness.

MINNESOTA.—*Mapleton*, success in examinations.

MISSISSIPPI.—*Scranton*, the recovery of a near relative.

MISSOURI.—*Clinton*, a relative's improvement in health; *Florissant*, suc-

cess of an undertaking attributed to the fervent repetition of the aspiration, "O Sacred Heart of Jesus, I place my trust in Thee"; *St. Louis*, a brother's success in a business enterprise, the cure of a husband, increase of a contractor's patronage, cure of a rheumatic hand, the securing of an indemnity without recourse to law.

MONTANA.—*Deer Lodge*, the recovery of a pupil from a dangerous illness without an operation.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.—*Keene*, a child's recovery from a serious illness.

NEW JERSEY.—*Atlantic City*, speedy relief from a nervous trouble, restoration of hearing; *Cape May*, success in studies and in an examination; *Elisabeth*, a position obtained for a cousin, the recovery of good health, employment secured on two occasions; *Englewood*, the recovery of a relative without need of a second operation, relief from an abscess, recovery of a child from a severe illness; *Jersey City*, relief from nervous trouble, recovery from the effects of a serious operation, the conversion of a husband, position obtained for a daughter, cure of heart trouble; *Montclair*, improvement of eyesight; *Ridgewood*, permanent relief from nervous spells and from heart trouble, success in civil service examinations, the obtaining of an unexpected position, relief from serious temptations; *West Hoboken*, peace in a family, recovery from illness, a good tenant secured, a young man's return to the practice of his religion through attendance at a mission, restoration of peace in a family, cure of rheumatism after one year's unsuccessful treatment.

NEW YORK.—*Albany*, a woman's improvement in health; *Allegany*, a brother's partial recovery from rheumatism, restoration to almost perfect

health; *Baldwinsville*, the payment of a deferred debt; *Brooklyn*, the renting of property, recovery from acute bronchitis, a sister's remarkable recovery, wonderful relief from a troublesome disease, cure of great mental trouble and relief from dreadful temptations, relief from pain, two cures; *Buffalo*, a father's restoration to health, success of an operation, successful examination, cure of a sore knee, a religious vocation, a position obtained, recovery from a serious illness, success in school work; *Chaumont*, preservation from an accident; *East Aurora*, cure of a sore hand and preservation from convulsions; *Fort Edward*, recovery from great physical weakness; *Hudson*, employment secured for a husband; *Johnstown*, two special requests granted; *Millbrook*, recovery of a child from severe illness; Kingston, the obtaining of a position long desired; *New York*, the moving to a location where daily Communion became possible, restoration to health, relief from a painful disease, cure of whooping cough, cure from serious lung trouble, the averting of a law suit, cure of inveterate intemperance, an anxiously expected letter received, relief from great pain after an operation, the averting of threatened cancer, cure of intemperance, recovery from operation for appendicitis, an unexpected loan of money received, recovery from a dangerous illness, the happy marriage of a daughter, the locating of a brother who was believed dead, the obtaining of a permanent position, grace of repentance for two persons, the successful termination of a lawsuit, the averting of serious trouble, a brother cured of intemperance; *Rensselaer*, success in examinations in a Regents' class, cure of a sore hip and of a severe headache, immediate relief from asthma; *Richmond Hill*, a daughter's cure of



lameness; *Rochester*, work obtained, recovery from appendicitis without operation; *Stapleton*, a position obtained for a sister; *Tarrytown*, the happy death of a very intemperate person; *Waverly*, cure of a very troublesome and obstinate ulcer; *West Chester*, the return of a husband; *White Plains*, work obtained.

NORTH CAROLINA.—*Charlotte*, a position obtained.

OHIO.—*Bedford*, relief from mental trouble; *Canton*, the conversion of a non-Catholic, employment obtained for a son; *Cincinnati*, a wonderful and speedy cure, the settlement of a law case, the winning of a prize; *Cleveland*, the speedy improvement of a mother's condition, success of a dental operation, recovery of a suitcase, a successful operation; *Columbus*, the averting of the curse of intemperance in a family, the obtaining of a position much needed; *Hamilton*, a child and aunt's recovery from serious illness; *Minerton*, a father's speedy and unexpected recovery; *Norwood*, work obtained; *Reading*, a sister's remarkable cure.

PENNSYLVANIA.—*Germantown*, the obtaining of a position; *Harrisburg*, speedy relief from acute attack of bronchitis; *Honesdale*, relief from pain in the hips; *Janesville*, a sister's restoration to health, the recovery of a large sum of money; *Philadelphia*, speedy recovery from a dangerous operation, an increase in salary, the successful sale of property, cure of troublesome disease, work obtained by a husband, the recovery of a child from illness, a position obtained for a father, the receiving of an important business letter; *Phoenixville*, improvement of eyesight; *Williamsport*, success of a church and school enterprise, the finding of a valued article.

RHODE ISLAND.—*Providence*, the

averting of the consequences of a serious mistake.

SOUTH DAKOTA.—*Chamberlain*, a speedy recovery; *Sioux Falls*, reelection to an office.

TENNESSEE.—*Knoxville*, restoration to health.

TEXAS.—*Dallas*, preservation from typhoid, a most wonderful conversion on the approach of death; *Forney*, a child's recovery; *Houston*, a husband cured of intemperance; *Marshall*, an unexpected and advantageous position secured for a husband.

UTAH.—*Salt Lake*, the restoration of eyesight.

VERMONT.—*Burlington*, the recovery of a valuable article; *Richmond*, preservation and safe delivery of mother and child; *Woodstock*, a dangerous fever averted.

WASHINGTON.—*Spokane*, a position retained by a husband, the recovery of two children from a dangerous illness, position secured and salary increased, a sum of money unexpectedly obtained; *Seattle*, preservation from the consequences of money stringency.

WEST VIRGINIA.—*Benwood*, relief obtained in an accident; *Meadow Bluff*, cure of nervousness.

WISCONSIN.—*Jacksonport*, cure of bronchitis; *Milwaukee*, a position obtained; *Oconto Falls*, a mother's recovery; *Shullsburg*, the complete restoration to health of a priest; *Truman*, a friend's cure of intemperance and return to the faith.

Thanks are also expressed by Promoters and Associates for many other spiritual and temporal favors.

NOTICE.—In all "thanksgivings" sent to us, much unnecessary trouble will be avoided by all concerned if they are written separately from any other information that the letter may contain.

## A TREASURY OF INDULGENCED PRAYERS

### EJACULATIONS FOR NOVEMBER.

My God and my all. 50\* (LEO XIII., 4 May, 1888.)

My Jesus mercy. 100\* (PIUS IX., 24 Sept., 1864.)

Jesus, Mary and Joseph, 7 years, 7 quar\* (PIUS X., 8 June, 1906.)

Jesus, Mary. 300.\* (PIUS X., 10 Oct., 1904.)

Jesus (*only*), Mary (*only*). 25\* each. (CLEMENT XIII., 5 Sept., 1759.)

Eternal Father, I offer Thee the Most Precious Blood of Jesus Christ, in satisfaction for my sins and for the wants of Holy Church. 100.\* (PIUS VII., 22 Sept., 1817.)

Jesus, my God, I love Thee above all things. 50.\* (PIUS IX., 7 May, 1854.)

Jesus, Son of David, have mercy on me. 100. (LEO XIII., 27 Feb., 1886.)

O Sacrament most holy, O Sacrament divine,

All praise and all thanksgiving be every moment Thine. 100. (PIUS VI., 24 May, 1776.)

O Lord, preserve in us the faith (*conserva nobis fidem*). 100\* (PIUS X., 20 March, 1908.)

O Sacred Heart of Jesus, Thy Kingdom come. 300.\* (PIUS X., 29 June, 1906.)

O Sweetest Heart of Jesus I implore

That I may ever love Thee more and more. 300.\* (PIUS IX., 26 Nov., 1876.)

Jesus, meek and humble of heart

Make my heart like unto Thy heart. 300.\* (PIUS X., 13 Sept., 1905.)

Heart of Jesus, in Thee I trust. 300.\* (PIUS X., 27 June, 1906.)

O Heart of Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament, burning with love for us, inflame our hearts with love for Thee. 200.\* (LEO XIII., 6 Feb., 1899.)

Praised be the Most Sacred Heart of Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament. 300.\* (PIUS X., 12 June, 1905.)

O Heart of Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament, have mercy on us. 300.\* (PIUS X., 26 Dec., 1907.)

Divine Heart of Jesus, convert sinners, save the dying, deliver the Holy Souls in Purgatory. 300.\* (PIUS X., 13 July, 1906.)

Sweetest Jesus, be not Thou my Judge but my Saviour. 50.\* (PIUS IX., 11 Aug., 1851.)

Sweet Heart of Jesus, be Thou my love. 300. (LEO XIII., 21 May, 1892.)

May the Sacred Heart of Jesus be everywhere loved. 100. (PIUS IX., 23 Sept., 1860.)

Come, O Holy Spirit, fill the hearts of Thy faithful and kindle in them the fire of Thy love. 300.\* (PIUS X., 8 May, 1907.)

Sweet Heart of Mary, be my salvation. 300.\* (PIUS IX., 30 Sept., 1852.)

Our Lady of the Sacred Heart, pray for us. 100.\* (PIUS X., 28 June, 1904.)

Mary, our Hope, have pity upon us. 300.\* (PIUS X., 3 Jan., 1906.)

Our Lady of Good Studies, pray for us. 300. (PIUS X., 16 May, 1906.)

Blessed be the Holy and Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin Mary, Mother of God. 300.\* (LEO XIII., 10 Sept., 1878.)

Our Lady of Loudres, pray for us. 300.\* (PIUS X., 9 Nov., 1907.)

O Holy Joseph, model and patron of lovers of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, pray for us. 100. (LEO XIII., 19 Dec., 1891.)

Jesus, Mary, and you, O good Joseph, bless us now and at the hour of our agony. 50.\* (PIUS X., 9 June, 1906.)

Our Lady of Compassion, Mary, Mother of all Christians, pray for us. 300.\* (Pius X., 4 June, 1906.)

My Queen and my Mother, remember that I belong to thee,

Preserve and defend me as thy property and possession. 40.\* in time of temptation. (Pius IX., 5 Aug., 1851.)

Blessed be God. 50\* when blasphemy is heard. (Pius X., 28 Nov., 1903.)

Jesus, Mary and Joseph, I offer you my heart, my soul, and my life, &c. 300.\* (Pius VII., 28 April, 1807.)

O most merciful Jesus, &c. (for the Agonizing). 100.\* (Pius IX., 2 Feb., 1850.)

O Angel of God, &c. (*Angele Dei, qui custos*). (Pius VI., 2 Oct., 1795.)

Blessed St. Michael, the Archangel, defend us, &c. 100. (Leo XIII., 19 Aug., 1893.)

Also the following well-known prayers:

*Anima Christi*, or, *Memorare*. 300\* each.

*Suscipe Domine universam* (St. Ignatius), *O Jesu vivens in Maria* (M. Olier), 300 each.

*Domine Jesu, noverim me* (St. Augustine). 50.

*Adoro Te devote* (St. Thomas Aq.). 100 after Communion.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord, and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace, Amen. 300.\* (Pius X., 13 Feb., 1908.)

In the name of the Father. . . . Amen (whilst making the sign of the Cross) 50\*; (and if with Holy Water) 100.\* (Pius IX., 23 March, 1866.)

## RECENT AGGREGATIONS

The following Local Centres received Diplomas from Aug. 26th to Sept. 15th.

| Diocese.         | Place.               | Local Centre.             | Date.          |
|------------------|----------------------|---------------------------|----------------|
| Boston.....      | South Boston, Mass.. | St. Eulalia's .....Church | Sept. 15, 1908 |
| Duluth.....      | Bemidji, Minn.....   | St. Philip's .....        | Sept. 1, 1908  |
| Grand Rapids, .. | Grand Rapids, Mich.. | Holy Name .....           | Sept. 15, 1908 |
| Louisville.....  | Louisville, Ky.....  | St. Columba's .....       | Sept. 5, 1908  |
| Milwaukee.....   | Racine, Wis.....     | St. Johns Nepomue's ..... | Aug. 31, 1908  |
| Oklahoma.....    | West Point, Okla.... | St. Joseph's .....        | Aug. 25, 1908  |
| Pittsburg.....   | Pittsburg, Pa.....   | St. Peter's .....         | Sept. 10, 1908 |

Total number of aggregations, 7; Churches, 7.

## PETER'S PENCE.

|   |          |                                 |      |
|---|----------|---------------------------------|------|
| Already acknowledged .....                | \$134.90 | A. J. L., Duquette, Minn.....   | .50  |
| M. A., Utica, N. Y.....                   | 1.00     | L. G., St. Louis, Mo.....       | 2.00 |
| E. D., Providence, R. I.....              | 1.00     | C. H., Cincinnati, O.....       | 1.00 |
| Associates L. S. H., Rochester, N. Y..... | 5.00     | N. C., Far Rockaway, N. Y.....  | .50  |
| Mrs. H. M. M., Valdez, Alaska....         | 1.00     | C. H. M., Peoria, Ill.....      | 1.00 |
| Thos. H., Brooklyn, N. Y.....             | .50      | A Subscriber to M. S. H.....    | 1.00 |
| Mrs. M. A. L., Bryan, Mich.....           | .50      | C. L. H., Philadelphia, Pa..... | 1.00 |
| M. H., Stewartsville, Minn.....           | .50      | A. S., St. Louis, Mo.....       | 1.00 |
|   |          | J. F. L., Burlingame, Cal.....  | 4.50 |

Promoters and Associates of League of Sacred Heart at Monastery Center, West Hoboken, N. J., send through their Spiritual Director a contribution of \$50.00 as Peter's Pence, in honor of the Golden Sacerdotal Jubilee of the Holy Father Pope Pius X. They wish that they could send fifty times more, but they feel sure that the Holy Father will accept this "widow's mite" offered with a good heart on this glorious event of his life. Total.....\$206.50

We are printing the above list of indulgenced prayers on a four-page leaflet; price 5c. per dozen; 40c. per hundred. Address 801 West 181st St., New York City.

\* All taken and verified (May, 1908) from the authentic and approved work of *Indulgentes*, by Rev. F. Beringer, S.J., Consultor of the S. Congr. of Indulgences. The number after the prayer means "Number of days Indulgence," and if marked with an asterisk, it further means "Each time recited."

## OBITUARY

Jesus, Thy passion at an end,  
Thou didst Thy spotless soul commend  
Unto Thy Father's care:  
When my last hour is come, may I  
Hasten with meek alacrity  
To do Thy will elsewhere.—FATHER FABER.

The Rev. Harmar C. Denny, S.J., Woodstock College, Md.

The Rev. Joseph M. Jerge, S.J., St. Johns, N. B.

|  |   |
|--|---|
| <p>Barrett, Matthew F., Newburyport, Mass.<br/>Carroll, Thomas, New York City.<br/>Casey, Patrick, Longford, Ireland.<br/>Cunningham, Joseph, Hastings, Pa.<br/>Cointment, Delma, San Antonio, Tex.<br/>Conklin, Francis J.<br/>Devlin, Emilda, Leavenworth, Kan.<br/>Bro. Edward Donnelly, S.J., Woodstock, Md.<br/>Farrell, Teresa, Kentville, N. J.<br/>Finnerty, Annie, New Brighton, S. I.<br/>Fitzgerald, Margaret, Chicago, Ill.<br/>Foster, Susan, St. Louis, Mo.<br/>Francis, Elizabeth, Ohio.<br/>Gallagher, Bridget, Fort Wayne, Ind.<br/>Gallagher, Helen, Fort Wayne, Ind.<br/>Gavney, Mary, Jersey City, N. J.</p> | <p>Heidemark, Anna, New York City.<br/>Henry, Mrs., Kansas City, Mo.<br/>Holly, Margaret, Kerry, Ireland.<br/>Hunt, Mrs. Patrick, Fort Wayne, Ind.<br/>Kama, C., Honolulu, Hawaii.<br/>Kennedy, Elizabeth, Middletown, O.<br/>Leblanc, Marie, Baton Rouge, La.<br/>Lockwood, Brooklyn, N. Y.<br/>McDonough, Richard, St. Louis, Mo.<br/>McGrath, Agnes, Syracuse, N. Y.<br/>Macado, M., Honolulu, Hawaii.<br/>Nolan, Sr. M. Zoe, Chicago, Ill.<br/>O'Neil, Henry E., Boston, Mass.<br/>Owens, George W., Lynn, Mass.<br/>Parisot, Rose, Somonauk, Ill.<br/>Powers, Mrs. E., Boston, Mass.<br/>Quinn, Edward, Alexandria, Va.<br/>Raymond, Catherine, Somonauk, Ill.</p> |
|--|---|

R. I. P.

Kind reader, pray for their souls and the souls of all the Faithful departed.

## PROMOTERS' RECEPTIONS

Diplomas issued from Aug. 20 to Sept. 17 (inclusive).

| Diocese.          | Place.                   | Local Centre.                       | No. |
|-------------------|--------------------------|-------------------------------------|-----|
| Chicago .....     | Chicago, Ill. ....       | St. Agnes ..... Church              | 10  |
| Cincinnati .....  | Cincinnati, O. ....      | St. Lawrence ..... "                | 9   |
| Cincinnati .....  | Dayton, O. ....          | St. Mary's ..... Institute          | 1   |
| Galveston .....   | Galveston, Tex. ....     | Ursuline ..... Convent              | 1   |
| Harrisburg .....  | Gettysburg, Pa. ....     | St. Francis Xavier ..... Church     | 20  |
| Marquette .....   | Bessemer, Mich. ....     | St. Sebastian's ..... "             | 12  |
| Milwaukee .....   | Columbus, Wis. ....      | St. Jerome's ..... "                | 1   |
| Newark .....      | East Orange, N. J. ....  | Our Lady Help of Christians ..... " | 2   |
| Newark .....      | West Hoboken, N. J. .... | St. Michael's ..... "               | 1   |
| New York .....    | New York, N. Y. ....     | St. Lucy's ..... "                  | 4   |
| New Orleans ..... | New Orleans, La. ....    | Our Lady of Good Counsel ..... "    | 2   |
| Rochester .....   | Rochester, N. Y. ....    | Sacred Heart Parochial ..... School | 12  |
| St. Louis .....   | St. Louis, Mo. ....      | St. Thomas Aquinas ..... "          | 8   |
| Seattle .....     | Ward P. O., Wash. ....   | St. Francis Regis ..... Mission     | 10  |

Total number of Receptions, 14.      Total number of Diplomas issued, 94.

# CALENDAR OF MONTHLY INTENTIONS

## NOVEMBER, 1908

### THE MORNING OFFERING.

O Jesus, through the Immaculate Heart of Mary, I offer Thee my prayers, works and sufferings of this day for all the intentions of Thy Sacred Heart, in union with the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass throughout the world, for the intentions of all our Associates and in particular for **Devotion to the Saints.**

| DAYS.  | FEASTS AND PATRONS.  | VIRTUES.                          | PETITIONS.                         |
|--------|--|-----------------------------------|------------------------------------|
| 1 S.   | <b>Twenty-first after Pentecost.</b><br>All Saints, A. I.      | Honor the Saints.                 | 1,428,426 for thanksgivings.       |
| 2 M.   | All Souls.—St. Victorinus.                                     | Pray for the Dead.                | 1,943,329 for those in affliction. |
| 3 T.   | St. Hubert.  | Fidelity to Grace.                | 180,682 for sick, infirm.          |
| 4 W.   | St. Charles Borromeo.  | Reform of Life.                   | 146,267 for dead Associates.       |
| 5 Th.  | All Saints of S. of Jesus.<br>SS. Zachary and Elizabeth.—H. H. | Fidelity to the Commandments.     | 241,881 for Local Centres.         |
| 6 F.   | <b>FIRST FRIDAY.</b> —St. Leonard—<br>1st. D. C. R.            | Love of Solitude.                 | 77,071 for Directors.              |
| 7 S.   | St. Florence.  | Zeal.                             | 192,418 for Promoters.             |
| 8 S.   | <b>Twenty-second after Pentecost.</b>                          | Patronage of B. V. M.<br>Poverty. | 245,390 for the Departed.          |
| 9 M.   | Dedication of the Lateran Basilica.                            | Respect for Churches.             | 432,481 for perseverance.          |
| 10 T.  | St. Andrew Avelino.  | Preparation for Death.            | 241,755 for the young.             |
| 11 W.  | St. Martin, Bp. Pr.  | Love of the Poor.                 | 211,444 for 1st Communion.         |
| 12 Th. | St. Martin, P. M.  | Love for the Faith.               | 172,220 for parents.               |
| 13 F.  | St. Josaphat.  | Spirit of Prayer.                 | 288,412 for families.              |
| 14 S.  | St. Stanislas Kostka.  | Love of Purity.                   | 264,585 for reconciliations.       |
| 15 S.  | <b>Twenty-third after Pentecost.</b><br>St. Gertrude.          | Good Reading.                     | 1,358,468 for works, means.        |
| 16 M.  | St. Didacus.   | Mortification.                    | 177,731 for the clergy.            |
| 17 T.  | St. Gregory.   | Preaching.                        | 397,539 for religious.             |
| 18 W.  | Dedication of Basilica of SS. Peter and Paul.                  | Divine Praise.                    | 163,099 for seminarists.           |
| 19 Th. | St. Elizabeth. Pr. H.H.  | Humility.                         | 422,948 for vocations.             |
| 20 F.  | St. Felix de Valois.   | Freedom from Sin.                 | 385,741 for parishes.              |
| 21 S.  | Presentation of B. V M.  | Consecration to God.              | 96,650 for schools.                |
| 22 S.  | <b>Twenty-fourth after Pentecost.</b><br>St. Cecilia.          | Trust in God.                     | 169,399 for superiors.             |
| 23 M.  | St. Clement.   | Moral Courage.                    | 177,147 for missions, retreats.    |
| 24 T.  | St. John of the Cross.   | Perseverance.                     | 219,412 for societies, works.      |
| 25 W.  | St. Catherine.   | Religious Instruction.            | 1,277,044 for conversions.         |
| 26 Th. | St. Sylvester, H.H.  | Desire of Perfection.             | 967,032 for sinners.               |
| 27 F.  | St. James Intercisus.  | True Family Affection.            | 163,125 for the intemperate.       |
| 28 S.  | St. Stephen the Younger and Comp.                              | Respect for Holy Images.          | 203,835 for spiritual favors.      |
| 29 S.  | <b>First after Advent</b> —St. Saturninus                      | Courage in Temptations.           | 171,315 for temporal favors.       |
| 30 M.  | St. Andrew. A.I.   | Activity as a Promoter.           | 1,581,643 for special, various.    |

PLENARY INDULGENCE.—Ap.—Apostleship; D.—Degrees; Pr.—Promoters; C. K.—Communion of Reparation; H. H.—Holy Hour; A. I.—Apostolic Indulgence; A. S.—Apostleship of Study.

## The Immaculate Conception

**A**WAY back in the distant ages of eternity, so to speak, God selected a mother for His Divine Son. Long before the angels sprang from His Power and His Love Mary was chosen to be the Mother of Jesus. This daughter of the Eternal Father and Mother of the only Begotten Son and Spouse of the Holy Ghost, will receive every gift and every blessing that can make her the fitting tabernacle of the Most High. Hence it is no matter of surprise to find her gifted with that wondrous grace of the Immaculate Conception. What son would withhold from a loving mother any worthy favor within his power to bestow? Was there ever a son like Jesus, or a mother like Mary?

Some eighteen years before Our Lord was born on the bleak hill-side at Bethlehem, the Holy Trinity began to prepare this living Tabernacle of the Most Holy. At the instant her soul sprang from nothingness and was united to her body in the womb of St. Anne, her mother, that soul was encompassed by the power of the Precious Blood and preserved from every taint and stain of sin. The blemish of guilt was not upon her pure spirit and then instantly blotted out and washed away; this is John the Baptist's privilege. No; Mary's unique distinction, her Immaculate Conception, is that she was prevented by the love of Her Son from ever contracting, even for the duration of the lightning flash, any stain or blemish. The purity of her sinless soul was never sullied by the breath of any infection.

This wondrous gift bestowed upon our fair mother is second to no grace in the marvelous world of gifts to man, save that of the union of her Son with our fallen nature. How our hearts melt with thankfulness that God has honored so richly her whom He has asked to be a mother to Himself and us. Can our hearts remain cold towards her now?



"THOU ART AS FAIR, O MY LOVE, AND THERE IS NO SPOT IN THEE."  
Cant. iv, 7.

# Messenger of the Sacred Heart

VOL. XII.

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No. 12



## THE LAY APOSTOLATE

BY THE VERY REV. MGR. CHARLES W. COLLINS, D.D.,  
PORTLAND, ME.



CATHOLICS have done wonderful work in America in a century. No one who knows of the thousands of churches, schools and religious institutions built by the faith and generosity of the poor can doubt it. When we think, too, of the zeal and courage of the prelates, priests and religious who built their lives into the fabric of the Church here in years gone by, and the ceaseless labors of their successors of to-day for religion, charity and education, we may well be proud that we are members of the Fold.

The Church in America is young. It had to do in one century what was the result of many centuries in the elder lands. This rapidity of growth made it necessary to dispense with many things that were a part of Catholic life and work in the Ages of Faith. It was necessary to build so fast and work so hard to minister to the millions coming in and being born, that only the essentials could be thought of. This accidental and passing condition has tended to narrow the lay Catholic's idea of his duty. Because years ago the layman could do little more than give money for good works, the layman of to-day is apt to think that any personal activity



in religious matters is not expected and is indeed out of place. The zeal of the convert often excites a smile.

Not that the times call for interference on the part of lay people, or advice about the government of the Church, or that pernicious activity whose sole motive is vanity. Any sort of busybody is a problem and a burden, but the religious busybody is the worst of the whole lot. Novelties are not called for, but rather the old fashioned charity and zeal continued and energized to fit the needs of the present day.

As a matter of fact, the work that must be done by a priest in any parish—the duties of the ministry, the care of the needy, wayward and intemperate, the schools and church business—never ceases and grows daily instead of lessening. He could find work for a hundred helpers if they were of the right kind. There are pitiful cases that the priest hears about only too late. There are young people drifting into careless ways or dangerous associations. At first a word would have set them right, but when the news reaches the priest the harm has been done. People are troubled and keep quiet; the neighbors know and talk among themselves. A little timely encouragement would have done much, but it was not forthcoming. There is a large margin for thoughtful and needed work in every parish, work that Catholics of good will could do with perfect fitness if they had the zeal and courage. It is merely Christian kindness brought into action.

We are living in a country where the majority are non-Catholics, and though a great number of this majority are not actively religious, a strong spirit of philanthropy animates most of them; indeed this spirit is coming to take the place of positive religion with the millions around us. Every sort of good work has its societies well supported and in skilled hands. Many individuals with time and money at their disposal and anxious to be of service, interest themselves singly or co-operate with the societies. Back of all this effort is a philanthropic public opinion. So fervent is the zeal of these people that they sometimes cross their own borders and try their hands on poor Catholics. Then there are societies founded and maintained with an all but avowed object of detaching needy and simple Catholics, especially immigrants, from their faith, under the pretext of making them better and more self-respecting.

Broadly speaking then, our parishes present the contrast of non-Catholic lay people, numerous, well-organized with well-paid professionals and amateur workers busy with might and main all the time among the needy and unfortunate, and on the other side the priest with a thousand calls on his time and the money at his disposal, striving to hold his parish together and keep his people loyal to the faith. It is an up-hill fight. If the faith were not so rock-imbedded in the hearts of even the poorest Catholics, it would be a failing fight. This prospect is not so cheering as is general talk about the progress of the Church, but it is a real, practical problem that is looming larger every day. Can Catholic laymen say that there is nothing for them to do beyond going to Mass and paying to collections?

Catholics have gone far since the immigrant days. As a class they can no longer be denominated as "poor, ignorant idolaters." Many of them are doing well in a worldly way, and their leisure, means and education would make them of much service to the Church, yet it is still the poor who are its main support and its most reliable workers. The time and energy of many educated and wealthy Catholics seems to be absorbed by the social struggle, and they give comparatively little thought to their less fortunate brethren. There have been and are generous exceptions, but they are exceptions. Yet these fortunate members of the Church have only to look about them to see their non-Catholic acquaintances feverishly active in philanthropic work and, whether succeeding or not, very much in earnest and giving their time to it. It is not so much money that the Church needs from the more fortunate among her children, as the personal service that their position enables them to give.

Still, it may be said with a color of truth that it is not easy to know just what to do in this line and to work without being considered officious. There is, however, another line of work, for neglect of which no Catholic nowadays can be excused, and that is presenting his religion in a proper light to outsiders. Rich and poor, educated and simple Catholics, are mingling with "the separated brethren" six days in the week. Not merely by good life and religious conduct, but by their explanation of Catholic matters that come up in conversation, have they the opportunity and the

duty of showing that the Church is the Fold of Christ. Here is a large class of people whom the priest cannot meet with much chance of talking religion, yet they are talking religion with Catholic lay people very often. Much harm has been done and many misapprehensions created concerning Catholic doctrine and practice by the ignorance, supineness and carelessness of Catholics who ought to have known better and had more courage of their convictions.

The layman of to-day has no excuse for being ignorant of his religion. For him there is no justification if he allows calumnies to go unchecked and stupid prejudice to go uncorrected. He has libraries, magazines and papers at his disposal if he wants them. He has a fine field for preaching the Gospel to the heathen. He cannot say at least that this is the priest's work. The priest cannot do it, but the layman can and should. It is a shame for him, if he neglects these opportunities, all the more that the great majority of non-Catholics, while they are not sufficiently interested in the Church to buy books about it or ask the priests about it, are ready and willing, and oftentimes eager, to hear a lucid and honest explanation of a point of belief or the reason for a ceremony. There is no valid reason why the average Catholic man or woman of to-day cannot know enough about the faith to satisfy all ordinary requirements and answer all reasonable questions. If they fail in this they are certainly doing little for the coming of Christ's Kingdom to the minds of unbelievers.

The Lay Apostolate is not a work limited to any particular class of our people. The main requirement is active generous-heartedness. It needs no societies or red tape. It is a work which every good Catholic can do in his or her own place in the world by taking a little interest in the extension of the Truth and the welfare of the weak and needy among them.

Think of the good a brave and pious Catholic girl can do among her own companions and fellow workers in the store, the factory, the school or in her home neighborhood, if she has the spirit of Christ in her heart, good that can be done without noise or display, but none the less effective. Not all the Sisters of Mercy are in religious garb nor the Sisters of Charity either, but the pity is that they are so few when they might be so many. Safe and strong them-

selves, anchored to good life by prayer, frequent confession and good reading, the stronger women sometimes see others weak in faith, prone to temptation, ensnared by vanity, drifting from their moorings, forming bad friendships and falling away from the practice of religion, and yet they do not say a word or stretch out a hand to save these weaker sisters. Will they be held guiltless on the last day? There is endless good work that Catholic women can do for the faith whether Providence has placed them in the parlor, at the shop-counter or in the work-room. It is not the place but the spirit that counts. So when the good impulse comes they should not allow it to die, but act on it immediately and with God's help try to help save the souls that are drifting to perdition.

Think what an Apostle of the Faith the right sort of a Catholic man can be, who regards the carelessness in religion, the bad companionship, the intemperance of those who work with him as a wrong to himself and a sad wound to the Church, which he may avert by a little effort and an appeal to the faith that is always in the Catholic's breast. Even when it is not question of wrong doing, there is much that he can do by advice, sympathy, good books and conversation that will make others better men, better Catholics, and will radiate the faith into the waste places of the work-a-day world. What thousands of good opportunities there are which we let slip by, and which we might have turned to God's glory and the salvation of souls, at so little cost to ourselves, by trying to make Catholic Truth do for others what it has done for us.

A good Catholic can do much individually; he can do more by associating with him two or three friends to help another who is weak or in need. He can always count on the priest to second his effort. It is surprising how slow lay Catholics are to talk with the priest or call upon him unless some one is sick. Yet laymen know many things and can do many things that would help the priest a great deal if they were a little more candid and a little less shy.


The fact is, Catholics in general leave too much to the priest and the Church. They find any personal service irksome and the priest, burdened with various cares already, is physically unable and without the time to go out and stir up a greater

in good works among his people. He does the best he can with each case as it comes, and sighs that he can do so little. A score or more of earnest and zealous men and women who would undertake to devote a few hours every week in the parish among the poor, the wayward, the ignorant, looking after cases that come to their notice, giving a helping hand to those for whom the burden of life is too heavy, could at little cost to themselves accomplish good that would fill the heart of the recording angel with joy.

But we must not be content with wishing or dreaming, nor should we wait for societies to do this and that. We ought to begin now with those around us who need instruction, or aid or encouragement. Be it ours each day to be able to say that we have laid some small deed of mercy or zeal for souls at the feet of our Divine Lord, some work that will gladden His Sacred Heart, so full of pity for His children who are weak and forsaken; and let us count that day as lost in which we do not try to make a fellow Catholic a better member of the Church, or some tempted brother better able to keep up the fight, thus rendering as true apostles some act of kindness or helpfulness to the little ones of Christ.

O Jesus, through the Immaculate Heart of Mary, I offer Thee my prayers, works and sufferings of this day for all the intentions of Thy Sacred Heart, in union with the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass throughout the world, in reparation for my sins, for the intentions of all our Associates and in particular for the Lay Apostolate.

#### THE EVE OF WINTER

 HE withered leaves are falling now,  
Adown from flower and tree—  
O Jesu, Thou, the Parent Bough,  
I still cling close to Thee.

They fall, each to a place assigned,  
By Thee, Lord, set apart;  
O Jesu, may my falling find  
Its place within Thy Heart.

E. P. TIVNAN, S.J.

## TALES FROM REAL LIFE

### FAITHFUL ALAN



WOULD you desert the gate?"

A mere child asked the question with an earnestness surprising in one so young.

It was the recreation hour and the boys were scattered about the playground; some clustered in groups, discussing the fine points of yesterday's game; others busily chasing "flies" that an obliging prefect was knocking out to them.

On the outskirts of the field, several figures stood apart engaged in animated conversation. One, a typical American boy of fourteen, brimful of life and mischief, was leaning against a tree, his hands thrust deep into his pockets and a quizzical smile playing upon his countenance. He had just made some proposal to his companions who agreed to the suggestion with acclamations of delight. A sturdy youngster, perhaps more thoughtful than the older boy, with fun and character blended in every line of the determined little face, received the proposition with a shout. Throwing his cap high into the air, he executed a handspring in the most approved style, then recovered his balance and paused for a moment. The look of mischievous fun vanished and he glanced with anxious inquiry from one to another of his companions. It was only a boyish prank that had been suggested, a bit of idle mischief, but still it was a distinct infringement of the rule. The young face grew very serious and then burst forth the question, "Would you desert the gate? And after our promise to the Father!"

Magic words those: "Our promise to the Father." The would-be mischief-makers looked at one another, the shouting ceased, and laughing faces instantly became sobered. They had forgotten their promise to the Father.

The boys never spoke of their chaplain as anything but "the Father." It was, "the Father wants to see you," or, "the Father

said so and so," and this last statement was almost as sacred to them as a definition of the Church.

The Father had a strange mastery over these boys of his. He had gained it partly by peering down through the eyes into the very soul and, by shrewd conjecture, disclosing many little secrets thought to be known to God alone. Partly, too, by his custom of making the sign of the cross upon the forehead only to give the cheek a playful little cuff to accompany his: "God bless you, my boy."

Confirming them, the boys called it. How the new boys were warned to beware of it! How each mirthful youngster pretended to fear that confirmation! The eyes would blink, the face would take on a tense expression as if some dread ordeal were to be undergone. Then, a dodge or two, with a final "ouch!" as the confirmation took effect. It is said that when His Lordship, the Bishop, came to administer the sacrament that was to convert these little harum scarums into soldiers of Christ, he was not a little astonished to see one small head shrink back from the pastoral touch. "Force of habit," explained the knight errant with a grin when later taken to task by the Father for his temerity.

This ceremony of confirmation was generally reserved for the close of private interviews with the Father, to encourage its recipient to fresh conquests or to soothe the troubled spirits when the Father had been finding fault. For he could reprimand at times, and when he did correct his boys it was with a kindness and firmness that brought the little culprit to his knees at once. But oh! that little tap at the end made amends for all. And if the Father, preoccupied of mind, at times forgot his bounden duty, the slighted victim in knickerbockers would hang around for a minute or so, place himself in the way of the confirmation, and looking up mischievously, remark:

"Ain't you forgetting something, Father?"

Then the Father would remember and the twinkle in his eye might lead one to suspect that the lapse of memory was not wholly accidental. But a little heart was glad again and willing feet hastened off to the next duty, incidentally registering a dent in the threshold as they passed.

Still, it was not this alone that had enslaved the boys' affection.

It had helped, of course, but there was a higher, more spiritual bond of union between the Father and his boys. It had come about in this way:

In his first chat with them, he had told them a story. It was no story made to order; no fanciful tale of days of old, of valiant knights and deeds of chivalry; no exaggerated account of the doings of famous generals or statesmen. No, it was a real story of a real boy like themselves, a simple, uneducated little colored boy of our own day, one of his boys who had died a martyr. As an eyewitness of the awful havoc wrought by the Jamaican earthquake, the Father had told the story of Faithful Alan, a story of boyish heroism that had brightened the gloom of those days of riot and disorder which followed on the great catastrophe.

In the city of Kingston alone, within the space of half a minute, two thousand souls had been hurled into eternity with hardly a chance to make their peace with God. Scarcely a building was left standing in the desolated city, and the residence of the missionaries had shared the fate of all the others.

A puny, colored lad of fourteen had been engaged as porter by the Fathers; but when the awful tremors had laid all waste, a child of such an age could be of little service to them. Fearing also for his safety if he remained in the city, they sent him to his home. However, when the noble little fellow had assured himself that his parents were safe in their country home and there was nothing he could do for them, he refused to remain with them. The Fathers had been kind to him when he was in want, now they were themselves in need. He would go back to help them. And back he went, back to the heart of the city's desolation, back to exposure and even hunger, perhaps.

The Fathers were making their headquarters in an open yard in the midst of the ruins. Alan pleaded that he be allowed to give what help he could and there was no resisting his plea. A single gateway gave admission to the yard and he was commissioned to take his post there and fill once more his role of porter. Poor little fellow. He had always been a sickly child, consumed by the burning Jamaica fever; yet he took his place cheerfully and remained there unprotected from the insidious rays of the tropical sun until his blood seemed to boil within his veins.



All through the tense excitement of those days, when every few hours the earth rocked and swayed and drove fresh crowds to the gate clamoring for priests to cleanse the overburdened souls, the child stood there stolid and silent or dragged his weary, aching feet in quest of a missionary to shrive a trembling penitent crouching by the gate in abject terror. Then, as the evening shadows told that another day of sorrow was at an end, the trusty little warden would cast himself upon the ground and, curled up like a dog beneath the wreck of a carriage standing near, would keep faithful watch and ward through the long hours of the night.

As the days slipped past, the earthquakes lost their terrors for the blacks. Men no longer sought the priestly absolution, but instead, the constant cry was heard for food. The cares for the soul had given place to bodily wants; the penitent had become the beggar at the gate. The recipient of charity is often hard to please, and as the faithful little Alan doled out whatever aid the Fathers were able to give, he frequently had to bear, not harsh words alone, but cruel blows and even brutal kicks. Still, the boy had been told to keep the gate and keep it he did even at the cost of his life.

One day, a mob of vagrant beggars gathered at the gate of set purpose to force an entrance while the missionaries were engaged in their errands of mercy through the city. The child was alone; there was no time to summon help. The gate must be guarded and by himself alone. Quickly the little brain acted in the crucial moment. Courageously he went forth, closed the gate behind him, and then stood there, his frail body a living barrier to the fury of the mob.

They ordered him to stand aside; he did not flinch. They threatened, but his shrill voice rose above their clamor, and while the little hands gesticulated wildly and the deep-set eyes sparkled with all the intensity and excitement of his race, he bravely ordered them back and stood there firmly at his post.

Not to be frustrated by a sickly child, the mob endeavored to rush the gate and crushed and trod upon the faithful hero. As the little fellow sank beneath their blows, the cowards, appalled at their own work, slunk away. The gate was still safe in the possession of the dying Alan.

**Tender hands bore the child within.** It was too late, the mob

had done its work. For two days the brave boy struggled on, suffering an agony of pain. Conscious to the last, the little martyr of obedience passed to his reward, happy to die in serving the Fathers who had been kind to him.

Such had been the story the Father had told his boys. His eyes were dim and there was a tremor in his voice as he went on to say that when the cares of life bore heavily upon him, when the body was weary and the soul, too, craved for rest, he drew new strength from the memory of his little Alan. Brave, faithful Alan, his poor, fragile body was now the food for worms, but his pure soul, thrice happy in heaven with the band of martyrs singing the praises of their Queen, awaited the glad day when it might hasten back to earth to gather up the handful of dust that had once constituted its body and bear it away to a blessed immortality.

The Father paused for an instant. Something like a sigh escaped his lips and his hand furtively brushed away a tear. Then turning to the boys before him, with all earnestness of soul, his voice quivering with suppressed emotion, he cried out:

"Oh! my boys, not I but God Himself has set each one of you to guard a gate, the gateway of your immortal souls. Not I, but God has committed the trust to you. Prove yourselves worthy of His confidence. Guard well the gate, and though sin and the demons rage as an angry mob without, let the memory of my Alan nerve you to resistance. Guard the gate even at the cost of life itself. Then when the day of final triumph comes, and the faithful wardens reap their due reward, as my Alan comes running towards me with the glad cry upon his lips: 'Father, I kept the gate,' may you, my other Alans, each take up the little fellow's words and cry: 'Yes, and we have kept our gates. Our gates are safe.'"

The story had been told many months ago, but love and devotion to little Alan had grown apace among the boys until he had become the model of the school. Many a prayer found its way heavenward addressed to this unknown child, simple, earnest, boyish prayers for strength and courage to keep the gate.

At first the boys had regarded their new chaplain with reverential awe; one of his boys had been a martyr and this seemed to place him far above their earthly sphere. But when they stood, each in turn, hands resting in his firm grasp and heard him asking

them to take his Alan's place, how their hearts leaped for joy! How readily they had promised to guard their gates! Their reverence had turned to filial love. Henceforth, the Father held their young hearts in mastery.

"Would you desert the gate?"

It was a mere boyish prank that had been suggested, but the delicate conscience of the child found sin in every infraction of the rule. They had all promised the Father to be his little Alans, guarding their souls from even the smallest blemish.

The gate was not deserted and the fearless child had shown himself worthy of being called another faithful Alan.

ISABEL WILLIAMS.

#### THE BEGGARS



WAS night, 'tis writ, when first they came  
Both worn and weak, unknown their name.  
Their own received them not.

\* \* \* \* \*

Was that a sigh I heard? a groan  
From midst the trees?—A feeble moan—  
A woman's voice cried: "Help!"

A sudden ray the darkness rent  
A mother stood, her strength far spent.  
And held a sickly babe.

"My poor," Christ says, "*regard as Me*  
*What's given them, thy soul shall free.*"  
His words my mite required.

Relieved, the grateful mother smiled.  
A halo crowned the sleeping Child;  
So true His words of old.

JOSEPH CARBAJAL, S.J.

## UNDER THE SANCTUARY LAMP

### THE HILLS THAT JESUS LOVED. XVI.

#### THE HILL OF THE EXPECTATION.



F we admit, as is generally supposed, that our Lady's ministry of charity to her cousin in the hill country was prolonged until the birth of the Baptist, then it will be early July before Joseph and his holy Spouse are again settled in the quiet of Nazareth. Their journey back to Galilee will have been full of pleasant memories, for the tarrying with Elizabeth cannot but have been replete with heavenly consolations. Let us glance at the passing scene for an instant. The rich fields in Samaria are like seas of golden waves under the light breezes which sweep over them, and the long rows of young corn are just beginning to push into stouter and more vigorous life. But of these things Mary will take small thought wrapt as she is in the contemplation of the young life within her bosom.

Of the interval between her return and the cold, bleak Christmas eve when our Saviour was born, little or nothing is told us in the Holy Pages. Yet we must guard against imagining for a moment that this is a time of spiritual inactivity. May it not be that those periods of Holy Writ are replete with mysteries of which we have no concept? The astronomer who looks out upon the heavens at times finds spaces that are blank and dark in which no stars shine or planets whirl, spaces like the wild wastes of a trackless desert; yet were his instruments of sufficient power no doubt they would reveal to his dull vision myriads of bright worlds far surpassing in beauty those which keenest eyes and most powerful telescope can detect. It may be the same in our Blessed Lady's life. Those intervals, about which nothing can be gleaned from the New Testament directly, are full to overflowing of depths of tenderest love and mysteries so fathomless that even angels' minds can barely skim over the surface. Our Lady's soul we must ever remember

is always a world apart. No other soul like it has ever come from the hand of God; no other soul approaches hers. She, though immeasurably far away, is the only created type of the soul of her Son. We know nothing, then, from Holy Writ of those months of waiting till she could enjoy the earthly vision of the face of the Incarnate God; until with a mother's love should could gaze with melting love into the eyes of her own Child. So dear are these days of watching to the heart of the Church, that she has instituted a special feast in order that her children may yearly linger over them.

If the aged Elizabeth was filled with the Holy Ghost and the infant in her womb "leaped for joy" at the greeting of her cousin, what must have been Mary's happiness and peace as she bore in her bosom "the Prince of Peace";—what her joy and holy longing as she thought of His birth? The dull, slow business life of the obscure Nazareth went on as if nothing wondrous had transpired within its limits. The caravans of stately camels and swarthy orientals moved through the town from the sea with their spices and perfumes from the East. The busy crowds left the marts of Nazareth for the more lucrative and active scenes in Damascus; and to none did the thought suggest itself that a greater marvel was daily being enacted than earth had ever yet seen. God had come among His own. He had walked with Adam and Eve in the Garden; He had sent His Angels to Abraham in days of old; He had been with Moses on the Mount; but now He has come under another form. All His approaches heretofore had been but types and figures and shadows of His present coming. Now He comes in humility and takes our poor fallen human nature and lifts it up. He takes it and pours out upon it the unction of His Divinity; He consecrates it, divinizes it and makes it His own. He comes very God and very man, and as a Child "tabernacles" for nine months in the womb of Mary His Mother.

Can we wonder, then, that the soul of Mary is filled with a holy expectation as the days and months are running by? And what could she expect who possessed All? What could she desire who had within her breast the "Desired of the Eternal Hills?" What could she want whose Child held up in the hollow of His hand all created worlds? The saints tell us that the Beatific Vision consists in the possession of God, and that this Vision fills every longing of

the soul. This was Mary's privilege, and yet she yearns for the bleak slopes of Bethlehem's hills. From the night the angel winged his flight to the grotto chamber in Nazareth and saluted our Lady "Hail, full of grace," till for the first time she looked into the face of her Child, our Blessed Mother possessed in the tabernacle of her bosom the Living Son of God. During all those months, she who was so frail encompassed Him who was omnipotent. She had dominion over Him who controls and guides the destinies of men and nations. What new joy could come into her life, since she felt within her breast Him who was from the eternal years the Second Person of the Adorable Trinity? What then could she look forward to or expect which was not already hers?

Mary knew that though her present joy was beyond the telling and the memory of it would linger with her through all her years, yet it must pass on to another and a greater. Each mystery in our Lord's life though complete in itself was a preparation for the next, and all were leading—whereunto every mystery of the Man-God must lead—to Calvary. Every growth and advance in the knowledge of Mary and her Child will avail little in our spiritual life, unless they lead us step by step up the steep ascent of the Way of the Cross and make the mystery of the divine blood-shedding dearer to our hearts. From Nazareth to Bethlehem and thence to Calvary Mary thirsted for souls and shall thirst till the last soul shall be saved. She loved them on the sands of the desert and out beyond the Nile; she prayed for them during all the quiet years at Nazareth among the Galilean hills; she yearned for them during the three long hours when her Son hung in shame on the cross. So now it was this thirst for souls which made her yearn for the cold Christmas eve on Bethlehem's hill, for she knew that the birth of her Son meant one step nearer to the spiritual birth of the children of her sorrow and her pain. It was her love for souls, then, that made her willing to exchange the joy of being the living tabernacle of the Most High for the hard straw and narrow manger, because the manger was a step closer to the blood-stained wood of the cross. She possesses Him but she longs to give Him to us. He is hers, but she wants Him also to be ours; there is naught of selfishness in Mary's love.

But there were other reasons why Mary would exchange the joys

of Nazareth for the hardships of Bethlehem. The Child in **her** womb was her God and her Son, and with a twofold longing **she** yearned to look upon His face. We read of the desires of **the** saints for the Beatific Vision. How vile, stale and unprofitable **the** things of this world seemed to them when compared to the sight **of** their Creator in the next! St. Paul was wrapt to the third heaven and had seen "visions and revelations of the Lord," and "he **was** caught up into Paradise and heard secret words, which it is **not** granted to man to utter. Was it this fortaste of the joy of **the** vision of the Master's face which kept so warm in St. Paul's **heart** the longing which found expression in those burning words to the Philippians: "But I am straightened between two: having a desire to be dissolved and to be with Christ, a thing by far **the** better." Paul had never as a disciple of Christ walked with Him on the hills or over the valleys or on the lakeshore of Galilee. He had never in the body gazed on the face of our Blessed Saviour and looked into His eyes; but the glimpse that was given him when wrapt to the third heaven lit and kindled a fire of desire which ever after glowed in the apostolic soul. And yet, how infinitely inferior to the flame which burnt in Mary's breast!

The aged Simeon "had received an answer from the Holy Ghost that he should not see death until he should see Christ the Lord." When that answer had been vouchsafed the holy priest we know not. Perhaps it came to him in early years in the temple when ministering before the altar. Perhaps it was sent in his maturer years when discouragement was beginning to weaken his faith. It may only have come to him late in life when he read deeper into the mysteries of God's dealings with his people. The answer may have been given to steady his tottering steps as with bent form and the blossoms of many springs upon his head and a look of longing in his eyes, he moved slowly towards the grave. All these years his prayer had been: "Drop down dew, ye heavens, from above, and let the clouds rain the Just: let the earth be opened, and bud forth a Saviour." How this promise lit up the darkness of his life of waiting! There must have been in his prayerful eyes a far-off vision of expectancy. He seemed ever peering into the future. There was an attitude of waiting in his manner as of one on the lookout for some promised coming. But who can fathom the depth

of the yearning in his soul, for the quick approach of the day, when with his now dimming eyes he will look into the face of "Christ the Lord?" Yet what were Simeon's watchings from the heights of Mount Moriah compared to the longing in our Blessed Lady's soul from the inaccessible heights of her incomparable sanctity! Doubtless during the nine months our Lady saw in vision the Incarnate Son who was in her womb. No doubt many secrets with regard to Him and His life among men were revealed to her, but these mystic favors and heavenly interventions would only serve to render her desire to see His face keener and her expectation intenser. The Patriarchs of the Old Law sighed for His coming, the prophets foretold it, the kings and people prayed for the Messiah's advent. His coming was spoken of in the streets and shops, was preached in the temple; it formed the object of the hopes of the nation for four thousand years. Yet all the hopes and prayers added together and multiplied seventy times seven and put into the soul of God's highest Seraph, would not be the merest type, the slightest shadow of the holy longing, of the vehement yearning which was alive in Mary's soul as she contemplated the birth of the Eternal Son at Bethlehem and desired to look with mortal eye upon the face of the Incarnate God.

This same Incarnate Son in the tabernacle of the virginal womb was not only her God, He was also her Son. So our Blessed Lady hungered for the earthly vision of her Child's face with a mother's love and a mother's fondly passionate longing. All mothers, our Lord tells us, naturally desire that moment of joy, when, forgetful of the pains of labor, they only remember that their child is born into the world. Like all earthly mothers, Mary will look forward eagerly to her Son's birth. How deep will be her gratitude and love as she thinks of that Son and the privilege, soon to be hers, of looking into His face! For nine months she has lived a life of closest intimacy with Him; a life of warmer love than centuries of acts piled mountains high, from holiest and most exalted Cherubim and Seraphim. She bore Him with hurrying steps into the hill country and from her womb He sanctified the Baptist: now she was hastening again over the same road and would soon gaze upon the human countenance of her Child. What an ecstasy of joy in the thought! To look upon the face in whose light the angels knelt



and covered their faces in holy fear; to behold the face which was to light up the darkness of Bethlehem's cave; which was perhaps to illumine the camel-trodden road by night in the desert. She was to gaze upon the face down which would come the tears shed over the sinful Jerusalem and at the tomb of Lazarus; the face so often raised to the Father in prayer or bowed to rest with loving pity on Magdalene and Peter and to attract the timid children by the lake.

Would that expectant mother think of that face in all the coming years? Perhaps she hoped to detect in it some of her own lineaments and features. It was He who had stamped His own likeness on His mother's soul, and now she returns it in another way. She will know that her Child will be beautiful "above the children of men." She will imagine the face of her Son as He grows in years. She will see it soon at Bethlehem and then with fear in her eyes she will watch it in distant Egypt beyond the Nile. And during all His advancing years she will see and adore it in quiet Nazareth. The changes in the sky at the dawn, or the soft colors in the west at setting sun, give no slightest concept of the infinite ever-changing beauty of that sweet face of her growing Boy.

No doubt the shadow of Calvary will fall over the thoughts of the mother. Calvary is never long absent from the thoughts of those who love her Son. Will she see that face in all the agonies of the Passion? In the Garden, blood-stained and sad from the vision of sin, will she hear the dull sound of the mailed glove of the servant who strikes that Divine countenance? Oh, the horror of the thought to the young mother's tender heart! She will watch that countenance so calm and gentle and so divine in its meekness as He stands before Pilate and His judges. Perhaps the look of love which will cover the blood-stained face, when thirty-three years hence He will meet His mother on the journey to Calvary, may be granted her. Who can tell? Did she see Him on the cross with head bowed and eyes closing and His face bruised and cut and mud-stained, and yet in the eyes a look of longing and of love. But she will hold that Sacred Head on her lap again as she will soon do at Bethlehem. But this sad privilege will be granted the last time on Golgotha. Then that face will be white and cold with no look of love in the eyes, and there will be tears of blood on her cheeks for she will then be a childless mother, and the Babe to whose coming she is looking forward now will be dead. To-day, then, is the joy of expectation

in her breast ; that day there will be darkness in her soul deeper than that which hung over Egypt when God scourged King Pharaoh. Yet this same sweet face is upon our altars, veiled and hidden, it is true, but the eye of faith can penetrate the veil. But men turn their backs and will not see, men, too, who believe that their eternal destiny is to gaze upon that countenance and in its light live in joy all the eternal years—strange contradiction!

JNO. H. O'ROURKE, S.J.

### NO ROOM FOR HIM



O room, no room for Him,  
The Lord who made the earth;  
The poorest beggar-child  
Finds shelter at his birth.  
But He, the King of kings,  
Bears silently His doom;  
Our Lady meekly hears,  
"For Him—there is no room."

No room, no room for Him!  
His own receive Him not;  
Rejected, Saviour mild,  
He seeks a lowly spot  
Apart from cruel men;  
The cattle know their God.  
And earth will not refuse  
The welcome of its sod.

No room, no room for Him!  
My soul, is this thy cry?  
Has Joseph knocked in vain,  
In weary days gone by?  
Oh, open now the door,  
Bid Mary enter in.  
Make room, my soul, make room!  
To love thy Love begin.

SR. MARY CLARISSA.

## STORY INSTRUCTIONS FOR BOYS\*

### FOUND ON THE BATTLE-FIELD



EARLY fifty years ago a boy was occupied making the Way of the Cross, or, as we often say, the Stations. Prayer-book in hand, the lad went from picture to picture around the church until the tenth station, representing Jesus being stripped of his garments, was reached. As the prayer the young fellow read at the tenth picture had much to do with after events I repeat it as follows: "O Lord Jesus Christ, Thou in Thy bloody passion didst submit to be stripped of Thy very garments! Accept my promise that, with Thy holy grace, I will now part from every person and thing that leads me to sin which stripped Thee for the cross."

Bart having recited this prayer, passed on towards the next picture, the eleventh, but stopped and was in trouble. The binding of his prayer-book had been badly broken and a little bunch of leaves having fallen out was left at home. Among the missing leaves were those printed for the four stations following the tenth, so our young friend felt that he could not finish.

In holding this view the lad, though he meant well of course, was entirely mistaken. While the prayer-book is very helpful to the devotion of the Way of the Cross, it is not strictly necessary to the same. To be sure it is required for the making of the stations that we stop at each picture to consider for at least a little moment what the picture tells us; but then one is free to form the required reflections without a book and in his own way. And this done, there remains only the customary pious finish of kneeling at each place for the recitation of an Our Father, a Hail Mary and a Glory be to the Father.

After suffering the foregoing mishap our friend might very pos-

\* "*The Boy-Savers' Guide; Society Work for Lads In Their 'Teens'*" is a book written by the author of the "*Story Instructions*," and to appear during the current month. This volume, which fully reflects Father Quin's twenty years' experience in the field discussed, treats practically of the entire field of boys' Clubs under lay management and, in fact, of every department of religious organization for juveniles. "*The Boy-Savers' Guide*" is a veritable boon for priests. Benziger Bros., New York, Cincinnati and Chicago, are the publishers. Orders are received, however, at this office also. Price per copy, \$1.85 net. (Postage, 15 cents extra.)

sibly have gone some time without making the Way of the Cross were it not that the exercise had just been given him in confession as a penance. On that account he, the next day, carried the prayer-book to work, and during the lunch hour slipped into a nearby church for his second attempt.

As before, all went well up to the tenth station; as before Bart read for it the prayer appointed by his little book, kneeling after that for the Our Father, Hail Mary, and Glory be to the Father; then rising, he started towards the eleventh picture, but here again something happened. The boy smelled smoke and saw it floating from the sacristy at the right of the altar, the door being a little ajar. Rushing at once he threw the door wide open and immediately a thick cloud with plenty of flame behind it swept into the church. Our hero was only a few seconds reaching the street and giving the alarm which brought an engine, housed nearby, so that the firemen were soon at work. Naturally the lad was well pleased that, by having been on hand, he had discovered the fire and saved the church; nevertheless it was surprising to find himself balked for the second time in making the stations. "And I've been brought to a halt," he reflected, "just exactly where I was caught last night! How curious!"

Meanwhile, of course, the Catholic youth had not lost in the slightest degree his intention of doing the penance. Indeed, he decided to perform the same in his own church that very evening. Having again begun the pious round, Bart, without hurrying at all, was making excellent time. This ought not to seem surprising. One is mistaken when he imagines that to make the stations by himself he needs the half hour or more given the devotion when performed solemnly by the priest and the congregation together. Those who undertake the Way of the Cross alone usually go much faster and are often through in ten or fifteen minutes.

But, even while getting on quickly, the young fellow we are following was just a little too late for success. Only three or four other persons still remained in the church when he had again worked around to the tenth station. Having said the prayer you have heard, the youth was once more about to pass to the eleventh stop when he suddenly found himself obliged to leave off. The sexton was on hand jingling his keys and rattling them against the pews with word

that he had to lock up. "I am sorry, but it's impossible to let you stay even a single second," he answered. "The priest wants me to chase a doctor to a poor sick woman who's almost dead, and I've got to rush just as fast as I can."

"Did anybody ever see the like!" said Bart to himself, standing on the steps as the door was hurriedly locked behind him. "This makes three times I've been held up right after that prayer of the tenth station by which I promise to part from every person and thing leading me astray! Well," thought the lad, walking homewards, "you bet I'll be in time to-morrow night; I'll make a break for the church first thing after supper."

However, on the following evening our friend's good will met with difficulties. At about half past six a mad dog scare, a runaway, and a sudden death from accidental shooting occurred one after the other, throwing the neighborhood into a fever and causing Bart to reach the church more than an hour after the time he had fixed.

Perhaps you are thinking that the lad, having just gone through much excitement, was by no means able to give himself thoughtfully to the sacred events now to be considered. However, a less unfavorable view will be taken when you are informed that Bart was excellently prepared for the stations by his previously gained knowledge concerning them. The young fellow's mistake regarding the necessity of the prayer-book was a small matter; the all important thing was that, fully understanding the meaning of the Way of the Cross, he was thereby easily able to centre his attention on it.

I am, of course, most anxious that every boy here should be favored in the same way, and consequently would have you all mindful, as our good friend was, that the pictures of our Lord's Passion seen around every Catholic Church stand for real places in Jerusalem, the home city of the Jews and the city in which our Blessed Redeemer was crucified. They stand for real places where Jesus suffered some special pain while on his way to death. As our Lord's cross was placed at the top of a hill of Jerusalem called Mount Calvary, the road He followed up that hill is the real Way of the Cross. It is still used, and will certainly be followed by some of you in the travels of later life. When enjoying that great privilege you will be shown on the sacred road the places—fourteen of them

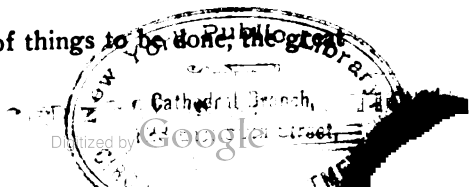
—just mentioned as being particularly connected with Christ's Passion. The first of these is the ancient building in which our Lord was sentenced to die; the last is where His dead body was laid.

One may ask, "why are these places called stations?" The name is given them because they are spots at which our Blessed Cross-Bearer stopped or, as we express it, was stationary. The railroad station is where the trains stop, that is, are "stationary"; in the same way we use the word "stations" for those spots where Jesus stopped or was stationary on his way to death. This fact, always profitably remembered by those performing our devotion, is clear at a glance. At the first station our Lord stands to receive sentence of death; at the second he stands to receive the heavy cross; at the third he has fallen to the ground, and so on.

Ever since the establishment of Christ's religion people have been traveling in great numbers to Jerusalem in order to pray in these holy places, that is in order to "make the stations." Rich indulgences have always been granted by our holy mother, the Church, to the multitudes doing this good work; but in the course of time it was permitted that fourteen pictures representing the fourteen sacred spots in Jerusalem should be placed on the walls of our churches, just as they are seen in this sacred building, and that the faithful who pray before such stations in our churches should gain the same rich indulgences obtained by persons traveling to Jerusalem itself and praying at the real stations pointed out in that city.

However, the train of grand religious thoughts our boy was drawing from the Way of the Cross, through his knowledge on the foregoing points, was doomed to be interrupted. To be sure, nothing unusual happened until the prayer of the tenth station had been said, but at that point the praying chap's devotion suffered from two sounds occurring together. One of these came from a distance; it was the shrill whistle of a locomotive; the other sound reached the boy's ears from a nearby clock striking nine. Ordinarily there is nothing startling in the fact that a locomotive whistle and a clock are heard together, but the double sound caused Bart to suddenly pocket his prayer-book, seize his hat and leave the church as quickly as possible.

While the lad was usually mindful of things to be done, the great



excitement of the evening had mixed him up so considerably that something of a very serious nature had been overlooked. When quitting the shop at six the young workman was entrusted by the employer with an important note for a gentleman who could not be located during the afternoon, but who would certainly be found later in the depot where the gentleman was to take a train at 9.15.

"Gracious!" reflected the messenger, as he sat regaining breath after a breakneck but successful run for the delivery of the note. "Gracious! Haven't I been in luck! But what in the world can be the matter that something or other is bound to happen every time I reach the tenth station and its prayer? Anyway," continued the puzzled chap, "a penance is a penance, and is to be said promptly; so I'm going to keep right at this one till it's done."

Let Bart's determination in the present matter be an example for every lad who may be inclined to act differently. The few prayers given in confession are laid upon us with the weight of strict obligation and cannot be neglected without sin. To be sure a person is not held to the performance of his penance right away; but neither is he free to be putting it off and putting it off without necessity to "any old time," thereby risking that the penance be not said at all. Are some of us possibly wanting in this respect? If so let us at once reform.


In accordance with the youth's resolution, the next evening found him making still another trial. For the fifth time Bart, reading the prayer of the tenth station from the book, promised that he would part from each and every person and thing that might lead him to sin, and then knelt to say the Our Father, the Hail Mary and Glory be to the Father. Rising, the young fellow was quite aglow with his hard earned triumph. "At last," he murmured, "there's nothing in the way. My prayer-book is all here; the church isn't on fire; the sexton is out of sight; I've no errand to do, so"—and here he gave in his mind a loud hurrah—"in three minutes I'll be done!"

But alas! as the pleased boy advanced to make the eleventh station a look of mingled amazement, disappointment and disgust covered his face. The last four pictures, needing to be retouched by an artist, had been removed from the church. Bart gazed on a wall that was utterly bare.

GEORGE E. QUIN, S.J.

*(To be Continued.)*

## MARY'S FIRST LULLABY

 O Thee, little Jesus, the angels are singing  
The first Christmas carol on Bethlehem's hill;  
To Thee, Baby Jesus, the shepherds are bringing  
The first prayerful homage from men of good will.

To Thee, helpless Jesus, Thy dumb creatures offer  
The cold, cheerless shelter refused by Thine own;  
To Thee, Infant King, the meek Magi shall proffer  
The first royal gift at Thy rudely built throne.

Then, rest Thee, my God and my Child, safe from danger  
On mother's fond bosom Thy crownless head lay;  
For the angels and shepherds around Thy poor manger,  
Are singing the joys of the first Christmas day.

SAMUEL J. ROBB, S.J.

## A SAVIOUR WHO IS CHRIST



WITH these days of December comes Christmas-tide, that gracious season which has the power of melting human hearts and of awakening in them the most sacred memories. One cannot but notice how the spirit of mankind is changed during these days. The aged parent and the thoughtless child, the workworn laborer and the helpless invalid, the man burdened with wealth and Christ's favorite poor—all feel the influence of this gladsome time and give way to its holy joys. They greet one another with more than usual warmth and simplicity; kindness characterizes their actions; benevolent sympathy is kindled in their hearts. We recall, too, how strongly the ceremonies of the Church impress us; the peaceful evergreens, the choir and organ, the ministers before the altar assisting the celebrant as he offers the Holy Sacrifice—all these give a religious tone to our kindlier feelings and we are carried back to that joyful morning which first brought peace and good-will to men.

Now all these exterior manifestations should at once evidence and increase a joy that is deep-rooted in the hearts of men. And as-



surely there is reason enough for such interior joy, because at **this** holy time, there comes to our trial-worn hearts, this gladsome **message** from heaven: "Behold I bring you good tidings of **great joy** for this day is born to you a Saviour." This message, if received in the spirit of faith, brings before our minds the sublime truth of our salvation, telling us how "the Word was made flesh and dwelt among us," and giving us the reason for all the blessings which mankind can enjoy. It reminds us how Christ in his love and **humility**, clothed Himself with our human flesh, and coming from the courts of heaven into a night of sin and death, brought light and peace and spiritual life to this world of ours; how He brought all that is ennobling in human society, every thing that softens the hardships of poverty and alleviates the necessary sufferings of human existence.

Were we sure that all Christians were meditating on these truths, we should not wonder at the universal manifestation of Christmas joy; nay, we should rather marvel how they could sufficiently appreciate the exceeding charity wherewith God has loved us; how their little hearts could be large enough to contain the great Christmas gifts that follow on the birth of Christ. But yet, notwithstanding these motives for rejoicing, it is sad to know that Christmas is for many an occasion of a mirth which has not its source in the birth of Christ. When the world and the things of the world become a practical substitute in our hearts for that one event to which all our joy should be referred; when they threaten to crowd out all thought of gratitude towards our Saviour—the very Author of our joy, then we must raise our voice to protest against them. For in truth, what a sad and deplorable thing it were if we should be giving up the Christmas joy of Bethlehem for the pagan festivities at Jerusalem—the holy peace at the crib of Christ for the gaudy display of the world-circle; if we should be so taken up with the fopperies of this life as to let slip from our grasp our right to enjoy forever the beatific vision of God.

And even if our Christmas joy is innocent enough in itself, it cannot pass without criticism among us unless it spring from and center in Christ. At this season of the year we pride ourselves on our generosity. There is not one in our circle of friends, not a person in our employ, not a beggar at our door, who does not par-

ticipate in our bounty. But how often is this but a mockery of Christian virtue! For when there is question of Jesus Christ, where are the principles of generosity? Our tender feelings are shocked forsooth at the ingratitude of Christ's own people at Bethlehem, who allowed Him for the place of His birth only a poor and deserted stable. But the sufferings which He endured from the cold blasts of a winter's night in a stable are not so severe nor so penetrating as those which come from our unnatural ingratitude at this holy season. During these days more than at any other time He comes among us, anxiously peering into every heart, and He turns away in bitter disappointment because there is no room for Him. Sitting silent and apart He weeps over the worldliness of our souls, as He sat and wept over Jerusalem, and He addresses that same sad plaint to us that He addressed to the Holy City: "Jerusalem, Jerusalem, how often would I have gathered thy children, as the bird doth her brood under her wings, and thou wouldst not." But alas, we cannot hear His voice, we do not know that this is the hour of our visitation, we forget that Christmas is the time when Christ would dwell in our midst. Then, unable to get into our hearts or to win them with outstretched arms, He pleads at least for the innocent children: "Suffer the little children and forbid them not to come to me; for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

But perish the unhappy thought that our Christmas is going to be altogether spent without direct reference to Christ. Rather since God in His goodness has spared us to commemorate another Christmas-tide, let us make sure that we participate in the "great joy" which the Angel announced. To do this we are not required to become angels, nor to conceive exalted ideas of the God-man; we are not asked to leave the flesh and put off the nature God has given us—we are only urged to have a fresh, life-giving faith in Christ our Saviour—a faith that will convert the busy preparation of these days into reminders, not of a vague festive time, but of the birthday of our Divine Master; a faith that will bring us to the Church on Christmas eve, where we shall prepare ourselves by a good confession to receive our Lord on the morrow. Then at early dawn on Christmas morning, we shall hear the gladsome message of the Angel: "Behold I bring you good tidings of great joy, for this day is born to you a Saviour." FRANCIS X. DELANEY, S.J.

# THE DARK SOUL

## A CHRISTMAS STORY

BY GRACE KEON



HE taper in the little glass flickered a few moments unsteadily and then died out. It had been the only glimmer of light in the room, and with its quenching an impenetrable darkness seemed to settle down upon it. From an inner apartment came the sound of breathing—the soft, deep, regular breathing of a child. In the quietness even this was distinct and clear.

The snow outside, freshly fallen and still falling in thick white flakes, deadened all footsteps on the street below. The sky above seemed black by contrast. Most of the houses were dark, their tired inmates seeking rest before Christmas day ushered in new duties or new enjoyments. It was Christmas eve.

Christmas eve!

The silence of the room was broken suddenly by a long-drawn sigh. A woman, leaning across the window-sill, a shawl thrown over head and face to protect her from the cold, moved and sat erect in her chair.

Yes, this was Christmas eve! In the darkness her white face gleamed with marble pallor. Her eyes were like great blots of ink as she raised them to the threatening, lowering heavens.

"It is no use," she breathed. "I shall not light it again. Heaven is deaf to my prayers—God will not listen. Oh! Christ-Child, lying on the straw of poverty this night, keep me from despair!"

The low words barely stirred the air. She waited, her brooding eyes upturned.

"And why should I ask that?" she went on, a little wildly. "What is there left to make life worth living? My child? Would it not be better if she were taken, even as the others—if God in His mercy took her from all this horror—and the worse horror to

come—growing up to know that her father, the man I love, whom I have taught her to love is—”

She did not finish, though she shook as with a chill, her very teeth chattering—and not with cold. She closed the window slowly and sat with her fingers on the sash.

“I’ve tried,” she whispered, “God knows I’ve tried. I’m sick of trying—sick to death. How many prayers . . . for nothing? O Sacred Heart, my trust is going. Dear Heart of my God, am I altogether unworthy?”

She covered her face with her hands and sat so for a few moments.

“I must light the taper again,” she murmured softly, as if speaking to some one else. “I will light it—yes; I am going to light it now.”

She rose, dragged herself wearily across the room, and taking up a small bottle poured some of the oil it contained into the little glass standing on the altar. Then she struck a match. Its light flared up. Holding it, she stared at the statue of the Sacred Heart and the small ebony crucifix. She was torn with emotion, weakened by sleepless nights and long vigils, unprepared for the terrible, sickening wave of despair that swept over her.

“Why should I?” she whispered. “Why should I . . . It is no use. It is not to be. No, I shall not light it. My prayers have been in vain, my petitions are useless. God will not listen. Let come what will now—the worst has happened. On Christmas eve! This—*this* is Christmas eve!”

She dropped the match deliberately and went back to the window.

“My novena ended to-day,” she said. “Well, I might have known. Nothing, nothing. I am finished.”

Her chin sunk upon her breast. The blackness about her seemed to grow more profound, for now the blackness was in her soul. She had ceased to struggle, to protest; she had given up hope. Hers was a calm before the storm, the hush before the breaking of the tempest.

A clear voice, sweet and penetrating, seemed to cut through the dark.

“Mother! Mother, where are you?”

The quiet figure did not stir.

“Mother!”

No answer. Then there came a rustling sound, the patter of bare feet on the floor.

"Are you here, mother? . . . Why, yes; didn't you hear me call?"

Soft little arms were twined lovingly about her neck.

"You poor mother, sitting all alone! Where's father? Isn't father with you? You promised me I might wait up for him some night . . . and this is just the night. I'm going to sit up with you and wish him a Merry Christmas."

The mother held her close, tucking the little cold feet under the shawl.

"May I stay with you, mother?"

"No, dearest. I'm going to bed myself at once. It is no use waiting any longer."

"Father is not coming, then?"

"Not yet."

"Poor father! Why, the light has gone out!" in a voice of awe. "The lamp isn't burning, mother."

"I know, dear."

"May I get the matches, then? Let me light the taper, mother? Don't let it stay out—the Sacred Heart might forget something we're asking Him for."

"Why should I light it, Katharine?"

"Because it's gone *out*, mother!" cried the little girl, eagerly. "And because we haven't anything else but this little light to give our Lord. You know you told me that yourself, mother."

"Yes, dearest."

The child sprang from her lap.

"*Aren't* you going to light it?"

"I can not."

"Mother, what is the matter?"

"I am sick, Katharine. My heart is sick. And that is worse than sickness of the body. My soul is sick—all the light is gone, and I am in the dark."

"We'll light the taper, mother. Won't you let me?"

"Yes, dear, if you will. It is ready."

With cold fingers the child found and struck a match. The taper's glimmer seemed brilliant by contrast. It fell on the grave young

face—graver than her six years warranted. The sober eyes were fixed on the statue, the little lips moved noiselessly. She went back to her mother.

“It will be light soon,” she whispered, climbing into her mother’s lap. “Just wait a few minutes, mother; it will be light very soon.”

She spoke so confidently that the mother clasped her to her breast with sudden energy.

“God’s blessing!” she whispered. “Surely you are the blessing of God!”

The taper’s tiny glow enveloped them. The two faces, resting cheek to cheek, were singularly alike. The mother’s dark gown melted into a background of gloom, the child seemed white from top to toe—the only patch of color. Before them the statue gleamed, arms extended, the wounded Heart showing redly. And all the rest of the room was in shadow, lost in the darkness.

Then, very softly, there came a tapping at the door. The little one, half asleep in her mother’s arms, did not hear it. The mother, with great, dark eyes fastened pleadingly on the pitying face above the taper light, did not hear it. And, as softly, the knob was turned, and a man paused on the threshold. He waited a moment—then seeing that neither moved he closed the door behind him and stood still, looking, waiting.

The child grew heavy in the mother’s arms; the golden head fell backward, the sweet little face upturned. With a heavy, bitter, deep breath, the mother bent and kissed her. Then moving in the low chair, she lighted the lamp on the table at her elbow. The flame dissolved the darkness, showing clearly the poverty of the room. Its bareness struck a chill to the heart of the newcomer. It was so cold and so poor and so humble.

Then he thought of the effect upon her when she turned and saw him. In a very low tone he called her name.

“Alicia!”

She raised her head, listening.

“Alicia, my dear child!”

“Why!” she whispered. “It is my father’s voice—my father’s voice! How strange!”

“Alice, dear, I do not want to startle you. Child of my heart,

I am lonely. Home is not home . . . has never been home . . . since you went away! Alice, Alicia!"

"How strange, how strange, how—" The murmured words died on her lips as the figure in its great fur coat moved forward. With distended dark eyes she gazed upon a face she had not seen for ten long years. Her own countenance blanched to a deadly pallor. One quick throb seemed to rend her heart, and a wave of sickening fear crept over her—fear that her mind was going. And then, throwing back the muffled garment, he knelt on the floor at her feet—and she knew it was reality.

"Is this how I find you, my Alicia?" he said, mournfully. "Like this . . . in these surroundings? The ghost of my beautiful, high-spirited—"

A sob choked him. He bent his gray head until it rested on the little girl's knee. The touch of the soft body stirred him.

"Alone?" he questioned, looking about him. "Where is the man for whom you gave up all . . . everything? A home, wealth, a father who adored, brothers who worshipped you, disappearing so utterly that it has taken all these years to discover your whereabouts? Where is he? Alone? On Christmas eve? Poor child, poor child!"

She shivered.

"Oh, father—it hurts!" she whispered. "It seems—so long—Oh, it is so long—"

She would have added "since I heard a word of tenderness," but her white lips closed over the words, savoring, as they did, of disloyalty.

"How did you find me?" she asked.

He glanced involuntarily toward the statue of the Sacred Heart: Pleading.

"Through our one Lord now, Alicia," he answered, reverently.

"You a Catholic?"

"Almost since you left me. Your obstinacy made me think, and thought brought me to where all who ponder on such mysteries must arrive at last—His feet."

Alicia Tyndall sat silent, her memory going back in pity to the wilful, spoiled girl who had left her father's house ten years before.

"It wasn't altogether conviction," she said, slowly. "Not at

first. It was the ceremonial, the heart of it, that appealed to me. Then came your opposition, which made me stubborn. And then Walter Tyndall. Again you opposed me. My pride and obstinacy rose in arms. They had been fostered by a life indulged in every whim. I defied you. But you, too, were aroused. Your obstinacy matched mine. I left my father's house. I left . . . my father's house . . . ."

The burning, bitter words it would take to fill that pause. The hours of disillusionment, pain, sorrow, distress, longing—and then the realization of what her faith meant, to help her bravely through it all!

"Return to it!" cried her father. "On Christmas eve its doors stand open—open to receive you! Its welcome awaits you! Oh, blessed Christmas eve, that sees my lost one under her father's roof, sheltered from every storm. My lost one!"

She shook her head.

"No, father."

"Alice, my daughter . . . ."

"No, father. The circle is incomplete. Here you see but the mother and the child."

'And your—'

She bent her head.

"I am waiting for him."

"Where is he?"

"I do not know."

"Not know! On Christmas eve!"

She smiled, but that smile was full of heartbreak.

"Does he drink, gamble, steal?" Does he support—, support!" He glanced contemptuously about him. "This looks it. What you have suffered! But it is over. You shall never be alone again."

There was a sob in the strong man's voice.

"Poor Walter," she said, gently. "He is my husband—and I love him. He is the father of this blessing—she has been God's blessing to me! I can not leave him. He tries hard. What one of us has no fault? Which one of us without sin? Can we who have no thorn in the flesh judge of its rankling pain? Oh, no, oh, no. Thank you, my father—but all is said when I remind you that he is my husband."



"Then I return without you? I have found you but to lose you?"

"No, father." Her eyes were wet with tears. "You never lost me—you never, never lost me. I love you. I love you, You are mine—my dear father whom . . . whom my mother loved. And as my mother loved you—I . . . love him."

"To-morrow, dearest!" he urged. "To-morrow, perhaps you will listen. I do not wish to part you. He is welcome for your sake. Here!" He threw something heavy upon the table. "Get yourself some Christmas things, some gifts for the baby—my grandchild! My little grandchild!" He bent above her. "God bless her! Sweetheart Alicia, I shall come back for you; yes, for you all—for the circle complete—for mother and child, and the man my daughter loves! Good-night, Alicia! A merry . . . Christmas . . ."

Sobs rent the words he tried to make so brave. Sobs shook his powerful frame. She stared at him with that frozen smile on her pallid mouth.

"My Alicia!" He touched her cold forehead with his lips and was gone. Quickly, fearing that his courage would fail him.

\* \* \* \* \*

The little girl stirred uneasily, and the mother became conscious that it was very late. Her father's going had taken all knowledge of time away from her. She had been sitting there, she did not know how long—many hours, it seemed. Now, rising on cramped limbs she staggered into the inner room, putting the little one down and covering her warmly. Then, with a frightful sense of desolation at her heart she moved slowly out again.

It must have been a dream, she thought dazedly. But what a dream! What a strange, strange dream! And then, instinctively her eyes sought the table. There, lying upon it, was a purse—well-filled, she could see. It did not bring her any satisfaction. It proved that she had undergone another trial.

"What have I done?" she whispered. "To stay here—to dread that step upon the stair, to hush that boisterous tone that it may not awaken the child to a realization of her father's weakness; to smile when my heart is breaking. Heart of Jesus, have I rejected the way you have opened? Is it right? Am I doing right?"

She threw herself upon her knees before the little altar, with agonized yearning in her eyes.

"To refuse peace and comfort and a measure of happiness, at least, for the sake of the soul you have given me? What have I been able to do for his soul? Nothing. What will be the end? Surely, my vows can bring me no further? Must I wait for the last act in the drama of degradation? Must I assist at the final misery? Must I drain the very dregs?"

She clasped her hands.

"All this *you* did! You endured the world's contempt—and I, a creature, shrink from my little portion? On this night you came for degradation a thousand times deeper, shame a thousand times more profound. Help me . . . help me *now*, by the memory of it!"

And then she heard a step upon the stairs.

It was a slow step, a heavy step. She rose, waiting, listening. It was not a faltering step. She looked up. Her husband stood quietly at the door, entered the room as quietly, was taking off his hat and coat, was looking at her with a boyish smile.

"Well?" she whispered.

"It is well, I hope," he answered, his tones strong and full. "Where, first of all, do you think I've been?"

She shook her head. Those well-remembered tones! How lacking they had been of late in strength and firmness!

"To confession."

"Confession!"

"Yes, Alicia, to confession. Don't look so dazed, little woman . . . I've had a queer experience these last two weeks . . . even to-night, Alicia." He moved slowly toward her, holding out his hands. "Forgive me . . . if you can not forget, let me help to make you forget . . . my wife."

She said no word.

"I went to see Winans, too. Made a clean breast of the whole thing. Told him why I gave up the position and the fight I had been making . . . What is the matter, Alicia?"

"Nothing, Walter . . . You are tearing the very heart from my body . . . but go on, go on!"

"Nothing!" He put his arms about her. "Don't shrink from

me. Never again will you have cause to shrink from me, never, never! Listen. Don't you think I've felt the curse? Don't you think this last year has been one of torture? Don't you think I've fought it and fought it and fought it? I have—by the good Saviour, I have! To see *you* . . . like this! Like *this*! My girl, my Alicia, white, sorrowful, a rose chilled by the frost of winter. And my baby! Oh, I've known—good God, I've known. And I've been fighting. In vain, until two weeks ago. And then I seemed to feel new strength—”

“Go on, go on!”

“New strength, new ambition—”

“Go on, Walter. O Sacred Heart, I thank thee!”

“And I resolved to break with every one who might prove a source of further sin—”

“Heart of the Christ-Child, I worship thee!”

“You were praying. I prayed, too, and struggled, and I have conquered, though I kept it all from you—fight and struggle and fall, fight and struggle and fall as I might. I met the enemy this night at my very door, almost. I had it hard for a while, but in the end . . . In the end I have come back. Come back, Alicia! And Winans will give me my old desk at the bank on Monday morning. Is that good news?”

She took his hand and drew him to his knees beside her. The Heart of Jesus knew what was in her heart, her soul. Dark no longer, but filled with light and consolation.

GRACE KEON.

## RECENT AGGREGATIONS

The following Local Centres received Diplomas from Sept. 29th to Oct. 30th.

| Diocese           | Place                | Local Centre                    | Date          |
|-------------------|----------------------|---------------------------------|---------------|
| Brooklyn.....     | Brooklyn, N. Y.....  | Brooklyn .....College           | Oct. 14, 1908 |
| Brooklyn.....     | Brooklyn, N. Y.....  | St. Ignatius' .....Church       | Oct. 14, 1908 |
| Buffalo.....      | Buffalo, N. Y.....   | St. Marks' .....“               | Oct. 9, 1908  |
| Grand Rapids..... | Bay City, Mich.....  | Holy Rosary .....Academy        | Oct. 20, 1908 |
| Harbor Grace..... | No. River, N. F..... | Catholic .....Church            | Oct. 6, 1908  |
| Newark.....       | Dover, N. J.....     | St. Mary's .....“               | Sep. 29, 1908 |
| Omaha.....        | Omaha, Neb.....      | St. John Evangelist.....        | Oct. 12, 1908 |
| Peoria.....       | Campus, Ill.....     | Sacred Heart .....School        | Oct. 14, 1908 |
| Peoria.....       | Peoria, Ill.....     | Spalding .....Institute         | Oct. 8, 1908  |
| St. Cloud.....    | Breckenridge Minn... | Presentation B. V. M.....Church | Sep. 29, 1908 |

Total number of Aggregations, 10; Churches, 6; College, 1; Academy, 1; School, 1; Institute, 1.

## ST. FRANCIS XAVIER

AN APOSTLE OF THE CROSS—AN APOSTLE OF LOVE.



WHEN Lessing contrasted the immortal statue of Laocoon with the famous episode in the second book of the Aeneid, that so he might estimate the comparative power of language and stone as symbols of thought, he was forced to give the palm to the sweet singer of Mantua; for who could resist the noblest measure ever moulded by the lips of man? And yet the limitations of that unknown sculptor were his very strength; for if he could not give to his cold and lifeless marble the sweep of action that makes Vergil's lines tingle and throb with life, he did catch and he did fix forever the supreme moment of that awful struggle in a way the gentle Italian poet never could have done. It is this power that has kept sculpture and painting side by side with Letters in a position of honor. The deeper, fuller characterization we expect to find in Literature, but the portrayal of a life-work in a single pose or posture is the privilege of her sister arts alone. May we not, then, when we are recalling the memory of St. Francis Xavier, ask the Mistress of Art for the surer message of the words and works of him, who is surely the most human, and, perhaps, the most loved, at least by the world, of all the Saints of the Society of Jesus?

The most hazy recollection of the statues of St. Francis Xavier will recall to our minds the cross, and the very vaguest remembrances of the paintings which compress and crystallize his life, suggest at once the crucifix. For the crucifix in his hand and the cross in his heart are the symbol and the fruit of that tiny seed sown by Ignatius in the streets of Paris, that was destined later to grow up into a mighty tree and fill the world with its fragrance.

If he is pictured breaking the bread of the Gospel to a famished, ignorant people, or pouring the waters of baptism over the humbled heads of pagan pride—the crucifix is raised on high; if he kneels in ecstatic prayer with his heart on fire and his thoughts with God—creeps at evening within the sanctuary and falls asleep from fatigue close to the steps of the altar—the crucifix is held in grasp; and if he lies alone, stiff and stark, in a wreath

neglected and unburied for days—it is still the crucified Jesus that rests on his breast and mourns for his lonely death. The crucifix was the inspiration of his dreams, the comfort of his toils; it was the centre of his life, the soul of his soul; and when his work was done and he lay dying, like Moses, almost within sight of the land of his desires, he had but one consolation, to press to his lips the image of his dying Saviour, and fix his eyes with the fond fancy of love on the broken Heart of the comfortless Christ.

In our most familiar likenesses of St. Francis Xavier we are accustomed to see him with the crucifix in his hand, that sacred emblem summing up his life-motive and his life-work in its holy folly; and were we to seek for a legend to write beneath such pictures of the Saint, we could hardly find words more expressive than those of Xavier himself: "The lovers of the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ consider a life of trials a blessed life, and that to be without the cross is death."

The cross with its wealth of wasted affection is rich in its lessons of charity. For, why is a St. Paul the apostle of zeal, except that he knew but one wisdom, Christ and Christ crucified; and why is a St. John the apostle of love, except that he stood closest to the Saviour in His shame on Calvary? So, too, St. Francis Xavier, from being an apostle of the cross became an apostle of love. He had planted the crucifix in his heart and the sacred drops of the Precious Blood kept crying with gentle insistence "*Quae utilitas in Sanguine meo?*" while the outstretched arms made that mute appeal for the salvation of sinners. Needless to say, St. Francis Xavier hearkened, and his ardent love for men drove him wandering over 9,000 miles until he had taught the Gospel in more than half a hundred of kingdoms and stamped the sign of redemption on more than a million of souls. Yet all this, far from satisfying the imperative need of his heart, only fed the growing passion; so that his work seemed scarcely begun. India and Japan had felt the life-giving warmth of the sunshine of the truth of Christ, but a greater kingdom still sat in the darkness of the valley of death. There were countless souls to be saved, and Xavier hungered for souls. This hunger, this craving, this passion has wrought itself out in sober tints under the brush of the artists, for they have given to every likeness of the saint an expression of wistful yearning that

is stamped on the features, and looks out of the eyes and tells unmistakably of the restless search and the anxious hope of a great apostle's heart.

And yet there was another reason for this expression of wistful desire which it would be wrong to pass over in silence, for it is written on every page of every letter that sped over the seas of India and Japan. The character of St. Francis Xavier is marked most of all, after his love for the cross and his zeal for souls, by his love for the Society of Jesus.

Those who see the outer workings only of his apostolic life, look upon him as a wonder-worker, richly gifted by the Holy Spirit, a consummate teacher, a man of lofty purpose, of unflagging perseverance, of sublime ideals, fixed and firm in his vocation, and raised above the needs and feelings and emotions of ordinary men. But we who have been permitted to enter within the sanctuary of his inner self and hear the confidential outpourings of his dearest thoughts, know him for an intensely human man, who sighed and pined for those he loved, who felt a craving for his friends' affection, who would read their letters time and time again, and who for all his apostolic greatness could not check the tears that rose unbidden when his loved ones told him of their love.

We have seen him, an apostle scarcely less than the great St. Paul, coming back from the evangelization of an empire, where his teaching lived for full three hundred years, and crying like a lonesome child over a letter from his father, St. Ignatius. We have found him reading and re-reading many times for the comfort of his soul his Father's words, which for him were "all sweetness and piety, going over them again and again, feeding his soul upon them and finding in them the seal of charity." When St. Ignatius spoke of calling him to Rome, we have seen him breaking down and weeping, and writing with the fervor of an absent son: "God knows, my dearest Father, how I long to see you. Tears fill my eyes and will not be restrained at the one sweet thought that I may be permitted once again to take you in my arms." There is doubtless deep respect and veneration mingled with this tender love; for the brilliant young professor has traveled far along the highway of the cross and his old disdain is but a distant recollection. "once despised and beggar scholar has become "his own and

Father in the Heart of Christ," and he himself is now "a least and useless son." His letters to Ignatius are written on his knees, and oftener than he tells us his eyes are dimmed and the page is blurred. But all his self-abasement cannot hide his constant and abiding need of his Father's strong sustaining love.

Is it a desecration to unveil the heart of Xavier and lay bare this seeming weakness in so strong a man of God? Surely not among those who know the life of Christ. Apostles must be men of feeling as of action, of heart as well as will, of tender sympathy hardly less than tireless toil, kind and loving even more than brave and strong. The Saviour's footsteps left a trail of love, and Xavier's followed close behind the Saviour.

What wonder, then, if from time to time he leaves the burden of the sins of others at the altar and lets his fancy range back to the days when he labored with the first five stalwart sons of St. Ignatius and enjoyed their sweet and gentle intercourse and was familiar with the whole-souled but somewhat headstrong Simon Rodriguez. Was he wrong to write some months before he died: "Be sure of one thing, my dearest brother Simon, that your image is always with me in my heart," or again, "O Simon, dearest brother, I feel an ardent wish to see you once again before I die?" and then, the last words he ever wrote to Fr. Simon, his unconscious testament of love: "May God grant that some day we may meet again at least in the Kingdom of Heaven, where I mean to enjoy with still greater pleasure the fruits of your sweet and tender friendship,"—are they too human?

Shall we say that such frank, outspoken expressions of affection breathe too much of nature, too much of flesh and blood? Shall we say it was a virtue for St. Francis Xavier to open wide his heart of gentle kindness to the world and a fault not to close it to his own? Did his attachment to his friend and Father keep him from the lepers or the sick, or from the savage tribes among whom he feared to lose his eyesight from the constant gift of tears? Should we say so, the hearts he comforted, the dead he raised to life, the souls he led to God, would rise in legions to confront us and attest that Xavier's heart was big enough for all, and that his love for men was but the overflowing of his love for God, the outward working of that rapturous consolation which so often flooded his soul, and



made him bare his breast to cool its burning fever, and cry out in holy protest: "No more, O Lord, no more."

Nor was it only on the comrades in arms who had knelt with him in the chapel of Our Lady of Montmartre on the fifteenth of August in 1534 that he spent his tender affection; to be a member of the Society of Jesus was a claim he could not resist. Indeed, his watchful painstaking devotion to his subjects was hardly less, perhaps even more kindly, than his outbursts of confidence to his intimate friends. We can give but one quotation, chosen because it is a precious instance of his fatherly forgiveness, and shows, besides, how deeply Xavier's heart was steeped in Christ-like charity; for they love Christ most who show most of love to men, and they show most their love to men who show it most to sinners. The words occur at the end of a rebuke sent to a wilful, wayward son: "So far this letter has been written at my dictation; in what follows you will recognize my hand and heart. O Cypriani! if you knew with what love I write these words to you, you would surely remember me, night and day, and maybe you would not be able to restrain your tears in thinking of the most tender and ardent charity, burning with which I take you to my heart. O would to heaven, the burning secrets of our hearts could be revealed in this life! then, believe me, my dearest brother Cypriani, you would clearly see how deeply your heart is engraved in the utmost depths of my soul. Farewell, yours wholly, so that I can never forget you."

And so he goes on for the twelve years that began when he parted with Ignatius at Rome and ended when he died so utterly neglected on the shores of San Chan. It would be easy and pleasant to show how the great heart of St. Francis Xavier opened wide to embrace not only his Jesuit father, his Jesuit brothers, and his Jesuit sons, but the whole Society of Jesus; how the things he never parted with were his solemn profession as a Jesuit, and the signatures of his Jesuit brothers; how he begged to know the names and virtues of each member of the various houses; how he addressed his letters, not merely to individuals, but to the whole Society in Rome, in Goa, in Portugal, and even to the Society in Europe;—but the task would be endless, so constant, so unchanging, so outspoken was the expression of his love for his brethren. Indeed he himself said that when once he began to speak or write of the Society of Jesus, he knew not when 'o stop.



Such was the heart of Xavier—the heart of an apostle of the cross, the heart of an apostle of love. We are all of us familiar with the act of contrition which he made so often to the dying Christ, which embodies the ideal of his holiest ambition, and which ends with the words: “Such as then was and is Thy love to me, such is and shall be still my love to Thee.” And not one of us can think of St. Francis Xavier without at once recalling his old declaration: “O Society of Jesus, if ever I forget thee, may my right hand be given over to oblivion.” These were the motives and mottoes of his life. The Society of Jesus was his mother and his love, and he loved her till his days were done. If he had one other love that was greater still, it was a love of which the Society could not be jealous, for it was from her teaching he had learned it, the love of Christ Jesus, the Lord, the love of Christ Jesus, the Crucified.

J. HARDING FISHER, S.J.

## PROMOTERS' RECEPTIONS

Diplomas issued from September 18th to October 17th (inclusive).

| Diocese           | Place.                | Local Centre                   | No. |
|-------------------|-----------------------|--------------------------------|-----|
| Baltimore.....    | Catonsville, Md.....  | Mt. de Sales.....Academy       | 5   |
| Baltimore.....    | Ellicott City, Md.... | St. Charles.....College        | 4   |
| British Honduras. | Orange Walk, B. H.    | Immac. Concep.....Church       | 10  |
| Brownsville.....  | Refugio, Tex. ....    | Our Lady of Refuge....."       | 2   |
| Chicago.....      | Chicago, Ill.....     | St. Monica's....."             | 1   |
| Cleveland.....    | Cleveland, O.....     | Notre Dame.....Convent         | 4   |
| Covington.....    | Newport, Ky. ....     | Immaculate.....Academy         | 1   |
| Davenport.....    | Keokuk, Ia. ....      | St. Mary's.....Church          | 1   |
| Denver.....       | Denver, Col.....      | St. Francis de Sales'....."    | 11  |
| Detroit.....      | Wyandotte, Mich. ..   | St. Patrick's....."            | 1   |
| Duluth.....       | Cloquet, Minn.....    | Holy Family....."              | 3   |
| Grand Rapids....  | Grand Rapids, Mich.   | Good Shepherd.....Convent      | 2   |
| Indianapolis....  | Vincennes, Ind. ....  | St. Rose's.....Church          | 15  |
| Marquette.....    | Ontonagon, Mich. .... | Holy Family....."              | 6   |
| Milwaukee.....    | St. Francis, Wis....  | St. Francis'.....Seminary      | 6   |
| Natchez.....      | Bay St. Louis Miss..  | St. Stanislaus.....College     | 10  |
| Natchez.....      | Yazoo City, Miss..    | St. Clara's.....Academy        | 1   |
| Newark.....       | Dover, N. J. ....     | St. Mary's.....Church          | 10  |
| Newark.....       | Newark, N. J.....     | St. Benedict's.....College     | 6   |
| New Orleans....   | Lafayette, La.....    | St. John's.....Church          | 12  |
| New York.....     | New York, N. Y....    | St. Alphonsus'....."           | 9   |
| New York.....     | New York, N. Y....    | St. Lucy's....."               | 2   |
| Omaha.....        | Grand Island, Neb..   | St. Mary's....."               | 12  |
| Pittsburg.....    | Lexington, Neb.....   | St. Ann's....."                | 6   |
| Pittsburg.....    | New Derry, Pa.....    | St. Martin's....."             | 7   |
| Providence.....   | West Winfield, Pa..   | St. Mary's....."               | 1   |
| Rochester.....    | Ashton, R. I.....     | St. Joseph's....."             | 8   |
| Rochester.....    | Rochester, N. Y....   | Sacred Heart Parish.....School | 7   |
| St. Joseph.....   | St. Joseph, Mo.....   | St. Mary's.....Church          | 10  |
| St. Louis.....    | Kirkwood, Mo.....     | St. Joseph's.....College       | 9   |
| St. Louis.....    | St. Louis, Mo.....    | Assumption.....Church          | 20  |
| St. Louis.....    | St. Louis, Mo.....    | St. Joseph's....."             | 5   |
| San Francisco.... | Santa Clara, Cal....  | Santa Clara.....College        | 12  |
| Seattle.....      | Seattle, Wash.....    | Sacred Heart.....Church        | 12  |
| Syracuse.....     | Utica, N. Y.....      | St. Joseph's....."             | 12  |

Total number of Receptions, 85. Total number of Diplomas issued, 243.

# THE VICTOR'S GUERDON

## CHAPTERS ON FREQUENT COMMUNION.

### II.

*He that shall overcome shall not be hurt by the second death.*

Apoc. II., 11.



THE first death all men have to undergo, for it is the separation at life's end, of the soul from the body.

The moment, however, need cause little anxiety to those who have learned in Frequent Communion to know our Lord so well as a Friend, that they do not fear Him as a Judge, particularly since He Himself will graciously come for the last time as their Holy Viaticum to guide them safely through the dark valley that leads to everlasting life.

But that "second death" of which the Son of Man makes mention in the vision, that separation of the soul from God forever, which will befall those wretched men, who, because of unforgiven mortal sin, died at enmity with God, that death must at any cost be shunned, and can be, too, by all who seriously propose doing so.

Now who shows this firm purpose more practically than the frequent communicant, who, in the spirit of those "who conquer" has the courage to keep coming often to the altar rail in spite of falling often into venial sin, in spite of having an affection for venial sin and especially in spite of frequent lapses into mortal sin?

According to our Saviour's promise the worthy communicant has received a pledge of salvation—"He that eateth my flesh and drinketh my blood shall have everlasting life, and I will raise him up in the last day." But, unfortunately, many soon forfeit this pledge by incurring again the guilt of mortal sin, but Jesus gladly renews his promise every time they come after contrite confession, to eat again of the bread that sows in the body the seeds of immortality and incorruption.

Now what is desired among the faithful is a great increase of their faith in this power of the Holy Eucharist not only as a remedy for the disease of sinning, but as an antidote against the poisonous infection of sin and as a tonic during convalescence of soul, which,

after sinning, we must pass through, before complete recovery is gained.

It should not be forgotten that one of the wonderful virtues possessed by the Holy Eucharist, when fervently received, is its power to remit venial sin, as is clearly taught by doctors and fathers not a few.

St. Thomas Aquinas, for instance, the "Angel of the Schools" and prince of theologians, teaches that the Eucharist "immediately remits venial sins when it supernaturally works in the soul those effects which food works in the body and has of itself the power of rousing actual fervor of charity by which venial sins are forgiven." This being the case the more often this fervor of charity is stirred up the better. So the Council of Trent expressly lays it down that Christ desires the Holy Eucharist to be received as "a remedy for daily faults."

The fathers teach the same doctrine. "Because you sin every day," says St. Augustine, "receive Communion daily." "Take innocence to the altar," he again exhorts his hearers; "as to your sinning every day, it is enough if they be not mortal." And St. Ambrose, his great contemporary, teaches that "this daily bread is taken as a remedy for daily infirmity." . . . that is, for venial sin. "If one's sins," says St. Isidore, "are not sufficiently grave for one to be judged worthy of excommunication" (the penalty for certain grievous sins according to the rigorous discipline of the early Church) "he ought not to be kept away from the daily remedy of the body of the Lord." So much for the Church's teaching on the subject.

Now regarding its practical application, have not those who fall habitually into venial sins reason to fear that unless they frequently supply their souls with the invigorating tonic of the Holy Eucharist, from growing weaker and weaker, they will at length incur, unfortunately, the guilt of mortal sin and thereby become exposed to the danger of the "second death?" And for those who by their careless lives are constantly in this peril, where else will they get the wisdom to realize this danger, and the strength to free themselves from the toils of Satan, save by frequent intercourse with Him whose touch still frees the soul, as of old, it freed body and soul, from the devil's dominion?

Let it be remembered that just as there are maladies that for their cure require no medicine except a regular and careful dieting, the disease of sinning grievously is best eradicated by eating often of this healing bread from heaven.

The objection that "I am not worthy" is a futile one. Who is likely to become more worthy by receiving Christ unfrequently? It must be understood that the only dispositions requisite for a worthy Communion are freedom from grave sin and from unworthy motives; and an unworthy motive, as the Holy Father's decree on Daily Communion is careful to explain, would be to come out of mere routine, vainglory or human respect.

Consequently, those who have venial sins only on their souls, and who cannot conveniently go to confession as often as they might wish, but who can go to Communion every week or oftener, should conquer scruples and rather than forfeit the benefits of Frequent Communion, should draw near the altar rail with confidence and humility, make a perfect act of contrition at the priest's general absolution, repent sincerely with him at the "Domine, non sum dignus," then receive devoutly Him whose mere touch purifies from sin and at whose presence evil spirits flee away.

Nor should fear of giving scandal to the neighbor keep from communicating often, those who fall frequently into venial sin. Those who are scandalized are unreasonable and their opinion should be disregarded. Why, it were as reasonable to be shocked at a sick man's receiving often the visits of his doctor or of taking the necessary medicine.—Communion is meant for a frequent remedy for frequent sins, and just as our Divine Redeemer came into this world one Christmas morning centuries ago to save sinners, He now comes down to the altar every morning to feed sinners.

"But my Frequent Communions," it may be said, "seem to have little or no effect. I appear to be no better now than I was before taking up the practice. Indeed, I fancy I am worse." "Seem" and "appear" and "fancy" are precisely the words to use here. The Church teaches that the Sacraments invariably produce their effects on the soul provided no obstacle is placed in the way. But she by no means teaches that worthy receivers of the sacraments are always able to discern their effects.

If the frequent communicant still falls into some sins, he can

rest assured that without Frequent Communion, he would fall into worse. If he sins now and then when he goes every day, what success in avoiding sin would he have who never goes to Communion at all? Sin is an evil so deeply rooted in our nature, that in many cases frequent recourse to the fount of grace and holiness is absolutely necessary even to make only a little progress; and indeed should the going often to Communion keep us from falling into but one mortal sin, we had otherwise committed, is not Frequent Communion a practical devotion of the highest value?

After all, a strong and living faith is the disposition that makes us reap from Holy Communion the richest results. This was the disposition that of old unlocked the gates of God's compassion, and this is the disposition that unlocks them now. Since Christ's abiding presence in the Blessed Sacrament is only a continuation of His Incarnation, just as long ago in far off Palestine, it was believers in His power, and firm believers only, whose diseases were cured, whose ignorance was dispelled and whose sins were forgiven; to-day, in like manner, it is only in the souls of firm believers that He works these same wonders.

The Sacrament of the altar is par excellence the "mystery of faith," and by being received with faith marvelously strengthens and enlivens that very faith itself. Consequently the oftener we receive Communion the keener will become our spiritual perceptions, the more sensitive our Catholic instincts and the more vigorous and uncompromising our piety.

So, if ordinary Catholics can only be induced to take up the practice of Frequent Communion, it will be the sovereign remedy for many of the evils of our time. With the spread of this salutary practice there will well nigh be an end, as far as Catholics are concerned, of all venality in civic life, dishonesty in trade, of strifes and conflicts in the field of labor, and of faithlessness and selfishness in Christian homes; while within the Church itself, by the spread of the practice of Frequent Communion, there will be such an increase in the holiness of her children, and such an efficacy will be given their prayers and acts of expiation, that it will not be long before our Saviour's prophecy will at last be fulfilled, and all heresy and error being abandoned, there will be "one fold and one Shepherd."

WALTER DWIGHT, S.J.

## Interests of the Sacred Heart

### *Frequent Communion through the Apostleship of Prayer.*

FROM its very beginning the Apostleship of Prayer has worked energetically to promote solid devotion to the Blessed Sacrament and to encourage the frequent reception of Holy Communion. To attain this object was the end it proposed itself in uniting the Morning Offering with the oblation of our Lord in the daily Sacrifice of the Mass, in encouraging the devotions of the First Friday and in making the Communion of Reparation the third degree of the Apostleship. Now that our Holy Father, Pope Pius X, has urged upon the faithful without distinction the practice of frequent and even daily Communion, the Apostleship of Prayer will redouble its efforts to stimulate its millions of members throughout the world to honor our Lord in the Holy Eucharist and to approach the Sacred Banquet not only once a month but as often as once a week, should more frequent or even daily Communion be impossible.

### *Eucharistic Congress in London.*

THAT the Eucharistic Congress has resulted not only for the Catholics in London, but for all Catholics throughout Great Britain in a quickening and renewal of faith and of love for the Blessed Sacrament, cannot be a matter of doubt. That it may also have most happy results for the thousands of non-Catholics who have either witnessed or read the account of that grand demonstration of faith and love in honor of our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament, is doubtless the burden of the prayers of the members of the Apostleship of Prayer throughout the United Kingdom. The Congress was primarily a great act of love and a public profession of faith, of devotion and of Catholic unity, and as such it cannot but be productive of great spiritual fruit. In the words of His Grace, the Archbishop of Paris, "this Congress marks a date in the history of the Church in England and in the world. It is a striking revelation

of the intense vitality of Catholicism in a country where, officially, it scarcely counts. What a demonstration was that grand parade of 20,000 children from the Catholic schools of London, singing all the way from the Tower to Westminster Cathedral their attachment to the faith of their fathers and their love for the Pope, and, as they passed the balcony from which the Legate blessed them, bursting into enthusiastic hurrahs! And what a wonderful manifestation was Sunday's procession, in the capital of Protestantism, a triumph indeed of the Pope and the Catholic hierarchy, all the greater, perhaps, precisely because the Government had interfered."

The deplorable intervention of the Prime Minister to prevent the carrying in procession of the Blessed Sacrament has only added to the success of that unique demonstration. "Its first effect was," according to the Bishop of Salford, "to raise to fever heat the warm enthusiasm of the vast crowds of Catholic people who witnessed the procession and who, by their deafening applause testified to their love of the Holy Eucharist and their loyalty to the Holy See, a love intensified and stimulated by the intolerance and bigotry of the present Government, at the dictation of a small and fanatic minority who did not represent in any way the friendly and tolerant sentiments of the nation at large."

*St. Michael, Alaska.*

October 2, 1908.

DEAR REVEREND FATHER:

While meditating upon the spiritual needs of many a district in the Territory of Alaska which I have personally visited of late, or heard from through the letters of the missionaries, I asked our Lord what plan He would graciously suggest to enable me more widely to spread His Kingdom in this vast region, and more faithfully to discharge my duty to His scattered flock. And I thought I heard Him answer: "Why, make appeal to the friends of my Heart, the members of the League." And so, I come.

Will the "Apostleship of Prayer" not take a special hearty interest in establishing the reign of the Master in these regions, so that "His praise may be from the ends of the earth, that they give glory to the Lord, and declare His praise in the islands?" (Isaiah 42. 10, 12). All have it in their power to advance the Kingdom of

the Sacred Heart in Alaska by spiritual offerings, and some by material contributions, be they donations, sunk forever in the treasury of the Sacred Heart, or loans of money entrusted to the hands of the Lord, and to be returned with spiritual as well as material interest, when they will have aided foundations of churches, schools, hospitals and missions.

Two weeks ago I was at Nome, giving confirmation in the Eskimo parish. The little church was packed to inconvenience, and many worshippers had to stand out in the street. Forty received Holy Communion at the 10 o'clock Mass; thirty-six received Confirmation; the whole congregation joined in the singing, accompanied by an Eskimo organist. Among the confirmed there were natives from various parts of the Peninsula, and from King and Diomedé Islands. A number missed their Confirmation because they had to return home before my arrival.

The chief of the tribe on King Island is entreating the priest to go and make his abode with them. This would be a splendid work of humanity and Christianity. The island is rich in all that makes for the sufficiency and comfort of Eskimo life—seal and walrus hunting, game, fish, etc. It is segregated from corrupting influences. The little kingdom could be re-peopled by a healthful and thriving race, if aided and guided by the proper civilizing and Christianizing forces.

In another district there is a field still open to Catholic occupation, with about two thousand Eskimos to be won to the fold. What will become of these and other possibilities? The answer may be in the action which the friends of the Sacred Heart will decide to take.

Let all, therefore, who abound with the bread of the Divine Word, and feast on the viands of the Sacraments in the house of their Father, remember their less privileged brethren hungering and starving far away from home. Let them not refuse to save, for the famished, the crumbs which fall from their table, and thus preserve the life of those distant children whom the Father wants to gather around Himself for the eternal banquet.

Most faithfully yours in Christ,

R. J. CRIMONT, S.J.,

*Prefect Apostolic of Alaska.*



*A Workingmen's Retreat in Turin.*

**I**N the Lent of 1907, through the initiative of the Jesuit Fathers, about thirty workingmen were gathered together for a three days' retreat in the Villa Luigina near Chieri. The work was a serious one, consisting of a course of meditation and other spiritual exercises made in the quiet of the house, and in the most absolute silence. The success was complete and filled the Fathers with the desire of beginning a similar work in Turin, where the field is larger and more pressing. Through the kindness of the Brothers of the Christian Schools, a suitable place for conducting the retreat was offered in their beautiful house on the hills of Turin called the Villa Nicolas. The Brother Director allowed the use of the Villa free of charge, only too happy thus to contribute to the salutary work.

Father Righini, of the Jesuit College at Turin, was in charge of the retreat, assisted by two Fathers who gave catechetical instructions and mingled with the retreatants on every possible occasion, thereby discovering their trend of thought and answering their strange difficulties. The exercises were arranged so as to cause no weariness. There were four sermons a day, and catechism classes morning and evening. The fruits of the retreat were most abundant and consoling, and will, we trust, be lasting. It has all been done by the Sacred Heart of Jesus who in His infinite mercy has fulfilled the promise He made to Blessed Margaret Mary, when He said that in His Heart *sinner would find the source and ocean of infinite mercy, that the lukewarm world become fervent, and that He would give to priests the power of touching the hardest hearts.*

*Lourdes.*

**I**N 1890, one foreign doctor took part in the medical investigation of cures wrought by Our Lady of Lourdes. Since then the number of these scientific witnesses has greatly increased. For eight years past the visiting doctors have numbered between seventy and ninety a year, of whom Belgium has sent more than half.

*Brasil.*

**T**HE church of the shrine of Our Lady of the Apparition, in San Paulo, has been raised to the dignity and privileges of the lesser basilicas of Rome.

# Thanksgivings

"Go, and as thou hast believed, so be it done unto thee."—Matt. viii, 13.

Total number of Thanksgivings for last month, 1,604,342.

## SPECIAL FAVORS.

### A Host of Favors.

*Roxbury, Mass.*—"When I look back on the many favors and graces conferred on me and mine: consoling deaths for my parents, who were deeply attached to the Sacred Heart, and inspired me with the same devotion; then the many graces, several miraculous escapes from sudden death; for a wayward brother, who at last being stricken down had a full week within which to prepare for the last Sacraments; later on the reclaiming of another brother; finally, the greatest of all the favors, that of fulfilling after years of trials, my earnest desire to consecrate myself to God in the religious life, my heart is overflowing with gratitude to the Sacred Heart, to whom be all honor and glory for His unspeakable mercies to me."

### Cured Against Hope.

*Albany, N. Y.*—"A very frail young woman was stricken with scarlet fever. All thought she must die, as everything seemed against her. Filled with confidence, several of her friends made a novena in honor of the Sacred Heart, asking the favor of her cure through Blessed Mother Barat's intercession, and making a promise to have the fact published. Needless to say, our prayers were answered and the young woman is perfectly well again, none of the effects of the dread disease having remained. We beg to return our most sincere thanks to the Sacred Heart for this great favor."

### An Abundance of Rain.

*Cincinnati, O.*—"After continued but unsuccessful prayer for rain, I

promised publication of the favor in the MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART if rain should be granted us. When I made the promise there was no sign of a change in the weather, but to my astonishment an abundance of rain began to fall that night and on the next day. For which favor I beg to return thanks to the Sacred Heart."

### A Marvelous Cure.

*New Orleans, La.*—"Several months ago, my only child, a little girl of three years and ten months, was taken dangerously ill. The family physician pronounced the case acute Bright's disease, and gave me no hope of her recovery. As I am a Promoter of the Sacred Heart League, my first impulse was to kneel before a picture of the Sacred Heart and to say from the bottom of my heart the sweet ejaculation "Sacred Heart of Jesus, I place my trust in Thee." Feeling that He alone could assist me, I begged our Lord with all fervor to spare my child for His honor and glory. So great was my confidence that although the case was declared hopeless by the physician, I felt assured that the Sacred Heart would grant my request. Masses were said, and prayers offered by priests and religious. In twenty-four hours from the time when she was so violently ill, the child began to show signs of improvement, twenty-four hours more and she was happily on a fair road to recovery. The great joy in our home can be better imagined than described. There was general rejoicing, and I owe my thanks to the Sacred Heart for this great favor. I

recommend all sorrowing hearts to place their confidence in Him. There is no consolation like that which He offers us. In gratitude for this favor I shall do all in my power to spread the devotion to the Sacred Heart."

#### **Restored to Health.**

*Los Angeles, Cal.*—"About six weeks ago a young man was brought to our hospital suffering with spinal meningitis. The disease made rapid progress and three of our most renowned physicians of the city pronounced the case a hopeless one, the patient being already deaf and almost blind. The doctors suggested an operation as the only means of saving his life and reason; but his condition was such that they were afraid he would die under operation. In one of his wild spells of delirium we commended him to the Sacred Heart. We placed a badge on him and promised publication in the *MESSENGER*. From that time on a remarkable change for the better was noticed in the young man's condition. Yesterday he was discharged from the hospital perfectly well, and with the use of all his faculties, thanks to the most sweet Heart of Jesus."

#### **The Conversion of an Infidel.**

*New York, N. Y.*—"Thanks are returned to the Sacred Heart for the conversion of a man who, until about a week before his death, refused to even pronounce the name of God. He was the son of a minister, but for many years professed to be an infidel. To please a friend he allowed a badge of the Sacred Heart and a miraculous medal to be put on him and a Bon Secours sister to attend him. During his illness which lasted over three months prayers without number were offered for his conversion, but until the last week of his life, apparently without any effect.

Then grace seemed to come upon him in such abundance that he was no longer able to resist, and he received the sacraments in the most edifying dispositions. I might add that the nine First Fridays were begun for his wife's conversion last January. She was baptized on her death-bed and was buried the first Friday of April. The nine First Fridays were then started for her husband, and he received his first Communion on the first Friday of August. These few words are written in the hope that they may encourage those who are inclined to despair in their efforts to bring about the return to God of some one perhaps very dear to them."

#### **An Unexpected Position.**

*Painted Post, N. Y.*—"A friend of mine, a draughtsman, had been out of work for about six months. He was very much discouraged, as the outlook for him was rather gloomy. I gave him a *MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART* and called his attention to the long list of the favors granted by our Lord and published every month in the magazine. After reading the pages in question, his confidence was awakened and he felt assured that our Lord would do for him what He had done for others. He promised to make the nine Fridays. No sooner had he begun them than our Lord granted his favor. He obtained an excellent position."

#### **A Church and a School.**

*Ellicott City, Md.*—"Thanks are returned to the Sacred Heart of Jesus for a special favor granted, through the intercession of St. Joseph and our Blessed Lady, after fifteen years of waiting and praying. I am convinced that our Lord cannot refuse any appeal made to His Sacred Heart, especially when it

comes to Him through the hands of His own Immaculate Mother Mary, and His own good, dear foster-father, St. Joseph. And how could He? Now, these are the facts: Time and time again for the past fifteen years I requested many a person to pray to the Sacred Heart for a church and school for the poor colored people of Memphis, and it was only the other day that I learned to my agreeable surprise that Bishop Byrne had just purchased, in the city of Memphis, a plot of ground on which he intends to build a church and school for the colored people of that city. God, in His infinite goodness, has thus granted precisely the *two* things that were asked."

#### GENERAL FAVORS.

For many of these favors Mass and publication were promised; for others the Badge or the Promoter's Cross was used; for others the prayers of the Associates had been asked.

**ALABAMA.**—*Birmingham*, a young man's restoration to health.

**ALASKA.**—*Juneau*, grace to fulfil a duty hard to nature.

**ARKANSAS.**—*Eureka Springs*, instant relief and quick recovery from a very painful illness; *Pine Bluff*, desired effect of a medicine.

**BRITISH HONDURAS.**—*Punta Gorda*, the recovery of a Promoter from an attack of fever.

**CALIFORNIA.**—*Alameda*, a son's recovery, relief from pain in the side; *Arbuckle*, success of an operation; *Backusfield*, help in financial difficulties; *Los Angeles*, successful examinations by four persons, wonderful cure of a sore hand and arm, a boy's preservation from tuberculosis, complete recovery from a serious illness, employment; *Norman*, a successful crop; *Palo Alto*, reconciliation with a

friend; *Santa Cruz*, the obtaining of employment and complete recovery from illness; *San Francisco*, a child's preservation from death, recovery from illness; *San Jose*, relief from mental strains; *Santa Rosa*, spiritual improvement in a young person; *Vallejo*, a desired change of residence.

**COLORADO.**—*Elmwood*, recovery of health.

**CONNECTICUT.**—*Bridgeport*, a position secured by a husband; *Manchester*, success of an operation; *Norwich*, prompt recovery of a child; *New Britain*, a reconciliation; *Stonington*, cure of indigestion; *Waterbury*, preservation from danger in two instances.

**DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.**—*Washington*, satisfactory settlement of financial difficulties, peace of mind recovered.

**FLORIDA.**—*Pasco*, recovery of a purse with money; *Tampa*, success in an undertaking, relief from typhoid fever, return of consciousness.

**GEORGIA.**—*Atlanta*, the renting of property; *St. Mary's*, relief from a sore throat.

**IDAHO.**—*Boise*, immediate relief from nervousness.

**ILLINOIS.**—*Batavia*, a child's recovery from illness; *De Kalb*, cure of weak lungs and diseased throat without physician's aid; *Chicago*, complete recovery of health, cure of a sore limb seemingly incurable, success in business, safe return from a journey, successful year in school work, recovery of a father from illness, cure of a cold, success in examinations, improvement in a sister's disposition, the obtaining of a sum of money, employment for a brother, the favorable renting of a house; *Kaskaskia*, the blessing of rain; *Moline*, conversion of a father, a young woman's recovery from illness.

INDIANA.—*Indianapolis*, blessing of rain; *Vincennes*, recovery from illness.

IOWA.—*Bernard*, relief in sickness; *Council Bluffs*, a great spiritual blessing to a parish; *Fort Dodge*, a daughter's recovery from nervous trouble.

KANSAS.—*Hanover*, success of an operation; *Leavenworth*, the blessing of rain, the giving up by a relative of intoxicants and return to religious duties.

KENTUCKY.—*Bellevue*, a father's success in business, a mother's improvement in health, light to know vocation, grace to overcome temptations; *Kohler*, the recovery of a son and a brother from illness; *Lebanon*, cure of an obstinate infirmity; *Louisville*, the conversion and happy death of two persons; *Paducah*, speedy recovery; *Roberta*, a cure and the receiving of a much expected letter.

LOUISIANA.—*Grand Coteau*, two situations obtained, cure of a person suffering from rheumatism and relief from other sufferings, three persons cured from fever, a lady's recovery from illness, cure of a very sick child; *Gretna*, preservation from injuries in an accident; *Haasville*, a husband's recovery; *New Orleans*, improvement in health, success in examination, success of an operation, the favorable sale of a house, sudden relief from earache, speedy recovery from typhoid.

MARYLAND.—*Baltimore*, relief from pain, reception of the Sacraments after years of neglect, a happy death, conversion to the Faith, recovery after an accident; *Cumberland*, the rapid healing of a cut in the arm, success of a serious operation, a sister's improvement in health, a child's sudden recovery from pleurisy; *Davidsonville*, the return to the Sacraments of a once zealous Catholic, success of

dangerous operation; *Libertytown*, the saving of a brother's life, blessing of a good attendance at a Catholic school, a cure; *Normandy*, the obtaining of a situation; *Pomfret*, relief from mental depression.

MASSACHUSETTS.—*Boston*, the abstaining from the use of intoxicants, a father's recovery from wounds; *South Boston*, restoration to health; *Brockton*, almost complete recovery; *Cambridge*, success in examination, employment obtained for a brother, cured of mental depression; *Charlestown*, a situation obtained; *Dalton*, grace of Confirmation for a daughter, the obtaining of a situation; *Fall River*, success in a law examination; *Greenville*, preservation in a storm; *Holyoke*, relief from nervous trouble; *Millville*, recovery from an attack of tonsillitis; *Pittsfield*, the obtaining of a position; *Roxbury*, a husband's recovery from illness; *Rutland*, improvement in health and success in examination; *Southbridge*, a sister's relief from rheumatism and sore eyes, a sister's restoration to health; *Worcester*, financial assistance.

MICHIGAN.—*Detroit*, success of an operation and recovery of patient; *Hubbell*, the blessing of rain; *Lennon*, success in a railroad lawsuit; *Lothrop*, the blessing of rain; *Marquette*, success in obtaining a position, cure of intemperance, relief from nervousness, success in an examination, a brother's return to his religious duties, preservation from a fire.

MINNESOTA.—*Brainerd*, the staunching of bleeding; *Coleraine*, recovery of three persons from illness; *Ghent*, the safe return of a friend, a reconciliation; *Graceville*, success of a school; *White Bear*, preservation from illness; *Winona*, recovery of a little boy from diphtheria.

MISSISSIPPI.—*Bay St. Louis*, relief

from bronchial trouble; *Magnolia*, escape from a spell of sickness; *Scranton*, a husband's recovery from an incurable disease.

MISSOURI.—*Brewer*, success of an undertaking for the benefit of a church; *Glencoe*, the removal of trouble; *Moberly*, a son's relief from nervous prostration; *Monett*, a child's recovery from illness; *New Madrid*, recovery of a child from illness, an operation avoided, improvement in health; *St. Charles*, the securing of a good partner in business; *St. Louis*, success in business, relief from pain in a limb, three conversions, a good position obtained, the cure of an intemperate person, financial aid received shortly after promise of publication, cure of pain in the ear and recovery of hearing, a brother's return to his religious duties, a success in an examination; *Springfield*, relief in financial distress.

MONTANA.—*Butte*, the recovery of an infant; *Helena*, success in examinations.

NEBRASKA.—*Omaha*, the cure of a severe toothache, employment obtained, happy return from a long journey; *Spalding*, a child's prompt relief from croup.

NEW JERSEY.—*Camden*, cure of a most distressing cough; *East Orange*, recovery of a father from a dangerous illness; *Elizabeth*, restoration of peace in a family and father's cure of intemperance; *Englewood*, the grace of abstaining from intoxicants, the retaining of a good position, relief from nervousness, success in an examination; *Jersey City*, a father's conversion to the Faith, a mother's restoration to health, the speedy recovery of a son; *Montclair*, the obtaining of a good situation, recovery from appendicitis; *Newark*, a son's return home; *Paterson*, a child's preservation and recovery; *Plainfield*,

success in business; *Ridgewood*, recovery from a serious illness, success of an operation, recovery from nervous trouble; *Roselle*, recovery of two persons; *Trenton*, employment obtained for two persons; *West Hoboken*, assistance in temporal matters, relief from trouble of mind.

NEW YORK.—*Brooklyn*, the finding of a valued article, preservation from operation, the return of a brother's reason, the grace of daily Communion, success in employment and recovery of health, relief from a troublesome cough, the keeping of a position, preservation of good health, relief of a family from temporal distress, a brother's return to his religious duties, a good tenant obtained, relief from severe pain in the eye and the side, the retaining of a position, a position obtained for a brother; *Buffalo*, a brother's recovery from typhoid, a safe delivery; *Chatham*, a position obtained for a relative; *Flatbush*, two brothers' recovery from scarlet fever; *Kingston*, the obtaining of a position; *Massena*, a father's reception of the Sacraments before death; *New York City*, success of an operation, a position obtained for a son, cure of a sore knee, a brother's recovery, a sister's relief from a most distressing cough, a brother's recovery, a son's cure of nervousness, the obtaining of a position by a brother, a reconciliation, a sister's recovery, the obtaining of a steady position, recovery of a religious from a very dangerous operation, the blessing of rain, employment obtained for a son, success in an examination, a child's recovery and preservation of the rest of the family from diphtheria, relief from habitual distractions, relief from an attack of acute indigestion, a position obtained, return to the Sacraments after twenty years' neglect, the conversion to the Faith

of a non-Catholic, relief in financial difficulties, grace of a happy death, means to provide a son with a college education; *Nyack*, the obtaining of a sum of money; *Piermont*, the blessing of a good and unexpected water supply; *Rochester*, the conversion of a man and woman fifty years out of the Church, a cure; *Sag Harbor*, the successful issue of a very serious and complicated operation; *Stapleton*, relief in a severe case of tonsillitis; *Tompkinsville*, recovery from scarlet fever and diphtheria; *Troy*, cure of a sprained knee; *Tuckahoe*, work obtained, recovery of a little girl from convulsions, relief from distressing cold, grace of overcoming temptations, cure of rheumatism; *Utica*, success in Regents' examinations, almost complete recovery from nervousness; *West Chester*, a young man's return to the Sacraments; *West Winfield*, a position obtained against all hope; *Whitehall*, a success in Regents' examinations, a cure, success in examinations; *Winfield*, relief from sore throat.

NEW MEXICO.—*Las Vegas*, a son's recovery from a long and dangerous illness.

OHIO.—*Brooklyn*, recovery from protracted illness; *Cincinnati*, grace of First Communion, success of a Mission and four retreats, return to the Sacraments after forty-eight years of neglect, success in examination, conversion of a whole family, enemies made friends; *Cleveland*, success at work and in school, success in important examination; *College Hill*, the return of a member of the family after five months' absence; *Columbus*, a father's return to the Faith, relief in great misery; *Dayton*, prompt recovery; *Defiance*, cure of a painful ulcer, peace of mind; *Ellenora*, cure of a person addicted to drink, the blessing of rain; *Kenton*,

a death-bed repentance; *Massillon*, the blessing of rain, relief from heart troubles; *Ney*, the grace of a good Confession; *Oak Harbor*, a neighbor's recovery from effects of an accident; *Painesville*, several cures; *Toledo*, recovery, grace to follow vocation, two persons saved from operation, peace of conscience, employment obtained, success of an operation for appendicitis, a satisfactory business transaction, recovery of use of seriously injured limb; *Washingtonville*, relief from pain obtained for a non-Catholic.

OKLAHOMA.—*Oklahoma City*, a recovery, the averting of great trouble.

PENNSYLVANIA. — *Ashland*, steady employment obtained for a father; *Crafton*, relief from a distressing cough; *Erie*, recovery against hope; *Fryburg*, the disappearance of a tumor; *Littlestown*, recovery from a serious illness; *Mainajunk*, a mother and sister's recovery; *Philadelphia*, the securing of employment, cure of sore eyes, relief from an attack of rheumatism, cure of a friend addicted to intoxicants, the obtaining of a situation, relief from anxiety, a situation secured, a successful operation, the conversion of several non-Catholics, employment secured for husband, recovery of health, a reconciliation, cure of a child, the settlement of an estate, wonderful help granted in various instances, increase in wages; *Phoenixville*, a position obtained; *Pittsburg*, favor of a Catholic education for a sister, the averting of a mortgage foreclosure, relief from distressing sounds in the ear; *Pittsston*, success in an examination; *Scranton*, a brother's restoration to health, the support of a parent and a reconciliation; *Vandergrift*, the blessing of rain; *Villanova*, grace of vocation, success in an examination; *West Chester*, a child's recovery;

*Wilkes-Barre*, two cures; *Williamsport*, a remarkable cure.

RHODE ISLAND.—*Providence*, a cure of severe toothache, cure of a sharp pain.

SOUTH CAROLINA.—*Columbia*, a safe delivery, success of operation, a friend's relief from convulsions.

SOUTH DAKOTA.—*Mitchell*, success in an examination.

TEXAS.—*Nashville*, the finding of a diamond ring; *San Antonio*, a mother's speedy improvement, a young man's conversion and preparation for death.

UTAH.—*Salt Lake City*, wonderful protection in a storm, recovery from a very serious illness.

VERMONT.—*Middleburg*, work obtained, proper guidance in a matter of moment.

VIRGINIA. — *Alexandria*, a son's cure.

WASHINGTON.—*Seattle*, a position obtained.

WEST VIRGINIA.—*White Sulphur Springs*, a brother's betrothal to a Catholic, the averting of a calamity, employment obtained for a young man, cure of intemperance.

WISCONSIN.—*Burton*, success in a great undertaking; *Janesville*, the blessing of rain; *Merrillan*, success in examinations; *Milwaukee*, immediate relief in severe attack of neuralgia, the conversion of one long estranged from God; *Racine*, complete restoration of an infant to health.

Thanks are also expressed by Promoters and Associates for many other spiritual and temporal favors.

Notice.—In all "Thanksgivings" sent to us much unnecessary trouble will be avoided by all concerned if the Thanksgivings are written separately from any other information that the letter may contain.

## PETER'S PENCE

|                              |          |                              |      |
|------------------------------|----------|------------------------------|------|
| Already acknowledged .....   | \$206.50 | Mrs. McM., Oakland, Cal..... | 1.00 |
| S. P. S., Cincinnati, O..... | 3.00     | J. G. C., O'Neill, Neb.....  | .25  |
| R. McD., Curdston, Mo.....   | 1.00     | Anon., Alamogorda, N. M..... | 5.00 |
| H. B., Boston, Mass.....     | 5.00     |                              |      |
| Total .....                  | \$221.75 |                              |      |

## TREASURY OF GOOD WORKS

Offerings for the Intentions recommended to the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

|                              |           |                                  |           |
|------------------------------|-----------|----------------------------------|-----------|
| 1. Acts of Charity.....      | 913,329   | 11. Masses heard .....           | 540,394   |
| 2. Beads .....               | 580,328   | 12. Mortifications .....         | 640,688   |
| 3. Ways of the Cross .....   | 308,549   | 13. Works of Mercy.....          | 481,513   |
| 4. Holy Communion .....      | 455,616   | 14. Works of Zeal.....           | 261,518   |
| 5. Spiritual Communion ..... | 457,287   | 15. Prayers .....                | 2,287,226 |
| 6. Examen of Conscience..... | 507,838   | 16. Kindly conversation .....    | 139,578   |
| 7. Hours of Labor.....       | 6,176,907 | 17. Suffering, Afflictions ..... | 188,023   |
| 8. Hours of Silence.....     | 439,237   | 18. Self-conquest .....          | 210,234   |
| 9. Pious reading .....       | 563,548   | 19. Visit to B. Sacrament.....   | 796,335   |
| 10. Masses read .....        | 3,310     | 20. Various good works.....      | 754,056   |

General total Treasury of Good Works, 17,669,714.



## SOME CHRISTMAS GIFTS

*The Messenger of the Sacred Heart* for one year, 50c.

P. J. Kenedy and Sons have just published a little book on "Frequent and Daily Communion," translated from the French of Father Julius Lintelo, S.J., and edited by Father Elder Mullen, S.J. The publishers announce that this is one of a series of four books on the above-named subject which they have in preparation. The merits of the booklet before us are very great and should commend it to priests and people alike, and especially to those well-meaning but over-sensitive souls who have all kinds of prejudices against approaching the Holy Table, as they say, too often. (Price 5c per copy, \$4.00 per 100.)

We have received from Benziger Bros. a little book of 67 pages entitled "A Novena for the Holy Souls in Purgatory." The compiler, the Very Rev. R. A. O'Gorman, O.S.A., opens with a "protest" disclaiming any intention of attributing other than human authority to the wonders recorded in the book. To judge from the stout cover and the moderate price (40c.) this booklet is intended to do a wide and lasting service.

We have to thank the Chicago Historical Society for the admirable paper of Mr. Frank R. Glover on Father Pierre François Pinet, S.J., and his Mission of the Guardian Angel of Chicago. The paper contains an interesting account of the Miami Indians for whom the modest and zealous Jesuit missionary lived and toiled.

Fr. Pustet and Co. have sent us a little volume of poems written, as the title-page informs us, "at different times" by the Rev. James Mc-

Kernan, of the diocese of Trenton, N. J. The poem which gives a name to the book is not, in our opinion, any too felicitous and we should gladly displace "Bob Ingersoll's Egosophy" by "The Banshee," or "Parnell's Grave," or any plaintive word from the musical and delicate cadences of "My mother—Dead.."—a pathetic poem that contains many lines deserving of remembrance

*Qualities of a Good Superior.* Edited by the Rev. Ferreol Girardey, C.S.S.R. B. Herder, St. Louis. \$1.25.

The qualities set down and described are good judgment, solid virtue, character and sufficient knowledge. The book was written not merely for superiors of religious communities and the clergy who have the direction of convents, but also "for every one having charge of souls or governing others." Its doctrines are based on the instructions of the Venerable Fr. Champagnat. We congratulate the editor on a substantial and interesting contribution to our ascetical library.

*The Daily Companion for the Use of Religious.* Benziger Bros. 30c.

A compendium of convent prayers and practices. The little book is neatly got up with cloth cover and gilt edges, making it attractive as a Christmas gift. Though only five of the prayers are marked as indulgenced, we know that many of the other prayers in the "Daily Companion" are also enriched from the Church's treasury.

The St. Vincent de Paul Society, of Philadelphia, appeals to our readers for copies of the MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART to be distrib-

uted among the sailors. Those who desire to help this missionary work should send copies to the Particular Council, 1331 Walnut street, or to Mr. P. J. Coyne, 2437 South Watt street, Philadelphia, Pa.

The Rev. D. A. Donovan O.Cist., has translated from the Latin of Mgr. Morozzo, *A Treatise of the Spiritual Life*. The book comprises the usual doctrines of Christian perfection, the subjects treated being the marks of the spiritual life, the impediments to perfection, the many virtues of the illuminative way, and the union of the soul with God. The translator has done his work with fidelity and in a style concerning which he need have no misgivings. The book is published by Pustet. (\$1.00.)

*Arabella*. By Anna T. Sadlier. B. Herder. 80c.

This book is a delightful story whose apt lessons, gracefully imparted, linger in the memory and make one admire the author's delicate appreciation of ladylike virtues and winning ways.

*The Real Presence*, by Father Ey-mard. Published by the Fathers of the Blessed Sacrament, 185 East 76th Street, New York.

A work so ardently recommended by Cardinal Gibbons should have a wide sale among the readers of the MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART. It is made up of extracts from the writings and sermons of the founder of the Congregation of the most Blessed Sacrament. The fervent outpourings of this true lover of our Lord in the Holy Eucharist, will find a ready echo in the hearts and on the lips of the many pious souls who daily bless our present Pontiff for

all that he has done to invite the Faithful to the foremost and holiest of all Banquets.

*The Eucharistic Heart of Jesus*. From the writings of Fr. A. Tess-nière, S.S.S. Published by the Fathers of the Blessed Sacrament, 185 East 76th Street, New York.

Though this tastefully printed and bound book contains nearly 500 pages, it is not much larger than the ordinary prayer-book and will prove a handy companion for those devout souls who fervently love our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament and find time to visit Him there and to remain long in His presence. The book is made up of meditations and prayers for all the days of the month of June, but this specification would not in the least interfere with its use during other months. The Prisoner of the Tabernacle is always sweetly en-chained for us, and no day passes but we can adore Him, and thank Him, and make reparation to His Sacred Heart, and beg Him mercifully to remember our many needs.

*The Mission Remembrance*, by the Rev. Peter Geiermann, C.S.S.R. Benziger Bros.

This little encyclopedia of piety, active and contemplative, overflows with every practical form of devotion as may well be gathered from a cursory glance at the exhaustive index with which the book closes. Naturally, we look to see what the compiler inserts about the League of the Sacred Heart, and we are glad to find within the small compass of five pages a clear though succinct explanation of the devotion whose spread we have most at heart. The book is intended as a life-guide for those who have made a mission under the Redemptorist Fathers.

*St. Brigid* by J. A. Knowles, O.S.A. Benziger Bros.

At a time when we are praying with renewed fervor for the spread of devotion to the saints, we naturally wish that such devotion should first increase in the case of those saints whose names are most familiar to us. In this category *St. Brigid* cannot be forgotten, for she is a saint who was second only to *St. Patrick* himself, and we all love *St. Patrick*. It is with great pleasure, therefore, that we recommend this admirable life of Ireland's sweet and lovable Patroness who gave to all a living example of the beauty of holiness and of the joy and happiness attendant on a virtuous life. The Rt. Rev. Patrick Foley, D.D., Bishop of Kildare and Leighlin, says in the preface to this work that it is the only life of *St. Brigid* that has any claim to be regarded as complete.

*Selected Poetry of Father Faber.* By the Rev. John Fitzpatrick, O.M.I. R. and T. Washbourne. 90c.

Admirers of *Father Faber* will be glad to welcome this little book of selections from his poems. Though it is not a specially difficult task to get up a volume of selected poetry, the task bears another aspect when what is selected is also select. In this feature of the work he set himself, *Father Fitzpatrick* has succeeded admirably, and we are happy to thank him for having embodied in his graceful, gilt-edge book many of the favorite poems left us by the amiable, pious and gentle author of "The Rothay," "The Cherwell," and

"Sir Lancelot," not to mention some of the more familiar hymns.

*Sprays of Shamrock.* Gathered by Dymphna. Benziger Bros. 30c.

This tiny book will interest and please many lovers of the Irish Saints whose wise sayings make up its pages. We may also add that many besides the Irish-born religious to whom the booklet is dedicated, will rejoice to learn what *St. Blathmac*, *St. Fechin*, *St. Mainbod* and *St. Gildas the Wise*, had to say on faith, on God's mercy, and on repentance.

*St. Ignatius Holy Water.* By a Father of the Society of Jesus. Published by the League of the Sacred Heart, St. Xavier Church, Cincinnati, O. Price 25 cents per dozen.

We are glad to welcome and to recommend this booklet of 32 pages containing an interesting succession of instances of wondrous favors granted to persons who made use of the Holy Water of *St. Ignatius*. The cases related in this, the fifth edition of the booklet, are entirely different from those contained in former editions, and they possess the special advantage, in so far as our interest in them is concerned, of having occurred here in our own country. It is gratifying to witness so many healthy signs of a strong and fervent faith. Whoever knows of well-authenticated cures similar to those recorded in this little book can contribute to the variety and freshness of future editions by reporting such cases to the Rev. Director of the League, St. Xavier's Cincinnati, Ohio.

#### FREQUENT COMMUNION

Of old we followed, but afar  
 Pain fears our friendship staying;  
 The Vicar speaks: no shadows bar  
 Us daily homage paying.

J. F.

## OBITUARY

They whom we loved on earth  
Attract us now to Heaven;  
Who shared our grief and mirth  
Back to us now are given;  
They move with noiseless feet  
Gravely and sweetly round us,  
For their soft touch hath cut  
Full many a chain that bound us.

FATHER FABER

The Rt. Rev. Michael Tierney, D.D., Bishop of Hartford, Conn.

The Rev. John D. Boland, Baltimore, Md.

The Rev. Joseph Brophy, Brooklyn, N. Y.

The Rev. James F. Kinsella, West Shullsburg, Wis.

The Rev. Fr. Hazelton, Montreal, Canada.

Baetta, Joseph R., Honolulu.  
Bell, Katharine, Brooklyn, N. Y.  
Berninger, Robert, Madisonville, O.  
Bertrand, Anita.  
Brennan, E. P., Buffalo, N. Y.  
Burke, Ellen, Brooklyn, N. Y.  
Butler, Bridget, Brooklyn, N. Y.  
Canfield, Patrick, Babylon, N. Y.  
Corbett, Mr., Roseburg, Oregon.  
Dow, Ellen, Buffalo, N. Y.  
Dugan, Anna, Hoboken, N. J.  
Fargis, Josepha A., New York.  
Foley, John N., Buffalo, N. Y.  
François, Louise.  
Gaughan, Mrs. Margaret, Phila., Pa.  
Gaul, Mrs., Conshohocken, Pa.  
Geiss, John, Rondout, N. Y.  
Gehringer, Theresa, Rondout, N. Y.  
Gerston, Isabelle, Chicago, Ill.  
Griffen, Minnie, Warrensburg, N. Y.  
Haber, Gertrude, Rondout, N. Y.  
Haenflug, Christopher, Rondout, N. Y.  
Hanratty, Peter, Alexandria, Va.  
Hardee, Harriet, Jacksonville, Fla.  
Hart, Charles, Arlington, R. I.  
Henrich, Lawrence, Grand Rapids.  
Keefe, Mary E., Concord, N. H.  
Kerr, Terence, Brookline, Mass.

Kirby, Edward F., Winfield, L. I.  
Leonard, Thomas, Buffalo, N. Y.  
Lutz, Joseph, St. Louis, Mo.  
Lynch, Clara J., San Francisco, Cal.  
McCabe, Joseph, New York.  
Macken, S.J., Denis, Baltimore.  
Mitchel, James, New York.  
O'Sullivan, John M., New York.  
Phelan, Edward, Columbus, O.  
Prendergast, Margaret, Bantry, N. D.  
Quinn, Margaret, Chicago, Ill.  
Reavy, Margaret, Cohoes, N. Y.  
Rebel, Elizabeth, Tampa, Fla.  
Rita, M. Tia, Honolulu, Hawaii.  
Roach, David, Halifax, N. S.  
Royer, Sr. Marcella, R.S.H., Manhattanville, N. Y.  
Ryan, John, Savannah, Ga.  
Sills, Elizabeth, Rondout, N. Y.  
Schabzel, Sophie, Rondout, N. Y.  
Smith, Fredrica, Rondout, N. Y.  
Sullivan, Mrs. B., St. Louis, Mo.  
Thomas, Sister Mary, Brooklyn, N. Y.  
Thompson, Mary, Ottawa, Ill.  
Vater, Thomas, New York City.  
Weis, Barbara, Crown Point, Ind.  
Whalen, Bridget, New York.  
Whitfield, Mary, Brooklyn, N. Y.

R. I. P.

Kind reader, pray for their souls and the souls of all the Faithful departed.

# CALENDAR OF MONTHLY INTENTIONS

## DECEMBER, 1908

### THE MORNING OFFERING.

O Jesus, through the Immaculate Heart of Mary, I offer Thee my prayers, works and sufferings of this day for all the intentions of Thy Sacred Heart, in union with the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass throughout the world, for the intentions of all our Associates and in particular for **The Lay A postulate.**

| DAYS.         | FEASTS AND PATRONS.   | VIRTUES.                    | PETITIONS.                           |
|---------------|---|-----------------------------|--------------------------------------|
| 1 <i>T.</i>   | St. Eligius.  | Probity.                    | 1,604,342 for thanksgivings.         |
| 2 <i>W.</i>   | St. Bibiana.  | Perseverance.               | 991,666 for the afflicted.           |
| 3 <i>Th.</i>  | St. Francis Xavier. H. H.                                     | Fear of Judgment.           | 250,846 for the sick, in-<br>firm.   |
| 4 <i>F.</i>   | <b>First Friday</b> St. Peter Chrysologus.<br>1st. D.         | Zeal.                       | 216,838 for dead Associates.         |
| 5 <i>S.</i>   | St. Sabas.  | Silence.                    | 270,046 for Local Directors.         |
| 6 <i>S.</i>   | <b>Second of Advent</b> St. Nicholas.                         | Care of Children.           | 118,960 for Directors.               |
| 7 <i>M.</i>   | St. Ambrose.  | Loyalty to Church.          | 233,449 for Promoters.               |
| 8 <i>T.</i>   | Immaculate Conception. (Feast of<br>Obligation), 1st D. A. I. | Esteem of Baptism.          | 346,943 for the Departed.            |
| 9 <i>W.</i>   | St. Leocadia.   | Desire of Heaven.           | 500,506 for perseverance.            |
| 10 <i>Th.</i> | St. Melchiades. H. H.   | Good Works.                 | 314,161 for the young.               |
| 11 <i>F.</i>  | St. Damasus.  | Hatred of Schism.           | 274,555 for First<br>Communion.      |
| 12 <i>S.</i>  | Our Lady of Guadalupe.  | Fervor.                     | 238,695 for parents.                 |
| 13 <i>S.</i>  | <b>Third of</b> St. Lucy. Pr.                                 | Purity.                     | 338,008 for families.                |
| 14 <i>M.</i>  | St. Spiridion.  | Simplicity.                 | 332,486 for reconciliations.         |
| 15 <i>T.</i>  | St. Christina.  | Love of the Apostolate.     | 1,579,697 for work, means.           |
| 16 <i>W.</i>  | Ember Day.—St. Eusebius.                                      | Asceticism.                 | 278,079 for the clergy.              |
| 17 <i>Th.</i> | St. Lazarus. H. H.  | Love of our Lord.           | 543,923 for religious.               |
| 18 <i>F.</i>  | Ember Day. The Expectation.                                   | Hope.                       | 221,029 for seminarists,<br>novices. |
| 19 <i>S.</i>  | Ember Day. St. Nemision.                                      | Good Example.               | 480,580 for vocations.               |
| 20 <i>S.</i>  | <b>Fourth of Advent</b> St. Dominic<br>Sylos. C. R.           | Sinlessness.                | 447,412 for parishes.                |
| 21 <i>M.</i>  | St. Thomas. A. I.   | Fear of Presump-<br>tion.   | 145,539 for schools.                 |
| 22 <i>T.</i>  | St. Flavian.  | Spirit of Sacrifice.        | 201,557 for superiors.               |
| 23 <i>W.</i>  | St. Servulus.   | Resignation.                | 225,897 for missions, re-<br>treats. |
| 24 <i>Th.</i> | St. Delphinus. H. H.  | Vigilance.                  | 270,186 for societies, works.        |
| 25 <i>F.</i>  | <b>Nativity of our Lord</b> (Feast of<br>Obligation.) A. I.   | Love of the Infant Saviour. | 1,416,264 for conversions.           |
| 26 <i>S.</i>  | St. Stephen.  | Presence of God.            | 192,647 for sinners.                 |
| 27 <i>S.</i>  | <b>Within Octave</b> St. John, Pr. A. I.                      | Love of the Sacred Heart.   | 235,073 for the intemperate.         |
| 28 <i>M.</i>  | Holy Innocents.   | Submission to Providence.   | 279,389 for spiritual favors.        |
| 29 <i>T.</i>  | St. Thomas a Becket.  | Defence of the Church.      | 272,006 for temporal favors.         |
| 30 <i>W.</i>  | St. Sabinus.  | Constancy.                  | 1,766,950 for special, various.      |
| 31 <i>Th.</i> | St. Sylvester. H. H.  | Love of the Poor.           | for MESSENGER readers.               |

PLENARY INDULGENCE.—Ap.—Apostleship; D.—Degrees; Pr.—Promoters; C. K.—Com-  
munion of Reparation; H. H.—Holy Hour; A. I.—Apostolic Indulgence; A. S.—Apostle-  
ship of Study.









**This book is under no circumstances to be  
taken from the Building**

[illegible]

